MUSINGS OF A SHEEPHERDER

by RICHARD FORSTER

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RICHARD FORSTER

Musings of a Sheepherder

NATURE

Let some delight in fields of corn
And some in flocks and herds,
But joy, for me is the dewy morn
And warbling of birds.

'Tis well to see the art of man
Flourishing in high degree,
But the beautiful works of Nature's plan
I love to see.

'Tis well to see pastures green
And cultivated land,
But I love the unfrequented scene
Where all is the work of Nature's hand.

Where art has not found a dwelling place
And all is pure and free;
Where of man's handiwork there is no trace
Beneath the forest tree.

I love the deep ravine and dark recess
In the rugged Mountain land,
Oh, dear to me the tangled wilderness,
The magic of Nature's wand.

MY ROSEBUD

As the summer sunshine's golden flood
Was growing soft at the evening hour,
I left my heart with a rosebud—
A sweet, unfolding flower.

My beautiful, beautiful rosebud,
Unmatched on bank or bower;
My fair, unfolding rosebud—
She is my own sweet flower.

And well I love my rosebud,
Every hour my love it grows,
Last eve she promised that she would
Sometime be my Rose.

The warm sunshine is on the land
And soft the zephyr blows;
Though beauty is on every hand
I am waiting for my Rose.

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THROSTLE

Nellie: "Of all the birds I ever heard or that I ever saw
My bonnie, bonnie blackbird is the sweetest bird I know,
My bonny, bonny blackbird with his glossy breast,
My bonny blackbird is the one that sings the best."

Maggie: "Of all the birds I every heard or birds that ever sung
The sweetest song is from my throstle's tongue,
My bonny, bonny throstle, he sings with such zest,
My bonny, bonny throstle, 'tis he that sings the best."

Nellie: "Of all the birds that sing in field or wood
There is no other bird that is half so good,
My bonny, bonny blackbird, I know he'll bear the test,
My bonny, bonny blackbird, I know he sings the best."

Maggie: "Of all the birds that ever in sweetness of voice was blest,
Of all the birds that ever the gift of song possest,
Of all birds that ever sung, 'twill surely be confest,
My bonny, bonny throstle, he really sings the best."

Nellie: "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, do come this way
And a word in favor say
Of the sweetest bird you ever heard
Is it not my bonny, bonny blackbird?"

Charlie: "Of all birds that I have known and I know of many,
I think Nellie's blackbird sings the sweetest song of any,
Whether he be sitting in the bush or on my lady's hand
His song is the sweetest in the land."

Maggie: "Oh, Harry, come here and listen, then let us hear you say,
For you have known many birds, and you've been far away,
And for your impartial judgment now I pray,
Is not the sweetest song that of my throstle grey?

Harry: "Oh, yes, I've known many birds and I've been far away,
And of all birds I have heard I positively say
That of the sweetest voices the feathered tribes among,
Of all the sweetest voices ever heard in song.
Whether in Northlands or Southlands, or lands of East or West,
I know that Maggie's throstle really sings the best.

THE HOME OF KHURI KHAN

Not by the smiling slopes
  Of the sunny hills of Van,
Not here shall dwell my hopes,
  The hopes of Khuri Khan.

I seek not golden gain
  Of fertile fields of Van,
My heart is on the windy plain—
  The plain of Neppurhan.

Not for me the gardens that yield perfume
  Where loves of Omar lie,
And Iran's ancient towers loom
  Against the amyut sky.

Not all the wealth that India boasts;
  Not all the wealth of Man,
Won along the trading coasts
  Will lure me from wild Kafiristan.

For power and wealth let others plan,
  Though I be e'er so poor,
I'll stay with my herdsmen clan—
  The shaggy Shar-ul-Gur.

THE KIN FOLK

Oh, where are all our kin folk,
  Our kin, our kin, our kin?
On every side we are beset,
  Our foes foes keep pouring in,
Oh, where are all our kin folk,
  The kin, the kin, the kin.

Ho! We are of the kin folk,
  The kin, the kin, the kin.
To north and south
  The iron mouth
Will speak in battle's din,
To east and west will face our best,
  We'll win, we'll win, we'll win,
For we are of the kin folk,
  The kin, the kin, the kin.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL TELLS THE NAUGHTY BOY SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS

One summer day as I, unseen,
Was sitting by a fence
I heard a little girl say, "Johnny Dean,
I wish you'd go and get some sense.

I hear you saying naughty words
You broke a window, too,
You were throwing stones at birds
What a naughty boy are you."

I love the sweet birds so,
They are such pretty things
And when they are flying to and fro
The sunbeams flash on their wings.

The birds tell me many things
They would never tell to you
About what they sing and why they sing
And what their little chickies do.

A little bird showed me her nest,
She is such a pretty bird
And she sings the sweetest and the best
Of all sweet songs I've heard.

And within her nest there lay
Such eggs as were never seen by you,
Never were skies of May
Ever half so blue.

Every day I went to watch
The nest down by the willows
Till chickies begun to hatch,
They are such funny little fellows.

The little ones have no feathers on them
At the time when first they are borned,
Not till the sun shines on them
Are they with pretty feathers adorned.

But little teeny patches of fluffy down
Is stuck on them here and there,
Mostly their skins are brown
And mostly they are bare.

And their little eyes are shut,
And their bills are open wide
Into which worms and things are put
To fill the great big hole inside.

One time I put my finger in a teeny bit,
Then I couldn't help but squirm
For it closed its bill on it,
Thinking it was a worm.

To each darling little chick
I have given a name,
There's Jenny and May and Bobbie and Dick
And they are so very tame.

Of course the birds would never tell
Any such things to you,
'Cause they do not like you well
For the wicked things you do.

But I think they like me the very best
Of all the people here around,
For I can go and watch the nest,
And never make a sound.

I never throw stones at birds,
But talk to them real nice,
But you throw stones and use bad words,
I've seen you do it twice.

A FACE YOU WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN

Is there somewhere a place
Where memories obtain,
And holds a well-beloved face
You will never see again?

In the silence of the night
Has your heart felt lone,
Have you wakened to the morning light
And absence of some beloved one?

Among the sorrows that fill this earthly space,
Ah! do you know the pain
To think and dream of a face
You will never see again?

A DREAM

I dreamt I lay by a crystal stream
Where flowers grew fresh and fair,
And I was sheltered from the scorching sunbeam
By a pleasant shadow there.

I dreamt I stooped and drank of water sweet
That flowed so cool and clear,
Soft green moss was amongst my feet,
And many a flower grew there.

In the breeze that stirred the balmy air
I felt the fragrance of flowers commingle
And oh! What gems of beauty rare,
Splashed upon the shingle.

And melody was welling sweet
From every leafy copse,
The breeze rustled a field of ripening wheat
And fleecy clouds sailed over the mountain tops.

Alas! I awoke—It was but a dream,
But to dream it again I would fain;
I wish I could lie by that clear crystal stream
And drink of the water again.

A NOVEMBER DAY LIKE A MARCH DAY

The dead leaves dance a merry merry dance,
The dead leaves whirling fly,
The waters of the lake flash and glance
As the waves go rippling by.
It is a November day like a March day
And never was sky more blue,
The wind came out to play
And over the hills he flew.

He made the water leap and bubble
Then with a froo-froo-froo,
He rushed away over a field of stubble—
As shadows went galloping through.
Swift over the sky white clouds flew,
Over the hills the shadows hastened away,
And the sky was intensely blue
On that November day.

MARY

When your mind to knowledge wakes
And Time some truths unfold,
You'll find though Mary has made mistakes
She has a heart of gold.

Of evil a small, small part,
There is so much good within,
She has enough kindness in her heart
To cover all her sin.

Her failings, we'll let them pass,
Erring still human kind have been,
And even though a factory lass,
She ranks with a royal queen.

I regard as sisters all
The daughters of Royal Eve,
Privileged to have a fall
And pardon to receive.

And surely I'll take Mary's part
When gossip the worst has told,
Mary has a woman's heart
A heart of purest gold.

TO A PICTURE

If those lips had the power of language
And those eyes the light of life,
Then my heart would languish
To call thee wife.

If those pensive eyes would soften
And with the light of love would shine,
Then would I kiss full often
Those coral lips of thine.

If those ruddy locks about thy brows
With living luster shone,
Then would I pour my fondest vows
To thee, adored one.

If that still bosom would but heave
And with warm heart throbs beat,
If Cupid his spell around our hearts would weave
Then would life be sweet.

THERE IS ONE I LOVE THE BEST OF ALL

There's one I love the best of all,
  She has such kindly ways,
On the muses I would call
  To help me sing her praise.

Like that of the angels holy
  Her virtue transcends
From a heart pure and lowly,
  Her prayer to heaven ascends.

Sweet, as the sweetest flower that blows
  In the pride of summer days,
Her cheek with health and beauty glows
  As I enraptured gaze.

The words that fall from her tongue
  Are clear as tones of a silver bell,
And sweet as an angel's song
  Where heavenly harmonies swell.

She is graceful as the agile doe
  That bounds across the plain,
And nimble as the mountain roe
  That hunters chase in vain.

She is like the radiant sunbeams
  So gladsome and so sweet,
The ideal of a poet's dreams,
  Her beauty is complete.

THE LAND OF LULID KHAN

On, on, and away, way on,
  Through hills of drifted sand,
Past the walls of Babylon
  To look for the Lulid land.

Up, up and away, way up,
  The heights of Rhumbly Brhin,
Up, up over the mountain top
  And down through the Drhubly Drhin.

Then down, down and away, way down
To the rocks of the Ghar el Glin,
And on, on and away, way on
To the waters of the Bhahr el Blin.

Then out, out and away, way out,
Over the windy plain,
Beyond the walls of Karakout
And lakes of Ilderlain.

Then on, on and away, way on
To the gleaming Shur-i-Shan,
This is the way I have gone
To the land of Lulid Khan.

You can see all things that ever were seen
By the eyes of child or man,
You can find all things that ever have been
In the land of Lulid Khan.

By green and sunny slopes
That are fair to scan,
Live our long dead hopes
In the land of Lulid Khan.

Where breezes sing through lofty groves
Cooling shades of Lulidstan,
There live our long dead loves,
In the land of Lulid Khan.

By green and flowery meads
By the banks of the Shur-i-Shan,
There live our kindly deeds
In the land of Lulid Khan.

Where a pleasant pathway wends
By the Bahar-el-Shur-i-Shan
We meet our long lost friends,
In the land of Lulid Khan.

Cool and clear are the streams
Flowing through Lulidstan,
But it is only by the Road of Dreams
We reach the land of Lulid Khan.

MARCHING OF THE DAR

Hark! 'Tis the trumpet call
Sounding over the plains afar,
'Tis morn and awaking all
The warlike tribe of Dar.

Again, again the wild note swells
Echoing from the hills afar,
And the jingling of the camel bells
At the marching of the Dar.

The trampling of ten thousand steeds
As of warriors going to war,
With ten thousand men of valiant deeds,
The spearmen of the Dar.

They sing, "No castle walls, no towers we rear,
We use not bolt or bar,
'Tis the Daric sword and spear
That keep the tents of Dar."

Again, again the trumpet blast
And the echoes of hill and scaur,
Ten thousand are hurrying past,
Wild horsemen of the Dar.

They ride amid the battle's rout
Chasing foes afar, afar,
Is heard the wild cheer and battle shout
Of warriors of the Dar.

A hundred thousand foes are coming on—
The soldiers of the Czar,
They are not cossacks of the Don—
Beware, Oh, warriors of the Dar.

And fifty guns are belching forth
The iron blasts of war,
The mighty glacier of the north
Will crush the flowers of Dar.

The guns from hill and rock
Roar in the voice of war,
Again they rush to the battle shock—
The spearmen of the Dar.

Lance and sword and bayonet gleamed
In fitful flash of war,
While shot and shell and shrapnel screamed
Through the ranks of Dar.

They cannot conquer, they will not yield,
They end like the setting of a glorious star;
They fell on the blood-stained field
Among the broken spears of Dar.

VALLEY OF THE DOON

Have you seen the hills a sleeping
In the drowsy heat of noon,
Or felt the winds a sweeping
Over the valley o' the Doon?

Have you seen the heather on the mountain
And the bluebell on the fell?
Have you heard the music of the fountain
That is leaping down the dell?

Have you seen the buttercup and gowan?
Have you wandered where the river flows?
Have you seen the splendor of the rowan
When the glory of Autumn glows?

Have you heard the voice of Nature talking
Or heard her softly croon?
Have you seen the lover and maiden walking
By the side o' dimpling Doon?

Have you seen the beauty of fields and meadows
By the light of sun and moon,
And the changing lights and shadows
In the valley o' the Doon?

Have you remembered love and duty
And given thanks for the priceless boon,
Of seeing the works of God in beauty
In the valley o' the Doon?

BY THE OLD GRAY STONE

Young Gracie Landen was as pretty a maiden
As ever a maid might be,
As handsome a sailor was Jacky Blaydon
As ever sailed on sea.

When the sun was sinking down apace
And the twilight coming on,
Their favorite trysting place
Was beside an old gray stone.

Fair went their sweethearting
As they wandered by lane and lea.
Until there came the parting
When Jacky went to sea.

And years have come and years have gone
Full twenty years and more,
No tidings heard, his fate unknown,
Since Jacky left the shore.

And so faithfully waited she
As time went on and on,
Oft wandered she by lane and lea
Unto that old gray stone.

There came many a sunset golden
And many a rosy dawn
But she has nevermore beholden
Her lover by that old gray stone.

Oh, maiden, what can be keeping
Thy lover away from thee?
Perhaps he lies sleeping
Deep, deep down 'neath the waves of the sea.

Hearts that so true and constant prove
And love with a love like thine,
Thy true heart loves with a pure and holy love;
A love that is divine.

And surely the heart of God will feel
For one so true as thee,
And for such love will He not reveal
Even the secrets of the sea?

She has gone to wait for her lover
Where she has waited so oft alone,
Oh, does not his spirit hover
By that old gray stone?

When the night begins to darken
And the wind sweeps over the lea,
Maiden, if thou will but hearken
His soul will sing to thee.

And the song shall come from the brine
Borne in the wind from the sea,
His soul shall speak to thine
A meeting of soul and soul shall be.

What is the sound that is blending
As the wind's wild notes sweep by?
The long, long wait is ending,
The footstep of Death is nigh.

With anxious heart no more she sighs,
His fate to her is known,
The mystery is solved in Paradise;
She waits no more by that old gray stone.

THE BOOK OF NATURE

There is a thought of God in everything
In every wind that blows
In notes of the birds that sing
And every stream that flows.

There is a thought in every tree
With its boughs a-swing,
Wafting the message free
Of Him who is Nature's king.

There is in every common weed
That by the wayside grows
A lesson if we but heed
As in the blooming rose.

Even the dumb and silent stone
A message may bespeak,
There is the will to make it known
To those who knock and seek

IT IS NOT ME

Toiling, toiling over the lumpy clods
But ah! it is not me,
I am where the bluebell nods
Out on the breezy lea

Toiling, toiling behind the sweating team
But ah! it is not me,
For I am where white sails gleam
Far out on a sunlit sea

Toiling, toiling in the bare brown field
But ah! it is not me,
I am where green palms yield
Their fruit by a sapphire sea

Toiling, toiling where sowers sow
But ah! it is not me,
I am where wild woods grow
And Nature songs swell in tumultuous glee.

Toiling, sweating amongst the hay
But ah! it is not me,
I am where cool winds sway
The boughs of the forest tree.

Toiling, toiling beneath the glowing sky
But ah! it is not me,
I am where wild deer lie
In the shade of the forest tree.

You think you see me toiling on farm land
But ah! it is not me,
My soul is flying where mountains stand
To sentinel the sea.

You think you see me toil where reapers toil
But ah! it is not me,
Somewhere is the rover roil
That lures my soul from me.

COMMON PEOPLE

Humble may be our lot,
Unknown to fame or fortune we,
Yet somewhere is one little spot
Where useful we may be.

Our triumphs small and meager
Are little cause for pride,
Yet for them strong and eager
And purposeful we tried.

History may know us not,
Nor our little worth be descried,
We and our humble labor soon forgot
Beneath oblivion's tide.

Each in their little sphere
May have done their duty there,
Working to bring the time more near
When heaven is everywhere.

Thus fulfilling the Creator's plan
And how can God or angels chide
Those who fulfilled the lot of mortal man
And lived and loved and died.

MOUNTAINS OF MISTY BLUE

As I ramble day by day
Fresh beauties come in view,
But oft my glance will wander far away
To those mounts of misty blue.

Though woods are held in Autumn's sway
In robes of brilliant hue,
Yet my gaze will often go astray
To those hills of misty blue.

All the landscape in beauty lies
And meadows gemmed with dew,
Yet still they draw my wandering eyes—
Those mounts of misty blue.

As to things almost beyond our ken,
Our childhoods fancies flew,
So they lure the wandering gaze of men—
Those mountains of misty blue.

THE WIND

I've crossed Alaska's snowy heights and bleak shores of Hudson Bay,
Over British Columbia's rugged hills I've often made my way,
Of all the mountain ranges I know every valley and peak,
You'll find none where I've not been, no matter where you seek.
From Pacific to Atlantic, I know every stream and lake,
I've visited them so often there can be no mistake;
Of mountain, valley, prairie or pampa I know every inch,
Be they where tropic suns may scorch or boreal storms may pinch.

Of the Atlantic ocean I know every dip and swell,
Of the broad Pacific I know every bay and islet well.
Australia and Tasmania I know them through and through;
I've chased the wombat and wallaby and the jumping kangaroo.
By waters yet unknown to man oft my thirst I quench
And I have played 'neath Afric's palms with many a negro wench.
Over Sahara's arid wastes I've rambled many a time,
Alike to me is time or place, alike to me is clime.

I've been by Egypt's famous river and on Syria's ancient plains,
And away far in the frozen North where mystery remains.
I revel among Himalayan snows or flowers of fair Japan
And rustle leaves of Celestial bowers at home with the Chineeman.
In face of Afghan tribes I have fluttered England's flag unfurled,
And I have climbed Pamir's height and swept the roof of the world.
Listen to me, I boast not, nor exaggerate, all is true I tell to you,
I've traveled many a dusty road along with the wandering Jew.
I've been in many a toilsome march and in many a furious fight,
Sometimes I am mild of mood, sometimes terrible in my might.

On all the wide earth there is no place to which I did not go,
Be it land of everlasting summer or region of eternal snow.
In all terrestial zones is no place to which I have not been,
I've shook the hand of many a king and kissed many a queen.
I loiter by Switzer mounts, Italian founts, by cot or palace or mill.
In lands of Sultan or of Czar I follow my own sweet will.

With Goth or Frank I'll play a prank and laughing in my glee,
I'll up and go where they do not know and I'll be over the sea.

Sometimes men will curse me and sometimes they will bless;
Sometimes I bring them pleasure and sometimes I bring distress;
I do not care for high or low, I play with all I chance to pass,
I'll even knock off a king's hat and roll it on the grass.
I catch alike wife or maid whether they go fast or slow,
I hustle them along with a lilt and song and jolly them as I go.
I travel oft, I've traveled long, I've traveled since the world first began,
I was ere Adam was, I am older far than man.
Sometimes I am with Johnny Bull, sometimes with Uncle Sam.
Now guess if guess you can, and tell me what I am.

SING IF YOU WANT TO

Sing if you want to,
Though your song unrhymed may be,
Let no thought ever daunt you
But pour it full and free.

The spirit of the song
Is more important than the meter,
And trials endured long
Will make it all the sweeter.

Surely never poet sang
But had some pain endured,
Those who burst forth in clarion clang
Are oft to woes inured.

If you have work to do, do it well,
In spirit and in letter,
Then let your notes in triumph swell,
And your song will be the better.

THE THIRST FIEND

A demon has me by the throat,
The demon of strong desire,
And diligently he has wrought
To drag me in the mire.

I've striven with him throughout the years,
I've striven with all my will;
He mocks at me, he laughs and leers
And he holds me still

Against him what shall be my shield?
Against him what shall my weapon be?
Sometimes I think that I must yield
When he is torturing me.

If I should yield unto his sway
While I feel the maddening fever burn,
I would be on the downward way
From which I could not turn.

And what would be my lot
If victory he should gain?
I would become a drunken sot
And never wipe out the stain.

I would become an object of scorn,
I would sink lower and lower, and then
A homeless, ragged wretch forlorn,
And despised of men.

How shall I fight? What shall I do
With this hot, angry thirst,
That is striving so hard to bring me to
That which is accursed?

Against this fiend by which I am beset
Must my striving be in vain?
No, I will endure. I'll bear it yet
In spite of bitter burning pain!

How is it that I should crave
For what I would never taste?
Is it a heritage I have
From an ancestor who was debased?

Oh, where will the struggle end
With this fiend who would close me in his net?
Oh, how hard it is to with thirst contend
When in the throat the fangs are set!

But I will strive on, I've striven hard
Against this fiend and his attendant train of sin,
But again I'll strive, I'll watch and guard
And fight until I win.

By denial I must break strand by strand
The cord that binds me to this strong desire,
It's no use to try to quench a burning brand
By using liquid fire.

FLEETING

Time is ever building, erecting
Ephemeral structures as he is passing by.
Then crumbling, disintegrating,
In ruins along his path they lie.

Hopes come, the heart elating,
They are not here to stay,
The pleasant time of mating
Will pass like a summer day.

Today Time may raise a figure heroic
And blazon forth its fame,
Tomorrow with the indifference of a stoic
He will expunge the name.

Today perhaps some figure reinstating.
Rearing it on highest pedestal,
While tomorrow is fating
That in obscurity it fall.

Sometimes through oblivion's darkest, densest waves
The fingers of Time are rifting,
Things buried in age long graves
To human view uplifting.

Even oblivion's strongest yoke
Is not eternal,
Oft the casket of hidden things is broke
By time in his march diurnal.

WHITHER SHALL I GO?

I know where ferns are growing
Deep in a mossy dell,
I know where winds are blowing
High on the heathy fell.

Whither, oh! Whither, through the summer weather,
Shall I rambling go?
Up, up through the heather,
Or down to the dell below?

Shall it be to the heathery fell
I go with the winds a-swing,
Or down to the bosky dell
In summer bourgeoning?

Oh, well, I love them both,
Oh, yes, I love them so,
To both of them I plight my troth
When I a-rambling go.

Sunshine on the heather bloom,
Saw you ever a sight more fair?
Nowhere does such sweet perfume
Pervade the ambient air.

And the moonlight on the fell
How soft the entrancing glow,
The beauty of the moonlight on the fell,
Few there be that know.

But where the silver moonlight arrows
Shoot downward through the dell,
Piercing the dusky narrows,
Where motley shadows weave their magic spell.

Sound of streamlet splashing
Among rocks cool and wet,
Sometimes through moonlight flashing,
Then hid in shadows dark as jet.

Then gurgling, bubbling, gushing,
By some rocky wall,
Then downward headlong rushing
In mimic waterfall.

The voices of the night
That come on the stilly air,
The scenes that meet our sight,
To us a message bear.

The thoughts that to being start,
Thoughts of things unknown,
Bear a message to the heart—
We hear it when alone.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS

Time had come to birth
But yet was very young,
When first across a new-born earth
The light of heaven was flung.

From the abysses deep and dark
Vapory clouds went sailing into space,
When the sun caught his first glowing spark
In the light of the Creator's face.

Flashing on through space and cloud
Earthward sped the light,
Rending the dark dreary shroud
And set bounds into the night.

As light shot through the vapory veil
There were wonderful colors born,
As night's dusky shades began to pale
On that first glorious morn.

God saw those colors and gathered them with care,
And planted them on the earth
They grew in wonderful beauty there.
It was thus the flowers had birth.

In beauty rich and rare
Those wonderful colors grew,
Colors for the brave and fair,
Colors for the steadfast and true.

To make angels He in haste began
That by other eyes those beauties might be seen,
He also made the race of Man
About that time I ween.

VALE OF EDEN

Step softly stranger, where grows the primrose pale,
For here the Eden flows
In beauty through the fairest vale
That any wanderer knows.

In the hawthorn hedges
You see the wilding rose
On mossy banks and ledges
Luxuriantly the foxglove grows.

With buttercups and cowslips
The fields are brightly starred
And the playful lambkin skips
Along the grassy sward.

And see the beautiful daisies,
Who can pass them without regard?
Gems of field and wayside places
Sung of by Scotland's immortal bard.

And the violet that lives so lowly
Deep hid among the grass,
Oh, traveler, please step slowly;
Be heedful as you pass.

To grass and flower in dell and nook
Are jewelled dewdrops clinging,
Everywhere by bower and brook
Are happy wild birds singing.

Oh, bonny stream of Eden,
Flowing through sunshine and shade!
Past bonny bowers of Eden
And many a grassy glade.

Oh, bonny woods of Eden,
What angels are in their shade!
The bonny maids of Eden,
The fairest God has made.

Fair is the vale of Eden, fair in her meadows;
Fair within her bowers;
Pleasant are her shadows
Her sunshine and her flowers.

Oh, beautiful vale of Eden,
The favored vale of God,
When walking by the Eden,
Step softly on the sod.

LONG AGO

A man sought the city's busy haunts,
Where crowds hurry to and fro,
The sum of all his earthly wants
To forget his inward woe,
But the city's noise and bustle could not forgetfulness bestow,
Amid all the noise of crowded mart
He but one sound could know
Vibrating through his aching heart
A voice of long ago.

A man faced the Northern blast
And vast solitude of snow,
Trying to leave behind the past
And thoughts of long ago.
Yet persistently memory's stream would flow
As the pale light gleamed athwart the desolate waste of snow,
He sang the song that was in his heart;
A song of long ago.

A woman in a garden walks 'mid hollyhocks and four-o'clocks,
And blossoms all aglow;
Among her raven locks
Some threads of silver show.
The touch of time has dulled the pain of anguish and woe,
Her heart no longer feels the smart
Of wounds of long ago.
She sings the song in her heart
'Tis a song of long ago

And when closing our earthly parts
Toilingly and slow,
The songs in our hearts
Will be songs of long ago.
Throughout the years every memory tends to show
That to the past tenaciously the heart will cling
As by and by you'll know,
The only song that age will sing
Is a song of long ago.

The sweet scent will never depart
From the blossoms we used to know,
I treasure a flower in my heart—
It blossomed long ago.
And memories cluster 'round it now and make its colors glow,
Those memories I would not forget
They bring the sweetest thoughts I know,
My heart goes gathering yet
The flowers of long ago.

THE WANDERER'S WOOING

Of a nomad race he was born,
Some say of the wild Bedouin;
Familiar alike with Morning Calm or Golden Horn
And all the lands between.

He had dwelt by Moab's hills
And roamed on Gobi's plains;
Had rested by Himalayan rills
And by Hindu fanes

To Africa's southermost end
This wanderer would sometimes roam;
By hidden streams in gorges penned
Where noisy cataracts foam.

They met where once mailed crusaders rode
To prove the Moslem steel,
Those Christian knights who went abroad
Fired with pious zeal.

She was from another land
Where the Anglo Saxon children spread.
Where the red chief led his dusky bands
Over trails with stealthy tread.

They talked of places, things and men
And strong their interest grew,
Mischievious Cupid watching then
His practiced bow he drew.

The shaft went straight to the wanderer's heart
Then he began to woo,
But Cupid awhile withheld the dart
He meant for the maiden too.

The wanderer was of ardent kind
And liked not long delay.
And quick he sought some means to find
To her heart to make his way.

"Oh maid, but say thou wilt be mine,
Make this earth Paradise for me;
I and all I have is thine
And happy we will be.

The costliest jewels of the mart
They shall be thine I ween,
And thou the idol of my heart,
Thou wilt be my queen."

"'Tis not for jewels that I care
Nor do they gladden my eyes,
More than the beauty that all may share
That on the landscape lies.

But I would go from land to land
Where beauty is bestowed,
By Nature's bounteous hand
On the sphere of man's abode."

"Not Shah or Sultan or Czar's domain
Shall our wandering footsteps keep;
We'll pitch our tents among hills of Spain
Or where Iran's glories sleep.

We will follow the trail
Of the dusty caravan,
Till we reach the flowery vale
Of ancient Ispahan.

Where wantonly the rosy bowers
Across the night their soft fragrance fling,
We'll sit through the moonlit hours
And list the bulbhul sing.

In Afghanistan we'll travel mile by mile
But ere we pass them by,
We will sojourn awhile
With Ghazi and Ghilzai.

We will climb the wind-swept pile
Of bleak Beloor Tagh,
Or descend the deep defile
Of the dimlit Koojah Dagh.

We will dwell awhile in gorgeous halls
Of lordly old Delhi,
Or seek sequestered dells
Of hermit Dewallee.

We will wander as the wild wind roves,
And watch the golden moon
Rise over the plumey groves
That grow about Rangoon.

In beauty spots of China and Japan
For awhile we'll stay,
Then to the land of Ghengis Khan
We will make our way.

And where to the frozen sea a mighty river runs,
Then southward we will turn
To where flaming tropic suns
Over the ocean burn

And where gemlike isles
Of the broad Pacific lie,
And nature wears her sunniest smiles
On land and sea and sky."

"Oh yes, those lands are beautiful, delightful scenes
. are there,
But I would still demand
To go where there are storms and cold to dare
In some far Northern land,"

"Then we shall seek same far Canadian plain
To hear the mournful Northwind sing,
But we will turn again
When birds take southward wing.

For the far-off frozen North
Is a land of savage mood,
Bleak storms come drifting forth
To chill the loving blood.

The North's chill icy bands
Loving hearts will sear,
In those frozen lands
Nature's heart is drear.

So we'll turn to the Southland,
More joys for us abide
In the warm, sunny Southland
Than in all the world beside.

We'll make a home by flowing river
On some grassy plain,
We'll pledge our love forever
And live and love again."

"Oh! but I love the leavy bower;
I love the forest's gloom;
I love every wilding flower
That in the woodlands bloom."

"Oh, then we will seek a home
In the groves of Oregon,
There the springtime flowers come
So fair to look upon.

Happiness in our dwelling shall abound;
We'll live like turtle doves
And children shall play around
The crowning of our loves."

Cupid took his bow and set an arrow on
And he surely hit the mark,
For by the groves of Oregon
They list to the meadow lark.

THE TALL DARK MAN

A stranger to our village came
His face was darkly tan;
We never knew his name
So we called him the tall dark man.

The gossips fain to know his history
All his doings sought to scan,
For they deemed there was a mystery
About the tall dark man.

He was born in a distant land
Beyond the Ganges flood,
But Ganges washed not from his hand
The deep dark stain of blood.

Alone he wandered in many a land
Yet no rest he found,
There was blood upon his hand
And in his heart a wound.

At the fair or busy mart
No matter how crowds might press
Always in his heart
Was a sense of loneliness.

Other hearts with happiness might glow
But his could know no happiness,
Only a darker woe,
Only a deeper distress.

If for sorrow you have known
A tear your eye should dim,
Think of one unloved and lone
And breathe a prayer for him.

THE BOY IN DREAMLAND

This is a story from Dreamland,
Don't think it is absurd,
There are many things in Dreamland
Of which we've never heard.

A wonderful place is Dreamland
With many things so nice.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful Dreamland—
Childhood's paradise.

There was once a little boy
Whose companions were so few,
He had not a single toy
And little joy he knew.

To Dreamland he often went
And wonderful things were seen;
Now I think indeed they were sent
To show what might have been.

One time he stood among withered boughs
Deep in moss and grass they lay,
They through the matted grass uprose
From their bed of damp decay.

Even the twigs that lay his feet betwix'
Arose to join the rest.
Even the dry and matted sticks
Built in the magpie's nest.

And each one circled 'round
As if looking for its parent tree,
Or a path on that untrodden ground
An eerie sight to see.

And the lonely little boy he stood
In solitude so grey
And watched those ancient relics of the wood
Begin to glide away.

Then what thoughts upon him hurl'd
And crowded in his mind,
He felt as one alone in all the world
And had been left behind.

It seemed no plan did him include,
He could not follow where they'd gone,
Heavy on him lay the weight of solitude;
He was so little and so lone.

Then there came a change
As oft in dreams there will,
Then no one ever thinks it strange
If a valley becomes a hill.

He stood within castle walls
In a place so desolate,
As when the hand of ruin falls
To fulfill decrees of fate.

The stones with lichen and with damp
To him looked green and grey,
Tower, battlement and ramp
Were crumbling in decay.

Doors from their hinges sprung
And started to glide away,
Massive beams from their places wrung
It seemed no wood could stay.

And looking through doorless doorway then,
And windowless window space,
Unfilled voids, empty work of men
That time would soon efface.

He saw the sun shining bright on distant slope,
A scene that was so fair,
It seemed to the boy a land of hope
Beyond the bounds of care.

Then the voice of a window stone
Broke on the stilly air,
Speaking to the forlornly one
As he stood wondering there.

"Those boughs were rent and torn,
Rent and torn from the tree,
Children of Nature borne
They are born free.

All the wealth man can command
Within these walls are stored,
People of many a land will bow to the hand
That holds the hidden sword.

Long as sunlight falls,
Falls on fallow and lea,
We, the stones of thy castle walls
We will stay with thee."

Then again a change did chance,
The eerie moonlight stole
Out over a wild expanse
And old grey ruined wall.

Then another stone used the voice
That had been silent for so long,
Seldom had it spoke to little boys
In poetry and song.

"Long as moonlight falls
Falls on things that be,
We, the stones of thy castle walls,
We will stay with thee."

Then a darkness came with sudden speight,
A darkness that was so dense,
A darkness whose black weight
Lay heavy on each sense.

Then another stone began to speak
To the desolate little heart,
That lived by itself so cold and bleak
So far from the world apart.

"As long as darkness falls,
Falls on land and sea.
We, the stones of thy castle walls,
We will stay with thee."

Then all the stones they spoke,
Their voices all blent in one,
"We, we lie not in Death's grim yoke,
We are living stone.

We, we are not blind to human woes
Though the race to hardness us condemn,
Our hearts can feel their throes
And sympathize with them.

And when thy heart for kindred calls,
Calls across land and sea,
We, the stones of thy castle walls,
We will stay with thee."

Often through his childhood years
This same dream would come,
Till he sought solace for his griefs and fears
In Dreamland as his home.

Thus he filled the void that was in his heart,
A void that was so drear,
And he became a solitary soul who lives apart
In an isolated sphere.

Uncomplaining he has born his part,
Borne it fair or foul,
With longing ever in his heart
To meet a kindred soul.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

Look across the prairie waste,
What light illumines the midnight sky?
Those lurid tints are growing fast,
There is a smell as the wind sweeps by.

Why rush those beasts with panting sides?
Why snort and sniff the air?
'Tis because the fire king rides
His steeds, Death and Terror there.

See his flaunting, flaming plume
That fills all hearts with fear;
Harbinger of dreadful doom
As he rushes in mad career.

The path of his terrible scathe
Marks the country afar,
And vapors of his sulphury breath
Enfold his triumphal car.

Onward in his all-devouring lust
He rides furious haste;
Behind him is ashes and dust
On a desolate, blacken'd waste.

And it lies in the light of day
Like a vast funeral pall;
Whirlwinds with the ashes play,
Rearing them into columns tall.

That move across th land in devious ways
Resembling huge tall chimneys smoking,
Disappearing into the distant haze
Like mighty giants stalking.

SCENES OF THE WEST

In the wildernesses of the West
There are scenes sublime,
By Nature nursed and caressed
By the hand of hoary Time.

Among those deep ravines
And by those winding creeks,
The winds sing their wildest peans,
'Tis here that Nature speaks.

Above rampart, battlement and scarp,
The mountains rise with tower and dome,
And rocky pinnacle bold and sharp,
The goat's retreat, the eagle's home.

And looking over the prairie wide
Only human vision sets limit to the view,
And soft white fleecy clouds they ride
Over skies intensely blue.

Here and there a place of milder tone
And some spot of softer green,
With here and there boulder stone
To enhance the scene.

THE WOODS

Some say so gloomy are the woods,
So lonesome and dark,
I find them suited to many moods,
And beautiful as a park.

Some say that woods are dreary,
And sombre places of solitude,
But I find them cheery,
Bright and many-hued.

Some say, so dismal are winter woods,
That they are weird and dark,
When stripped of their summer hoods
That they are brown and stark.

But oh! the woods, I love them,
Whatever the season be,
No matter what kind of sky is above them,
They seem like home to me.

BY THE EDEN

Oh, why, through the vale of Eden
Do my wandering fancies rove?
Because in the vale of Eden
There is my treasure trove.

Oh, why, through the woods of Eden
Are my wandering fancies wove?
Because among the woods of Eden
Dwells the one I love.

Oh, why, by the waters of Eden
Do my wandering fancies rest?
Because by the river Eden
Lives one I love the best.

BEREAVED

I stood on a grassy slope
Overhead the skylark sung,
My heart was full of hope—
That day when I was young.

I looked down on the bay
Where I saw the big ships lie,
Many sailed out that day
Beneath a mackerel sky.

There was sunshine on the land
And sunshine on the sea,
Yet that day an angel hand
Led away my love from me.

And sorrow like a flooding tide
Swept heavy over my heart,
That day my loved one died,
Ah! how hard it was to part.

There was sunlight on the shore
And sunlight on the sea,
An angel ship sailed out and bore
My love to heaven from me.

The light grew dim on the shore,
The light grew dim on the sea,
The light in the eyes of one of the angel band
Is now the only light I see.

THE HOBOMAN

He was raggedy and worn,
Dressed on scarecrow plan,
So tatterdy and torn
Was the hoboman.

He asked to be allowed to stay
They couldn't tell if his complexion was dirt or tan,
So into the haybay
They put the hoboman.

In the wind the treetops sway,
Rain falls as if pouring from a can,
But snug in the haybay
Was the hoboman.

Two scoundrels plotting harm
When the heavy rain began,
In the barn sought shelter from the storm
But they knew not of the hoboman.

Very still he lies and hears what they say
As they talk over their plan,
Not knowing that back in the haybay
Lay the hoboman.

Thinks he, "These rogues are giving their plan away,
I'll spoil it if I can."
So silent in the haybay
Lay the hoboman.

The two rascals left the barn
To carry out their plan;
"Now the farmer I will warn,"
Said the hoboman.

He shouted, "Before you start foul play
Or carry out your plan,
Remember back in the haybay
Was a hoboman.

"Farmer, in your window show no light,
And don't come out till light of day,
There are two rascals in the night
Waiting to take your life away."

He thought they had gone away,
Says he, "I bet those beggars ran,"
So back into the haybay
Went the hoboman.

Next morning soon after break of day
Through the crowd a shuddering horror ran,
When dead in the haybay
They found the hoboman.

A knife wound was in his breast,
He was cold as any clay,
In the haybay in eternal rest
The martyred hobo lay.

Those murderers before they went away
In revenge for thwarting of their plan,
Had gone into the haybay
And slain the hoboman.

Many years have passed away,
As might close a mortal's span,
That farmer and his haybay
Was known to many a hoboman.

OLD CHEYENNE.

At that time he was young—
Scarce a grown up man,
When to the west the trail was flung
From the street of old Cheyenne.

With hand on bridle rein
And the courage of a man
He rode out to the dusty plain
Through the street of old Cheyenne.

When grown to manhood's prime
And he was a busy man,
He often thought of the time
When he rode through old Cheyenne.

He came again when laden with years
Near to life's allotted span,
And looked through blinding tears
For marks of old Cheyenne.

During the Frontier days
He would often scan
The hurrying traffic's bewildering maze
For the street of old Cheyenne.

ROSE

I walked in God's garden, the garden of the earth,
And chose a flower for beauty and for worth.
Of all the flowers that in the garden grows,
None can compare with the matchless beauty and fragrance of the rose,
Flowers sweet and fair are in dewy mead and leafy woodland seen,
Of all the charms that they can boast my own sweet Rose was queen.
On dewy morn or eve when from each flower its sweetest fragrance flows,
There was none so sweet and beautiful as my own dear Rose.

I lived in joy and gladness, time flew unheeded past,
Nor did I dream such joy as mine, and happiness would not last,
I forgot all the world and its little joys, I forgot all its cares and woes,
I lived in an Elysian land when I was with my Rose.

I yielded my soul unto my love, enraptured, how heedlessly I trod
Beside her, I forgot all earth and heaven, I even forgot my God.
Not so far to me the orb of day that over the earth its glorious radiance throws,
To me the only sun in heaven was my beloved Rose.

It seemed as though all beauty had left the earth and all the light had left the sky,
When I watched my beloved flower and saw her droop and die.
I thought all joy had left the world and my heart felt all its woes,

So dark the sorrow and the sadness when I lost my Rose.
Earth may still be beautiful and flowers be sweet and fair,
But in garden, field, or woodland for me no flower is there
In vale, on hill, or plain for me no blossom grows.
I have no flower in all the world since I lost my Rose.

Other flowers I pass them heedless by, for me they have no charm,
In the shadow of the black cloud on the sky the sunbeams do not warm.
I feel the breath of chilling frost in every wind that blows,
For me the bright light left the earth when I lost my Rose.

Long, long some memories live and of some memories we are fond,
But hope springs eternal in human heart, I have hope in the great beyond.
And when clouds are blown from the skies and past are earthly throes,
Blooming yet among fadeless flowers of Paradise, I shall find my Rose.

CAREL CROSS

On the plain in shine or rain
I'm herding for the Boss;
When by some stream I rest and dream,
I dream of Carel Cross.

To see the primrose bloom and diffuse perfume
From its bed of soft cool moss,
Back I'll come to my dear loved home,
And back to Carel Cross.

I will brave the ocean wave
Though it play at pitch and toss,
Though gales may blow I'll surely go
Back to Carel Cross.

If times be good as I think they should,
Or as the American calls it "boss",
There'll be joy for the wandering boy
When back at Carel Cross.

In the west a toilsome quest
Does all my time engross,
But I'll find rest and I'll like it best
When near to Carel Cross.

Chance of wealth I may lose but though it goes
I'll forget the gain or loss,
When I place my feet upon the street
That leads to Carel Cross.

All other pleasures of earth to me seem of little worth,
Or only as the dross,
To the joy of friends to meet, friends to greet
When back at Carel Cross.

THE HOMESTEADER

He was one who fought his fight
On life's long battle field,
And ranks with those men of might
Who their weapons well did wield.

To the fight he boldly pressed on
Unshrinking and unafraid,
And well were his triumphs won
Without pomp or parade.

He never tried the fight to shun,
He was of a bold brigade,
Instead of handling sword and gun
He wielded fork and spade.

For strength he to God gave thanks,
He was a warrior born,
Before him fell the serried ranks—
The ranks of grass and corn.

He needed not tap of drum or bugle call
To rouse him to the fray,
He answered to the muster roll
Before the break of day

Oft to Phoebus' car he had hitched the team
And begun the day,
Ere the first glinting gleam
Had pierced the gloomy grey.

What he couldn't accomplish in the day
He oft finished in the night,
For Nature's forces oft held him at bay
And he must force the fight.

He subdued the wilding land
That yielded not before,
From it he wrested tribute with mighty hand
And added to the world's store.

Discomforts of snow and rain,
Oh! yes, he knew them all!
With attendant evils of their train,
Or mishaps that might befall.

Sultry heat and stinging cold
His courage well had tried,
But he was a warrior bold
With all a conqueror's pride.

The storm's might, the blizzard's bite
  At them he never shied,
Even the levin's lowing flight
  He had oft defied.

One eve the setting sun shone on fields of green,
  On fields that were so wide
A solemn hush lay on the scene—
  A hero just had died.

WHY?

Oh, why is my brain so weary?
  Oh, why is my heart so sad?
Why seems the world so dun and dreary,
  With those around me glad?

Why seems the world so cold and grey,
  Why looks all so sombre and sear,
Unwarmed, unlightened by sunny ray
  That strives in vain to cheer.

Moping as the dull owl
  And weary as heavy as stone,
With weary mind and drooping soul
  I feel so sad and lone.

How can I join that mirthful band
  And act the lightsome part,
When chill depression's icy hand
  Lies heavy on my heart.

Yet times have been when I have known
  A wild, delirious joy,
And happiness seemed for me alone
  To be without alloy.

I knew not, nor cared to know
  What was the reason why
That within my soul should glow
  A light as from high.

I know not why the light was withdrawn
  Or how the elation died,
It seemed as by a black wave overthrown
  And plunged beneath a stygian tide.

THE TOPER

"The sun is shining on the fields,
A gladsome sight to see,
To some it a pleasure yields,
To them a pleasure may it be.

But not for that will I go out
And leave the brimming booze,
I will drink the beer and stout
Till its soaking through my shoes.

There is much noise adown the town,
Maybe it is great news,
Attracting coof and clown,
For such it will amuse.

But not for that will I go out
And leave celestial joy.
Let them run and glaik about
Who know no better employ.

There is cheering outside
And many fair women pass,
Even they, it cannot be denied
Are oft attracted by the glass.

But not an eye I'll blink
Till I've had quantum suff
I'll not even bat a wink
Until I've had enough."

Then he took another swig
And he fell off his chair,
His cronies just let him lig,
They were too drunk to care.

If you'd been there you'd have heard the landlord say
"You must get up and go,
For here you cannot stay,
It is against the law.

Now, good fellows, drink all you can,
As long as you carry it so,
But here I can't allow a drunken man,
It is against the law.

Those who to taverns repair,
Tempted to drink beyond discretion,
'Tis better to have a care
As to your condition.

Whether it be frost or hail,
Or be it rain or snow,
You must get out into the gale,
No matter how the wind may blow."

A DREAM I THINK I'LL TELL

I had a dream the other night,
A dream I think I'll tell,
I dream't I took a flight
Beyond where mortals dwell.

I rose above the earth like aerial things
And glided like a bird,
By the beat of my unseen wings
The air was scarcely stirred.

And Oh! The beauty that I could see,
As over the earth I flew,
Myriad flowers looked up to me
With eyes of heavenly blue.

I visited lands unknown
That only in dreams are seen,
And in that wonderful zone
Live things that never have been.

I came to the scene of earthquake shocks
For such did the signs portray,
Among tumbled, grimy rocks
Lay piles of ashes grey

Over which a figure crouched moodily
And in deep dejection sat,
Bending over the ashes broodily
Like some huge grimy bat.

Through its grimy cover
That figure, I seemed to know it well,
It was Satan brooding over
The cold, dead ashes of hell.

THE RECRUIT

As the morning breaks the lark awakes
Under the paling star,
The laborer his slumber shakes, his way he takes
To fields of fair Durdar.

By field and dyke and shelterd syke
Where buttercups and violets are,
By vale and wyke is not the like
Of green fields of Durdar.

The singing bird, the lowering herd,
The farmer's rattling car,
These sounds are heard and kindly word
Of peaceful folks of fair Durdar.

The country lass, I see her pass,
Fresh as the daisy's bonny star,
In the green mass of waving grass,
In the fields of fair Durdar.

On flower the brown bees throng, winds whisper the woods among,
Elysian fields are excelled by far,
Birds carol their sweetest song, the sunlight lingers long
In fields 'round fair Durdar.

All this again I may never see, Oh, think how it feels to me!
To join the ranks of war,
Think what it means to leave behind those peaceful scenes
And fields of fair Durdar.

To risk a fall by shell or ball
And the red battle scar,
But at Duty's call I leave it all
And fair maids of Durdar.

IN AUTUMN

Fruits have attained their mellowness,
All ripe for winter cheer,
Leaves have donned the yellowness
That foretells the coming sear.

Fringing ice where the river flows
Tells that winter's near
In the cool wind from northern snows
Is the sigh of a dying year.

UNCLE JAKE

Old Uncle Jake has notions,
His knowledge is profound.
He'll argue on anything on any side of the oceans—
His arguments are *sound.*

He boasts he never put water in his whiskey yet,
He abhors adulteration,
He can drink whiskey too, you bet,
On any and every occasion.

Those good old times he would recall
When people drank whiskey instead of beer,
And water was never drunk at all,
It made people feel so queer.

Indeed, it was regarded as something bad
A virulent kind of poison,
If any the water drinking habit had
It was something to hush their noise on.

People then understood little of effect or cause
But any offense they'd nab it,
And rigidly enforce the laws
To check such vicious habit.

People think they are wiser now
And drink water by the gallon,
A filthy habit is, I swow
Begun by some rapscallon.

If Uncle Jake but had his way
There would be something doin'.
There might be the devil to pay,
But he'd save the world from ruin.

All kinds of drink from the world he'd strip,
Except the very best,
Permit only those that for strength and grip
Could stand the crucial test.

If to him that matter was left
And he was appointed tester,
He'd show he was both capable and deft,
And prove himself a Nestor.

He would make everyone take their drink
In beverage alcoholic,
From it they shouldn't shrink,
'Tis a sure cure for colic.

His medicine he liked it pure,
For him no vile concoction,
If people would only take his cure
And combat disease by suction.

Huh! water wholesome! If any that ridiculous notion got,
Into his puny pate
He should be served good and hot
And held excommunicate.

Water drinkers should be denied bite or sup,
They should be marked for slaughter,
As in days when churches banned all sides up
Those caught drinking water.

They should be put to lie on spiked beds,
Or maybe rent asunder,
Vials of wrath poured on their heads
And the Church's holy thunder.

They should be made to pay a fine
Amounting high in dollars,
And compelled to drink a butt of wine,
And wear hemp or iron collars.

'Tis strange how over some newfangled thing or fad
Some people will get daffy,
What queer names and substitutes they had
For what in old times was simply known as "taffy."

He said, "Uncle I am to every one,
I have a right to teach 'em,
I will not my duty shun
If I can only reach 'em."

To Washington he would go
Or maybe to Shyann,
And he would make the liquor flow
Like a brave and noble man.

And he would see that laws were made,
Just as they ought to be,
He would put a tax on lemonade,
And make whiskey free.

That he very surely would
See that laws were set in motion,
Those who desired water as drink or food
Should be made to drink the ocean.

The world he surely would reform
By measures firm and drastic,
He'd scotch the prohibition worm
Till it grew procrastic.

The temperance fellows he'd fill with fear,
They'd never more get scoffy,
Yes, perhaps he'd allow them a little beer,
Just enough to make their coffee.

He would stop the soft drink vice,
Such stuff gave him the "shivers."
The earth would be a paradise
If whiskey flowed in rivers.

If people of it freely would partake
And industriously absorb it,
A better world it would make
While this old planet wobbles on its orbit.

Such nectar would improve the mind.
It would improve the muscles,
Bodies would be spiritually inclined
And needless of corpuscles.

And the world would bless Uncle Jake,
Professor of useful knowledge,
About his system could be no mistake,
Proper drinking should be taught in school and college.

Another drink for Uncle Jake
And hope of many more,
He tried hard his thirst to slake
While there was drink in store.

Supreme the joy of Uncle Jake,
How cruel to dash it,
For just then he saw a snake
And he tried to smash it.

He saw monkeys with twenty tails
Run on a piebald string,
Creeping horses and galloping snails
And wriggly things danced round him in a ring.

He saw pendulums standing still
Their clocks were all aswing,
He saw water that ran uphill
And many a hairy, horrid thing.

He saw fishtailed mules and pigs with wings,
With reptiles strange and queer ,
And too, some quite undesirable things
Insisted on coming near.

For awhile wild carnival held
With all those things around him,
Though he fought and yelled,
At last they surely downed him.

Some folks said he had got D. T's,
Some said 'delirious trimmin',
Some said he'd drank the Seven Seas
And thought the fish were wimmen.

Now you see when Uncle Jake
Can get such a joyful jag on,
It would be a great mistake
For him to get on the water wagon.

The queer things he saw
Could surely beat a circus,
And it is well to see a show
When things begin to irk us.

IN A DRY STATE

Yearn ye, guts of mine,
I am so awfully dry,
Yearn for rum, whisky or wine—
Oh, for the good old rye!

I try to be cheerful but it ain't no use
I could almost cry;
I feel like a very gone goose
When all the pools are dry.

How can I be cheerful without any booze?
'Taint no use to try;
I'm just shrivelling in my shoes,
I am so awfully dry.

'Tis indeed a very hard case
To rob a man of his rye,
This country's a very bum place—
It's just like hell when it's dry.

THE INEVITABLE

There is something in the future near
It is not far away,
It may come to meet me here,
Even now—today.

My mind reverts to other times
In light of memory shining clear,
And thoughts come like silver chimes
Of days of yesteryear.

In fancy, again I see the sunlit hills,
I see them growing green,
Again the air with music thrills
As woods don their leafy screen.

I see the buds swell and wax,
The earth in beauty grows,
I see the blue of fairy flax
And warm colors of the rose.

The scythe of time still cuts swath,
I know the blade is near,
I turn and gaze down the flower-strewn path
Of days of yesteryear.

To the inevitable we all must bow
And I will not repine,
Not heaven itself can rob me now
Of joy that once was mine.

PASSING THE WINTER

When ice is on the river
And snow is on the hill,
And the wind makes me shiver—
I find it rather chill.

When frost sprites their powers abuse
And set Boreal winds at play,
Then I woo the muse
And rhyme the day away.

When cold is a hummer
And all the ground is white,
Then I dream dreams of summer
Through the winter night.

GAFFER AND GAMMER

"Thoo mun feed meh weel gammer,
Thoo mun keep meh strang,
Ah's sure gittin' varra wammer
An ah's varra thrang."
"Aweel gaffer, weel."

"Noo gaffer git oot in't mworning airly
An" git tha t' the field,
An' see ye sow the barley
Seah there'll be rowthy yield"
"Aweel, gammer, 'weel."

"Noo gammer git meh summat good to eat
For ah ameast is starved,
Ceuk for meh a rwost o' meat
As good as ivver was carved."
"Aweel gaffer, weel."

"Noo git oot in't mwornin' airly
An' git tha' te the field,
An' throo the bearded barley
Drive the shinin' steel."
"Aweel, gammer, weel."

"Noo gammer, thoo mun mek a ceak
An' mak't varra gud,
Ah' want it for meh stommik's seak,
Its sure in lack o' food."
"Aweel, gaffer, weel."

"Noo gaffer git oot in't mwornin' airly
An' git tha' te the field,
An' thsoo't stubble burly
Drive the shinin' steel."
"Aweel, gammer, weel."

"An' see thee plew is clean
An't mowd bwurd shinin' breet
A meal as gud as ivver was seen
Thoo'll come tuah at neet."
"Aweel gammer, weel."

CUMBERLAND

Here's to Cumberland's tarns and mires
And to her fields and fells,
Her cottage homes, her old church spires,
And her bonny, bowery dells.

Here's to the beauty of her woodland ways,
And her fells of misty blue,
The throstle's song, the blackbird's lays
And the cry of the wild curlew.

By every Cumbrian beck that flows
There freedom still abides
And sings in every wind that blows
Across her "Oald Fellsides."

And still I am a Cumbrian yet,
And feel I always will,
For I never, never can forget
Each bonny, thorny gill.

Many a son of Cumbria roves
Away across the main,
Green be the holly in her groves
Until they come again.

Cumberland! Thy children have gone south and north,
They have gone to the east and west,
And those who have wandered farthest forth
Perchance may love thee best.

The night comes down on hill and plain
And though tired we may be,
We lie us down to dream again
Of a land beyond the sea.

Blessings on homes of those that dwell
In thee by vale and moor and sea,
But yet our words can never tell
How much we think of thee.

Wherever we be by night or day
It still must be confessed,
Nothing can win our hearts away
From the land of the throstle's nest.

FLOWERS OF THE WAYSIDE

November gloom was on the land
And gusty the wind that blew,
Around me on every hand
The sear dead leaves flew.

I saw some flowers by the wayside,
A daisy white and a flower with bells of blue;
Oh, sweet wild flowers of the wayside,
My heart it loveth you.

Sweet daisy of the wayside,
And you, the sweet bluebell,
What suffering you must abide
In blasts from off the fell.

Sweet ones that dwell by the wayside
To delight the passer-by,
Though I am tramping by the wayside,
We are kindred, you and I.

Sweet children of the wayside,
Alas for you and I,
What storms and woes betide
Beneath life's wintry sky.

You must bear the bitter blast
And so of course must I,
On us the days of gloom are coming fast
And the time we die.

Well you have done your part
And well I've tried for mine,
But often bore an aching heart
Of which I gave no sign.

Patiently you have lived
And bravely so have I,
And he who has bravely lived
Can as bravely die.

OOAR JWOAP

Ooar Jwoap he dissent leik ta work
It tires him seah sair,
He's aboot as lazy as any Turk
'Cept when he ga's te Carel Fair.

Then the drink he can put doon—
It sure is a seet,
Ah's sure nut a man in't toon
At that Ooar Jwoap could beat.

An' he drinks at sic a rate
An' drinks whisky neat,
He'll hardly keep a minnit frae't
'Cept when he sits doon te eat.

He'll crack an' jaw an' think he's funny
An' acts leik yen that ins't reet,
As lang es he's got any munney
He'll guzzle frae mworn till neet.

He'll sit roond efter roond
Drinkin' till he's a freet,
Sic chaps as him wad aw be droon'd
If things war aw deun reet.

THE RIBALD ROOSTER CROWED

The old lame duck was down on her luck
And disconsolately waddled abroad,
Things were so dry she couldn't even find a tear in her eye
And a ribald rooster crowed.

A girl and a boy in a ride of joy
Came speeding down the road,
A tire bust in a cloud of dust—
And a ribald rooster crowed.

You may feel so bad, so all-fired sad,
And so burdened down with woes,
But must bear the ill-timed jest of some noisy pest
When a ribald rooster crows.

ON HEARING THE CUMBRIAN DIALECT SPOKEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TEN YEARS

What soond is't 'at greets meh ear
An' meks meh heartstrings bang,
A soond ah hev'nt heeard for menny a year.
Its't good oald Cummerland Twang.

What thowts it brings o' tarn an' beck,
That thowts o'fell an' gill,
These are t' thowts that ivver mek
The hearts o' Cumbrians thrill.

Ah fancy ah wander agean throo Denton holms
Where Natur's bonniest gems are growein,
Or stan' agean on Sebergham Brig
An' watch the Cawda flowein'.

On Denton side here be it sead
The chorry tree blossoms finely,
On't bonniest spot that God has mead,
He mead it se divinely.

Ah mind weel when te scheul ah'd been
Even then ah'd nivver tire
O' geazin' on that bonny scene
That God an' men admire.

To see these pleaces as yence ah saw them,
May t' gift to me be given,
As in meh inmost heart ah know them,
To see them agean ah pray 'at ah be livin'.

But Summer's dewy mworns are comin'
For time is on the march,
When t' busy bees in t' woods are hummin'
An' t' whurl is on the larch.

When t' blossoms are on the thworn
An' t' whin is like a golden fleame,
Ah'll gan back te t' pleace where ah was bworn
An' t' dear oald woods at heame.

Ah'll gan where when a lad hoors ah spent
Below t' hawthworn's arch,
An' ah'll te the woods to breathe scent
O' the whurl upon the larch.

Thowts throo meh mind keep croodin'
Theear's a feeling in meh heart ah cannot neame,
But heart an' mind are broodin'
Ower t' dear oald woods at heame.

MY BELOVED VALE

There is a vale where my heart abides
With meadows sweet and green
Purling streams and sunny hillsides,
The fairest man has seen.

And this my beloved vale
'Neath God's special care was made,
So its beauty could not fail
Through all its sun and shade.

A kindly God his wish had spoke
Then Nature smiled upon the pleasant land,
And wreath'd her with the sturdy oak
And slender willow wand.

The beauty that God has given
You will find still undefiled
And living among the bowers of heaven
The people are unbeguiled.

Oh, the twists of fortune the fates have given!
If but my home was there
For me it would be enough of heaven,
I'd wish for none more fair.

There the Caldew flows along
Singing on her winding way,
And ever through my heart that song
Will sing until stilled in the clay.

BONNIE DAWSTON HAW

In sunlit meedows shadows are gallopin' throo
An' ower the daisy spangled grass on the bonny broo,
Where warm the sunbeams faw,
Hoo breet they gleam wid leetsome beam
On bonnie Dawston Haw.

Frae Dawston te Cummersdale
Theear is a bonnie grassy vale,
Where Cawda's limpid watter's seen
Glancin' past in glassy sheen.

Heegh moonted on balanced wings
Hoo thrillin'ly the skylark sings,
An't' world bathed in summer leet
A fair and gladsome seet
Is bonnie Dawston Haw.

BACK TO THE EARTH

When I'm beyond the sailing clouds,
  Where is sung the heavenly song,
I'll be thinking of fields and woods
  That I have roved among.

Among angel bands and all their heavenly glee,
  I'll listen for the songs of earth again,
For the curlew on the lea
  And the linnet down the lane.

Pearly gates and golden harps are of little worth
  Indeed they are very vain,
And for the music of the earth
  My soul will be so fain.

The glittering mansions grand
  Will be no home to me,
Like a humble cot on earthly strand,
  Looking over the sea.

For me it would be far more sweet
  To roam through the sylvan shades,
Or sit where singing waters meet,
  To glance through bosky glades

The woods and streams,
  The valleys and the hills
Are ever present in my dreams,
  For so my soul it wills.

Folks say this earth is a vale of tears,
  A place of little joy,
Gloomed over with shadows and fears,
  And troubles that annoy.

And every mortal that comes to birth
  Must suffer grief and pain,
But yet among the scenes of earth
  My soul would live again.

MY NATIVE LAND

It is a sunny morning, a morning of beauty rare
Upon a hill I stand
And look upon my native land
A landscape spread in beauty there.

As I look around fresh beauties still I find,
Fields and hedgerows, slope and bushy gill,
Splendid in beauty is Torkin's wooded hill
And vales where Chalk and Wampool wind.

I've seen other lands bask'd in Nature's smile
On foreign plains I've seen wealth of beauty there
But the scenes of my native land, what scenes are so fair?
Unsurpassed in beauty is my native Isle.

The beauty of Switzerland none can deny
But the beauty of my native land is matched not anywhere
In beauty my native vales are beyond compare
What scenes in all the world can so delight the eye.

Of scenes in other lands travelers may tell
And laud them to the skies
And tell of damsels who bear off beauty's prize
And declare all others they excel.

There is no place in all the world, no, not anywhere
But Cumbrian hills and Cumbrian glades
Cumbrians scenes and Cumbrian maids
Are fairest among the fair.

Though born in a land with wondrous beauties blest
Though I love it, yet still, I must confess
I love the freedom of the far-off wilderness
And I will return again to the wildernesses of the West.

Though through scenes of grandeur I may chance to roam
All my thoughts and memories tend to show that
And in my inmost heart I know that
To some English dale a thought will wander home.

BANKS OF THE ROE

Flowing through a hazely dell,
A little stream I know,
There's honeysuckle and foxgloves bell
On the beautiful banks of the Roe.

Through the dell gently descending,
The waters softly flow,
With the sweets of nature blending
By the beautiful banks of the Roe.

In covert, sweet and tender
The pale primroses grow,
Springtime promise of summer splendor,
On the beautiful banks of the Roe.

And nature she embosses
The scars of long ago,
With green and golden mosses
On the beautiful banks of the Roe.

And the feathery fronded ferns
In dim recesses grow,
A thousand charms the eye discerns
On the beautiful banks of the Roe.

Down mossy boles the sunlight falls in golden plash,
In the warmth that summer can bestow,
And ivy wreathes the oak and ash
On the beautiful banks of the Roe.

REVISITING OLD SCENES

Again I stand on Warnel Fell
After more than twenty years are gone,
And the places I remember well
Again I am looking on.

I trace through woodland maze—
Ninegills and Hazel Gill
Where I rambled oft in boyhood days
And Sebergham Castle and Round Hill.

And those places where I used to ramble
In many a thorny dell,
Overgrown with briar and bramble,
Oh, yes! I know them well.

And lying before me plain
  Is Broadmoor and the stint,
As thwart the drops of falling rain
  The watery sunbeams glint.

I see the Height and Brocklebank,
  A stretch of moorland sweep,
And Caldbeck Fells whose guardian rank
  Nature's treasures keep.

And there is the vale where Caldew flows
  What lovely scenes are there!
The God who made it knows
  There is no place more fair.

As if held by magic band
  My heart lives yet by wood and gill,
Oh, dear to me my native land,
  I dearly love it still.

TO R. J. O.

Dear friend of my boyhood days, we have rambled oft together,
  Through winter days and summer's pleasant weather;
We have roamed about the stint where whins are growing rank
  And we have sat together on many a flowery bank.

By wood and water we spent many a pleasant day,
  Not thinking future days might not be bright as they;
Where the water leaps and sparkles, where a stream babbles by,
  Many happy hours were passed by you and I,

In pools of the Chalkbeck we would often wade,
  Oh, we had haunts by Chalkbeck in the hawthorn shade;
Those haunts of our boyhood days still to me are dear,
  But we have not met by Chalkbeck for many a year.

We have not met for more than twenty years, and I know not
    where you are;
  We both have gone our ways and mayhap have traveled far;
Those old scenes by Chalkbeck I will visit by and by,
  But in the time that is coming, will we meet, You and I?

WHO WOULD NOT PITY THEM

Some have leagued to stop the drink
In county and in town,
Do they ever stop to think
That all are willing to put it down.

They utter bans and banalities
Against John Barleycorn,
They have invented pains and penalties
Most grievous to be borne.

Like horses about their stamping ground
Men stand in thirsty groups,
We see them hanging 'round
In perishing thirsty troops.

They cannot get the old red top,
Although they've got the cash,
They must be content with ginger pop
Instead of sour mash.

Sadly they are standing by
Although they know it is no use,
They cannot get the real red eye,
Or fine old corn juice.

At last they have dispersed
By desperation urged to the brink
They seek to quench a real red thirst
By some soft, insipid drink.

If you have any feeling got,
Would you anyone to such misery condemn?
And seeing this much disgruntled lot,
Who would not pity them?

THOUGHTS OF MY BOYHOOD HOME

A sweet, solemn hour I find
As I watch the day depart,
Then what memories waken in the mind,
What feelings crowd the heart!

When the night comes stealing down
And stars glint in heaven's high dome,
A deep, deep feeling in my heart I own
And memories awake of my boyhood home.

There the heather is blooming on moorland
and fell,
Will I ever see it again?
Or the foxglove and sweet bluebell,
And the wild rose in the lane?

And the blossom on the thorn
And the bloom on the whin,
Or hear the corncrake in the corn
Or the rook's clamorous din?

Or see the skylark rising free
As the morn has just awoke,
Or the berries on the holly tree
And leaves upon the oak?

Will I hear again the huntsman's horn
From the fields of far away?
Those merry notes through woodlands borne
That cheer the winter day.

You who have never been away from home,
Oh, can you understand
The feelings that creep over the heart at
the gloam,
When away from your native land?

DALSTON HALL

In sunlit meadows shadows are galloping through
And over the daisy spangled grass on the bonny brow
Where warm the sunbeams fall
How bright they gleam with lightsome beam
On bonny Dalston Hall.

From Dalston to Cummersdale
There is a bonny grassy vale,
Where Caldew's limpid water is seen
Glancing past is glassy sheen.

High mounted on balanced wings
How thrilling the skylark sings
And the world is bathed in summer light
A fair and gladsome sight
Is bonny Dalston Hall.

THE CURLEW AND THE DOVE

The wild curlew of the moor and fell
Was smitten with the arrow of love,
So he came flying down to the dell
To woo the woodland dove.

"Oh, lady of the lofty trees,
The woods are no fit home for thee,
Come enjoy the moorland breeze
In my moorland home with me.

The moorlands sweet odors give
Of dewy grass and daisy crimson rimmed,
And royally we shall live
And our cup of love be brimmed.

Life on the moor and fell is sweet
With romping winds at play,
Where the frisky lambkins bleat
And we'll be blythe as they.

And we'll be up at break of day
And the day one long sweet song,
Oh, lady, come, oh come away,
Oh, come with me along."

"Oh, seek thee a moorland mate,
One of the moorland kind,
For us sorrow would await,
No happiness would we find.

I'll not go with a moorland wooer,
I know it would be wrong,
Cold and bleak is the moor
When winter winds are strong.

The snowy ground is a cold, cold perch
And well I love the tree,
When through the stubble fields I search,
Where would my curlew be.

The woods are more to my mind,
No better home could be,
He must be of the woodland kind
Who will be mate to me."

THE OLD MAN OF THE HILL

Up there by that spreading thorn
Where starts the mountain rill,
In that cottage he was born,
The old man of the hill.

His children to other homes had gone,
His wife was sleeping where people sleep so still,
In that cottage for years lived alone
The old man of the hill.

There lived he all his days
Through summers warm and winters chill,
And lived in noble righteous ways—
The old man of the hill.

And well he bore friendship's part
And that with right good will,
For you know he had a faithful heart;
The old man of the hill.

For his notice children would practice each guileless art
With all their youthful skill,
They knew he had a loving heart;
The old man of the hill.

He wandered forth pondering on life's last reckoning
As the summer eve was still;
And saw the angels beckoning—
The old man of the hill.

Gazing into the far unknown
He felt his spirit thrill,
As he beheld a starry crown
For the old man of the hill.

They found him there beside the stile
That overlooks the gill,
With calm face and saintly smile—
The old man of the hill.

And there unseen by human eyes
He obeyed the Almighty's will;
So passed from earth to Paradise—
The old man of the hill.

MAN

Knight, Baron or Earl. Those titles not mine,
To them I do not aspire,
Round inferior brows coronets may twine,
Such baubles I never desire.

I would not be duke or prince
These titles for me are too small;
Such vanities I discarded long since
For I am Lord of them all.

Not bishop, cardinal or pope,
These distinctions I never will crave,
For higher and greater my hope
This side and beyond of the grave.

King, Kaiser, Emperor or Czar,
To them I'd not fall;
Not for me pomp of place or glory of war,
For I am Lord of them all.

I am no proud chief of a clan,
I live not in castle or tower,
I scorn despotic Sultan or Khan
And laugh at their power.

Though mighty in might and in majecty high,
With vassals to obey at their call;
Sovereign and serf before me they lie
For I am Lord of them all.

I earn my bread, oft busy am I,
I work for I am no drone;
I labor but there is none greater than I
On any terrestial throne.

Though huumble of birth
I am chief in Destiny's plan,
And Lord of the Earth;
My title is Man.

A MORNING SCENE

Wrapped in daisy spangled grass
The dew-wet meadows lay,
Gowans gleamed like shining brass
To the eye of day.

Each green and slender blade
With a gem was bowed,
Mists drifted slowly up the glade
In shining silken cloud.

As wisps of morning mist
Melted in the air,
Blushing daisies the sun had kissed,
Opened sweet and fair.

Purling waters shimmering flashed
Among the gowan leaves,
Then out in dancing ripples splashed
And slid among the bunchy seeves.

Joyous was the song of bird
And the cushat softly cooing,
Deeply my heart was stirred
To Nature's gentle wooing.

Could you see a scene like this
And see it as I saw it,
It would be enough of bliss
But to live and know it.

Though each other we may never know,
Yet shall we feel akin,
And see the beauties of Earth aglow
With light from the soul within.

POESY

Poesy first in heavenly spheres was nurst,
God created it to perfect His Great Plan,
He tried it on the angels first,
Then passed it on to man.

Among angels it was a living part
Ere the human race began,
Then it became the master art,
The masterwork of man.

With her an ever-living pleasure
Eternally in your soul shall spring,
Without her you will find your choicest treasure
But a dull and sordid thing.

If you know not the beauty of Poesy
And the joy she sings,
You know but the dull and soulless life
Of coarse material things.

And you shall dree the dreary death
Of cold and sordid things;
But breathe of her living breath
Your soul exultant soars on her resplendent wings,

Of Poesy was music born—
A fair and heavenly maid,
As radiant as the glint of morn
Beyond the night's dim shade.

She sang in poetry of sounds
A sweet, angelic harmony,
That spread to earth's utmost bounds
In ecstatic minstrelsy.

This heavenly twain, messengers of Omniparient mind
To the children of the sod,
To link the souls of human kind
To the all-pervading God.

THE EARTH IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

I've heard of a realm of wondrous light
Where infinite day excludes the night
  And joy must ever be.
Can those celestial gates of pearl and gold
Greater beauties yet unfold
  Than Earth can yield to me?

The forms I love
Which around me move
  Give joy enough to me,
And the colors wove
In the sky above
  Are beautiful enough to see.

And the changing beauties of the year
I hold them ever dear
  And they are fair to me.
I've seen the bright and dark
And trod the light and murk
  Yet a world of happiness the Earth has
    given to me.

I've gathered gems of greatest worth
And my pathway over the Earth
  Has given flowers and fruits to me,
And this old Earth
That gave me birth
  Is good enough for me.

And while I dwell upon this sod
I give my thanks to God
  Who has given me grace to see;
If I find no heritage beyond the grave
Then no more I'll crave—
  This is enough for me.

SUNSET

Over the evening skies
The sunset colors burn,
In the beauty that never dies,
In memory it is reborn.

When the day expires
And to the night we turn
Still shall flash the wonted fires
From memory's storied urn.

Though clouds to darkness tend,
By shafts of light they are often rent asunder,
And the clouds a greater glory lend
To the sunbeams streaming under.

Our disappointments and heartaches
With their deep throbs of pain,
Our trials and our mistakes—
They have not been in vain.

Nothing ever in vain has been,
But planned with consumate skill,
Even the flower that blooms unseen
Its mission can fulfill.

The wild flowers that scent the air,
You may pluck them from the stem,
Yet there is a message there,
A purpose there is in them.

And as we look across the years
Our growing souls shall see
That not alone of toil and tears,
A mortal's lot shall be.

For sorrow some blame our early parents' fall,
That may have brought some grief, I grant it,
But God made happiness enough for all,
We can find it if we want it.

The day ends in night
But the day comes again,
Thus the dark and light
Form an endless chain.

The dawn and sunsets glory
All adown the years,
Are handing on the story,
There are smiles as well as tears.

Sunrise and sunsets build
A reminder of some
Promise that is fulfilled,
And a promise of something yet to come.

Some say that God lives far away
In a world that is beyond,
And when the faithful pray,
That he will respond.

Some say the Divine Almighty Will
Is enthroned above the sky,
But I know that God lives nearer still
We are kindred, He and I.

And together we live on earth,
We live everywhere,
Wherever thought goes winging forth,
We are living there.

And we have built our Heaven on earth,
And what a heaven is ours!
Filled with jewels of fairest worth,
Sunshine, dewdrops and flowers.

And for use in time of need
Within our heaven are stored
Human sympathy and gentle deed—
Love, and kindly word.

Some may deem it odd
That such thought should be,
But I feel that I live in God,
And that God lives in me.

PLEASURE IN SIMPLE THINGS

Fortune has sometimes jobbed me
And I know not why;
But poverty has never robbed me
Of pleasures that money can't buy.

Money I cannot hoard,
Somehow I do not care,
I do without what I can't afford
I am not a millionaire.

For the rich I sometimes feel a pity
With their pomp and pride and blare;
I shun the crowded city
With its noise, its gaud and glare.

I find my pleasure in simple things,
I find it everywhere,
In the floating cloud, in the bird that wings
Its way through the air.

There is joy for me in the sunbeam,
There is joy for me in the sky,
And joy for me in the moongleam
On the river that hastens by.

The dew on the cobwebs net
Or raindrops prisoned there,
No diamonds by mortal set
Ever shine so fair.

Bird, beast and plant in their gleeings
Make the earth happy and fair;
Think of the infinite beings
Building and painting the air.

BY THE PLATTE RIVER

The moon is shining over Casper
As the river flows along,
The mimic waves of jasper
Join in the willows' song

The moon shines over Casper
And the hills are looking on
As in my arms I clasp her
My own beloved one.

The moon sheds her soft and silent glory
And the hills about enfold,
As I tell to her the story
The story that is so old.

Yes, I tell her the old, old story
The story that is still so new,
Though told through ages ancient and hoary
Is still fresh as morning dew.

We walk by waters softly moving
By pebble and sandy bar,
Though I tell of our loving
I tell not who we are.

The river keeps on flowing
But will not tell the tale,
The hills about us knowing
Yet in silence will not fail.

The moon that shines over Casper
Her light will wax and wane,
The lights of Casper
Will gleam across the plain.

And where the river is winding
We will walk again,
Ah! the joy of finding
We are one instead of twain.

I LOVE TO SEE THE LIGHTNING

I love to see the lightning flash
And to hear the thunder roll,
For then I feel a mighty power
Exultant in my soul.

I love to hear the wild refrain
Of winds roaring loud and deep,
I love to be on the plain
Where strong west winds sweep.

I love to tread the unbroken turf,
I love the rocks ragged and hoar,
I love to hear the angry surf
Come thundering on the shore.

I love to wander in the woods
When dead leaves swirling fly,
And by streams when brown foamy floods
Are madly rushing by.

I love Nature in her boisterous mood,
In her tumultuous glee,
Of roaring wind and tumbling flood
I love her by land and sea.

But most I love to see the lightning flash,
Trembling over the sky,
And hear the loud din of thunder crash
Reverberating by.

LIFE

I have herded on the mountain and on the plain;
In bright sunshine and through snow and rain,
The seasons would come and go—I did not care a dime;
Though they were milestones along the road of Time.

Often tired and footsore I have followed the restless band,
Over salt sage flats and over ridgy land.
Sometimes smeared with mud, sometimes with dust and grime,
Thought I, 'Tis a picture of the trail of Life over the range of time.
Have all to tramp so unceasingly? No matter how tired or lame,
For all the world, all the way, is it just the same?

I think some find an easy path and slip along like scenes in pantomime,
While others must breast the reefs of Life, along the range of time.

Some find a flowery path and they tread gaily on,
The cares that trouble the rest of mankind to them are unknown.
Their lives are like a placid stream flowing through land of pleasant clime;
They glide peacefully over the plains of Life, along the range of time.
Many sick and weary, sad and worn must take the uphill trail
From budding youth to withered age they battle with the gale.
In heat of summer noonday sun or winter mornings chilly rime,
They struggle over the hills of Life, along the range of time.

Shrinking from the rugged path farther astray some wander yet,
Deluded by pleasures that lure mankind and by snares beset.
Having lost the path many sink in vice and crime
While struggling through the swamps of Life, along the range of time.
Some think their sorrows and hardships are more than they can bear,
Faint-hearted, sore and weary, they yield to despair.
No sweet-toned bells of the future peal for them a silvery chime,
They fear to face the wildernes of Life, along the range of time.

But some are stronger, braver, and more persevering prove
And strive with all their hopes beyond and all their faith above;
They fight the battle bravely and the victory is sublime,
As they triumph over the trials of Life and reach the shore of time.
Many following far behind see how others the victory have won
And follow the light that is shining bright in steps where they have gone.
Embarked on the ocean are victors from every clime;
We see their white sails afar like a gniding star on the ocean of time.

Onward, onward to futurity their barques are borne
To the dawning glory of the Everlasting Morn;
Sailing on the Great Unknown the Immeasurable Sublime,
The shoreless sea of Eternity, beyond the Ocean of time.

WAR

There was war, and millions went to die—
  There was many a moan from those who were oppressed
And many a sigh and tearful eye
  And many a troubled breast,
And many a heart had to part
  From those it loved the best.

Many a father was shattered and torn
  And helpless children cried,
Many a fatherless babe was born
  And many a mother died,
All to feed a Kaiser's greed
And spread his boundaries wide.

After every battle storm
  From off the gory sod
Was borne many a crippled form—
  A broken image of God;
All to sate a Kaiser's hate
Rivers of blood have flowed.

There is many a sorrowing heart
  Whose joy in life is gone,
Forced from its best beloved to part
  Who lies in grave unknown,
All to dower the lust for power
  Of a bloody German throne.

The fields were plowed with shot,
  There was many a ruined farm,
There was many a tumbled cot
  And shriek of wild alarm
In the track of battle wrack
In the horrid days of harm.

A HYPOCRITE

You'd think he wasn't of human birth,
He seems of such pure and lofty mind,
And that very thing, the Salt of the Earth—
What Diogenes couldn't find.

Yet still must remain on earth
Through the coming ages,
Till a blind world discovers his worth
And writes it in golden pages.

Some are blind and his virtues can't discern,
Some are ignorant and unbelieving,
But many to their sorrow learn
He is artful in deceiving.

He will pass you out a line of talk
So soft and caressing,
Until you almost balk—
His honesty is so distressing.

He'll make you think he is a superman
Or maybe something better,
That he is doing all the good he can
And all the world's his debtor.

Then you will think he is of angel brand
And you look for his wings,
Then discover he is an angel supergrand
And has no need of such things.

You will think so much modesty he has got
That makes him hide his glim,
And that a cruel and selfish lot
Are crucifying him.

Then he gives you the impression
That he works hard at honest labor,
And is free from all transgression
But has a hell of a neighbor.

He seems better than the Great Redeemer,
Maybe ten or twelve degrees,
But he is an artful schemer
And can give hell a freeze.

SOLDIERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Where the rude hand of war
  Is the face of Nature scarring,
Men have gathered from afar
  To join the nation's warring.

From Scottish beus and glens
  And far Canadian prairie,
From Cambrian pens and Cambridge fens
  And hills of Tipperary,

Standing among scenes blood
  Men from the banks of Mersey
Shoulder to shoulder stood
  With men from Isle of Jersey.

From Tasmanian groves, New Zealand runs
  And far Australian stations
Came the dauntless sons
  Of many yonthful nations.

From Newfoundland's foggy banks,
  From Southern lands that over the ocean smile,
Men came to join the warring ranks—
  To battle for the mother isle.

From shores where ocean currents race
  Through channels of Scillona,
A thousand isles their homes embrace
  From Falklands to Iona.

Men were there on whom Africa's sun
  Had poured its blinding glory,
Men from lands where fogs roll dun
  And frost lies old and hoary.

There was Goorkha and Sihk,
  All valiant, staunch and true,
Grimy with the battle's reek,
  A brave and warlike crew.

From north, south, east and west,
  From lands so far asunder,
Where sandy shore and rocky breast
  Brave the ocean's thunder.

Their weariness they would beguile
With many a song and story,
To wean their thoughts awhile
From death and martial glory.

Some sang of Braes of Ballochmyle,
Some sang of Tobermory,
Some sang Annie Lisle
And some sang Annie Laurie.

Some sang Land o' the Leal,
In trenches red and gory,
Some sang D'ye ken John Peel
Some sang Chillingowallabadory.

Some sang songs of Erin Isle,
Songs of stream and glade,
Thinking of the witching smile
Of some sweet Irish maid.

Some sang songs of love
And some sang songs of daring,
Some they prayed to God above
And some indulged in swearing.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY

Sweet the sorrel grows
Where thickets dim shadows throw,
And sweet can the lily grow
In the shadow of the rose.

Beautiful the violet grows
Beneath boughs bending low,
And fair can the lily blow
In the shadow of the rose.

The rose and the lily, the lily and the rose,
How sweet they are entwined
Around heart and soul and mind,
The rose and the lily, the lily and the rose.

BUD MAC QUEEN

Across the fields the granger tills
Where the Indian's lodge had been
And over the rough and rifted hills
Rode young Bud MacQueen.
And by forest fringed heights
Up the mountain trail he went,
And succeeding days and nights
On the journey spent.
And down upon the open range
He rode upon his quest,
While emotions deep and strange
Stirred his youthful breast.

Mile after mile of arid plain
Crept beneath his horse's tread,
While peaks of a distant mountain chain
Beckon'd him ahead.
Oft among the wild and arid land
He made his lonely bed,
Beneath him was the desert sand,
The shining stars overhead.
Again to climb a mountain's breast
On his purpose still intent,
A stop awhile to feed and rest,
Then up and onward went.

Till around him lay desolate hills
Deep in sodden snow,
And cheerless gloom the valley fills
Three thousand feet below,
The earth was a cheerless sight
Beneath the sullen sky,
Merging into the gloom of night
As the stormy day crept by.
The mountain wind howled aloud
Or sobbed its deep refrain,
As he went down through drenching cloud
To a valley soaked with rain.

What was the magnet that lured him on—
That was so strong to move,
A power through ages known
And people call it love.

Crouching under a dripping bush
Till dark and storm be past,
Beside him he hears torrents rush
But daylight comes at last.
The sun shone on mountain tops
In splendor glorified,
Birds songs burst from every copse
Upon the mountain side.

Then he down the valley rode,
In his heart a song of joy,
In his face the look of manhood showed—
He had left his home a boy.
Down the vale he urged his horse,
Bask'd in warming beam,
And crossed many a winding course
With waters all a-teem.
He sang "My love is like the summer breeze
That wafts sweet scents to thee,
My love is like the orchard trees
That bear sweet fruits for thee."

"My love is like the living stream
That flows brimming to the sea,
My love is like an Elysian dream
That brings sweet thoughts to thee."
A maiden heard his song
And she began to smile,
She watched as he rode along
Singing all the while.
She sang, "The winds from over the mountain tops
The winds from over the plain,
Bring to me thoughts and hopes
Of what I long to see again.

"The streams that down the valley flow
Lead my thoughts to a valley far away,
There, Oh, there I fain would go
But my father he says 'Nay'."
"My love, the way has been long
I've come looking for a wife,
Together now we will sing one song
And sing that song through life.

Now you will mount and ride with me,
Then we'll go on our way,
And we shall wedded be,
Ere the sun sets on this day."

Together down the valley they ride,
Then over the hills away,
And they were bridegroom and bride
Ere the sun had set that day.
Over the fields in golden flame
Was spread the harvest sheen
When to our valley came
A bride and Bud MacQueen.

IF I COULD LOVE AGAIN

I have felt the power supreme
That thralls the hearts of men,
Real as fact, illusive as a dream
The greatest joy of human ken.

Once my heart it wildly moved,
I know its joy and pain,
But I'll never love as once I loved
If I can love again.

But for all of the wide world
With those memories I would not part today,
For still around my heart are furled
Endearing thoughts of one who passed away.

Through the grief and loss that I have known
Joy of that love shines like a bright sun ray,
Throughout the years that have flown
Since she passed away.

The passion my heart has wildly moved
I have felt its joy and pain;
I can never love as once I loved
If I could love again.

CHURCH BELLS RINGING

Among the pleasures earth can yield
One great joy I have known,
Is to ramble by wood and field
In unfrequented ways alone.

I wandered one sunny day by wood and field and lane
Where early flowers were springing;
It was Sabbath day and from village fane
Came sound of church bells ringing,
Oh, dear to me, Oh, sweet to me, the sound of church bells ringing,
But dearer far, Oh, sweeter still, the sound of wild birds singing.

Thus I loved to spend the Sabbath day
When freed from labor's chain,
No sermon my mind could sway
And pastor's voice might call to me in vain.
I would seek the woodland shades
To see the ivy and woodbine clinging,
And the solitude of sequestered glades
Thrilled with the music of wild birds singing.
Oh, dear to me, Oh, sweet to me, came the sound of church bells ringing,
But dearer far, sweeter still, the music of wild birds singing.

And came the growing manhood years
Fresh hopes and ambitions bringing,
With ripening years fresh pleasures unfold, new joy appears,
But my heart still to its wonted pleasure clinging.
Oftentimes grew weary of social joys
Then I would seek sylvan homes with Nature's music ringing.
Away from the crowd's fretting noise
To hear a song of Nature's singing,
Then dear to me, sweet to me, the sound of church bells ringing,
But dearer far, sweeter still, the melody of wild birds singing.

I have crossed far extending plains
The only roof the heavens' blue dome.
I sighed for woods and fields and lanes
And familiar sounds of home.
But on Sabbath day from no village fane
Came no sound of church bells ringing
And from a drear and silent plain
No sound of wild birds singing.
Oh, dear to me, sweet to me, memories of church bells ringing,
But dearer far, sweeter still, memories of wild birds singing.

I've roamed through valleys where foaming torrents race,
And forest kings their giant arms are swinging,
Across the precipice's frowning face
The cascades sprayey showers are flinging.
And far away from the village fane
The wild rock goat is springing,
And one might listen for years in vain,
For the sound of church bells ringing,
Oh, dear to me, sweet to me, the sound of church bells ringing,
But dearer far, sweeter still, the sound of wild birds singing.

I left the solitude of the wilderness
The desolate plains and mountain lands;
I reached a place of toil and stress,
Where man has bound the earth with iron bands,
I wander forth, I hear a sound, my steps I stay.
A sound, and with it what thoughts and memories bringing!
'Twas Sabbath day and from far away
Came the sound of church bells ringing,
Oh, dear to me, sweet to me, the sound of wild birds singing,
But sweeter still, oh, dearer far, came the sound of church bells ringing!

UNREST

The spirit of great unrest! What power it has over me,
When I am far inland I am longing for the sea,
And after weary journey when at length I stand
By the surging waters on the ocean strand
Then I long for the mountains and gleaming drifts of snow
And when on the mountain I sigh for the vales below;
When I am in the forest I am longing for the open plain,
And when in the midst of prairies I sigh for the woods again.

Years I've spent in roving and still of roving just as fond,
Wherever I be it seems to me there's a fairer land beyond.
How perverse the human heart can be;
How seldom are we satisfied with what we've longed to see;
And yet what joy it is to obey the wanderer's call,
As earth reveals her scenes to me I dearly love them all,
If disappointments come to me and make my heart despond,
Then I look and see a fairer land beyond.

DREAMING

When young my fancies soared aloft,
Oh! how swift those winged fancies flew;
When a youth I was dreaming oft
The dreams of brightest hue.

I dreamt the fairest dream that is known to men,
When the youthful heart is warm
The sweetest dream of mortal ken
That love has the power to charm.

But the brightest visions fading fast
And the future no hopes to give,
'Tis only in memories of the past
My heart and soul can live.

On my years is the evening sunset's glow
And years have behind me rolled,
The night is coming I know
Through the fading light of gold.

I have been a dreamer still,
I dream to forget worldly care,
And I'll go dreaming down life's hill,
No matter how I fare.

And as the night it nears
And nearer and nearer draws,
I'll spend my twilight years
In dreaming of my rose.

PLOP GOES THE FISH

Weather and water fine,
Just as heart could wish,
Throw out the line—
Plop, goes the fish.

First play him gently,
Then something goes 'squish',
As you work intently,
Plop, goes the fish.

With words that are unholy
Send the line a-swish,
Get him, yet, by golly,
Plop, goes the fish.

LOOKING BACKWARD

When looking backward o'er the years
We think we could miss so much of toil and tears
And so much of care and pain—
Were we to live them over again.

But yet we do not know
How things would happen so;
One fact must not be forgot,
That to each will come their lot,
And we might meet all again,
So much of sorrow and pain,
And so much of toil and tears,
When living through the tears—
Were we to live them over again.

DEPARTURE OF THE SOLDIERS

I mingled with a waiting throng
And marked the eager eye;
Thought I, perhaps ere long
Some pageant will be passing by.

Pressing on where nought my view might bar
I heard someone remark:
"The soldiers are going to war,
Today they do embark."

Then came a thrilling bugle call
And stirring roll of drum;
The cry was echoed from wall to wall
They come, they come, they come.

As gallantly they marched past
Some cast lingering looks aside
On some face, or place, a glance perhaps their last
Some of those heroes may have died.

As with bugle blast and roll of drum
They bravely marched away,
With each lingering note a message seemed to come
The dying echoes seemed to say.

'Tis for us the foe to match
'Tis ours to fight, to fight, to march away
'Tis for you to watch and watch and watch
'Tis yours to watch and pray.

PARTED

They first met by Pettril side
Where limpid waters run,
When Nature spreads her mantle wide
Beneath summer sun.

And meeting oft by Pettril side
Quickly their friendship grew,
Together to beauty spots they hied
While each heart to heart closer drew.

They passed the tower at Catterlen, when she saw its riven side
Her heart gave a sten,
What if such a rift should divide
Her young love dream just then.

To her that rifted wall
Ill omened seemed to be,
A presage of what might befall
Betwixt her and he.

They spent that day as they had spent other days,
Rambling by bught and barrow,
Wandering by flowery ways
Or resting among scented yarrow.

They loitered by Hutton woods
And sauntered by hall and grange,
Till on them fell one of those silent moods
Unaccountable and strange.

But what was said or left unsaid
That I do not know,
Or what mistakes were made
Or how it happened so.

Whatever it was that did betide
They both went far away
And never met by Pettril side
Since that parting day.

There is many a sweet embowered dell
And many a field of plain,
But on hills overlooking Pettril vale
They were never seen again.

Every one has hopes and fears,
There are hearts that have been fain,
But oh, through all the after years
They never met again.

THE GIFT

At my nativity a gift to me was given
In pleasures of earth to taste the joys of heaven,
And intensely was my heart imbued,
This gift was my companion when a child,
In riper years it stayed to comfort me on the lonely wild
And cheered my solitude.

When the Love God came my heart to prove
Then I loved as few men ever love,
I loved to intensest pain;
Though years on years have passed
Since on earth she breathed her last
I long to see her again.

I know she has made her flight
To a realm of effulgent light,
And I long with passionate longing to be there.
The love that holds my heart still fast
Over my soul a spell has cast
That defies the bounds of earth and air.

Sometimes I've left the place of mortal men
And passed beyond the bounds of mortal ken
Through ethereal regions vast,
Past worlds on worlds in space unknown
To see my love of years bygone
I went hurrying fast.

By groves and lakes and sinuous streams
I passed beyond the land of dreams
To a land that shone with brilliant dews,
From which gorgeous resplendent beams
Shot far and wide in glorious gleams,
A million times more brilliant than rainbow hues.

By roseate rock and glisking sand
Each flashing like a silver band,
Seven mighty rivers rolled,
In places they burst on my bewildered sight
Sparkling like diamonds of purest light
And in places shone like burnished gold

By dimpling eddy and limpid pool
Swept balmy breezes soft and cool
With the music of foamy waterfall,
And bird and bower
And bank and flower
Their voices call.

And looking beyond where those mighty rivers flowed
Where brilliance effulgent glowed
I saw the blest abode,
And as I sped along those wondrous ways
I saw a sunny plain with glorious flowers ablaze
And grass of lambent flame like living emeralds showed.

Sometime when oblivion the mortal senses steep
In some long night of dreamless sleep
I'll cross the flowery sod,
To the land where voices call
And to the great beyond of all
I'll reach the throne of God.

For one is there for whom I care
For her the powers of heaven I'd dare
And she with heavenly love is blest;
I saw her there,
She is wondrous fair
And has my soul possessed.

From mortal things and mortal kind
She absorbs my soul and mind
As a mighty magnet draws,
Endowed with Love's magic powers
Of all celestial flowers
I know she is the rose.

LIFE IS NOT ONE LONG, SWEET SONG

Life is not always one long sweet song,
Or melody played in tune,
Not always can we wander sweet flower among
And gather the roses of June.

But there is sunshine now and again
Between shadows fleeting by,
And after the clouds and the rain
We will see the sunny sky.

This thought has come to me
That it is better by far,
Not to worry about things as they ought to be,
But to reckon with things as they are.

CASTLE IN THE AIR

All things of beauty and every masterpiece of art
I've stored within a castle stately and fair,
All the world of its treasure to me has given a part
To adorn my splendid castle, my castle in the air.
Noble in their beauty each tower and turret rise,
There are halls of grandeur and carven winding stair
Ever bright and warm are the sunny skies
Above my castle, my castle in the air.

When storms around me brastle
With lowering clouds of care,
I seek refuge in my castle,
My castle in the air.
There are tired millions toiling
Tired and toiling everywhere,
Through long drear days of moiling
Each can have a castle, a castle in the air.

When with the problems of life you wrestle
And material things that wear and tear,
'Tis well to have a castle—
A castle in the air.
If troubles are pressing nigher
And begin to crowd and stare,
Keep on building higher
Your castle in the air.

THE SULKY COW

I sang of sunlit meadows,
I sang of pastures green,
I sang of weaving shadows
That lie the trees between.

I sang to her of verdant hills,
I sang of fields and flowers,
I sang to her of purling rills,
I sang of birds and bowers.

Of anything that I could think
I surely sang of it,
I gave her nice things to eat and drink
But charmed her not a bit.

Then I sang of salty waves
That sweep across the sea,
I sang of gem encrusted caves
But not a bit cared she.

And not a bit she heeds
While I sing of this glorious land of ours,
And of sublime heroic deeds
And the Nation's mighty powers.

I sang of many an old-time story
That has come far down the years,
Of rhymes grim and hoary,
Of tales laden with hopes and fears.

But still she sullen stood
And didn't care a damn,
Determined in her sulky mood
As tight as any clam.

I sang to her songs of gladness
I sang of loves and sighs
And I sang songs of sadness
Till tears filled my eyes.

Not plaintive songs of tender sentiment
Or rollicking songs of glee,
Born of isle or continent
Could move such a beast as she.

Songs wont to sooth her wayward mood
Now proved of no avail
She sullen and unresponsive stood,
Except when she kicked the milking pail.

To induce her some milk to yield,
I surely knew not how,
Never was her like in barn or field
She was a sulky cow.

DECEIVED

On him young Netta's love had beamed
He seemed so noble and so strong
But young Netta never dreamed
His heart was sadly wrong.

Nor would she believe or ever think
That sometime he might leave her
That her high hopes in shame would sink
And he prove a base deceiver.

But a high and noble part
Not long could he play it
The selfishness in his heart
Was bound to betray it.

But he indulged in other joys
Wanton and unclean
He left a wreck of broken toys
Whose idol he had been.

There was no honor in his heart
True love he did not know it
Exulting in his deceitful part
And shameless enough to show it.

At last he went away
To seek fresh fields for his endeavor,
What could entice him to stay,
Would he return? No, never.

Netta tearfully begged him of her to think
But cruel was the stab,
"Did she imagine he would link
Himself to a drab."

She longed to go far away
Where no libertine could trusting heart deceive
So she went as children play
Into the land of make-believe.

She thought her heart like cold dead clay
Could no other love receive,
So she played as children play
In the land of make-believe.

There she found a lover who was always true
And as tender as lover could be
As they fonder and fonder grew
A charming prince was he.

She blotted out each by-gone year
Of that time of wasted love,
To the past she gave no thought or tear
This poor mateless dove.

Nor did she ever cease or tire
Those wild love fancies to weave,
She found her heart's desire
In the land of make-believe.

Sometimes she would tell of a lover so true
Of her lover who was so kind
But the glowing picture she drew
Was the creation of an unbalanced mind.

RAISING THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG

Here where the schoolhouse stands
And where the children come
We raise the flag in honor patriot hands
That builded freedom's home.

Here to the mast we bend her
In sight of the hills where it grew,
Flag of Freedom let freemen defend her,
And be her children true.

May roots of freedom strike deep in the earth
And grow deeper and deeper forever,
In this land where the Nation had birth,
That nought from her freedom may sever.

Up, high up, we will send her,
No flag more honored ever flew.
Let nought dim the splendor
Of the glorious stars in the blue.

KEEP AT IT JUST THE SAME

If the people do not mind you
Or recognize your worth,
Fling such annoyances behind you,
Keep on laboring for the children of the earth.

If people don't regard you
In the glowing light of fame;
If the world don't reward you
Keep onward just the same.

The world's cold neglect—just bear it,
It is not a mark of blame,
The world's yoke—just wear it;
Keep on working just the same

Time may be unending—
We know not whence it came,
The past some message to the future sending
May resurrect your name.

After enduring scoffs and laughter
And you've done your little bit,
Centuries, ages, eons after
Th world may be blessing you for it.

Seek not fame, wealth or power
When at your task you steadfastly have stood,
These may perish in an hour—
Crown yourself with the knowledge that you have
done some good.

THE GOD AND I

Here were spread western plains
And mountains rise to meet the sky;
The creed that here obtains
Is the God and I.

Here we meet face to face,
We meet eye to eye;
Nor fear to meet in any place
Nor how, or when or why.

Here man and woman stand side by side,
Both of the sovereign kind;
Her equality is not denied
As in dark states you find.

The bright light of our western land
Illumines the soul of man,
Here man and woman hand in hand
Shall work out God's Great Plan.

If danger should against us band
Each heart undaunted will reply,
Here we stand in our chosen land
And we are God and I.

When all the world shall live this part
There shall be between all mankind a tie;
When the watchword of every heart
Is the God and I.

IRELAND

Let the harp of Erin sing again,
Let her shamrock still be green;
That little island of the main,
May yet be an ocean queen.

Still her heart for freedom calls;
Centuries of woe her spirit could not destroy;
Where now the salt tear falls
Let there be smiles of joy.

Let harp of Erin sing again,
And her shamrock still be green,
And bring joy to every bould gossoon
And every sweet colleen.

Throughout the long black years
The centuries have rolled,
She has felt the galling spears
Of Norman knights of old.

How far behind will reason lag?
Such things would not have been
Had we but placed upon our flag
A little strip of green.

To remind us there are other hearts
That love freedom well
We should renounce the tyrant parts
That coerce and compel.

FROM THE FAR AWAY

Things that are scattered hither and yon—
Things that are lost and gone,
Things that escape now and then—
Things that pass beyond our ken.

From the upper and from the nether
They'll gather together, they'll gather together
And all come back someday,
From the far off Faraway.

Every little thing we've known—
Every little kindness shown—
Every little word that's spoken
Every vow or promise broken.

Every wrong that is done,
Memories that we'd rather shun,
Every thought that's flown,
All that's passed to the Unknown.

Are wandering in the wilds of space somewhither
And they'll gather together, they'll gather together,
And will all come back some day
From the far-off Faraway.

Everything on the stream of Eternity cast,
Everything that was in the past,
Is existent yet somewhere.
Of words and deeds we should have care
Of them we'll never be free,
Nothing can ever cease to be,
From the upper and from the nether
They'll gather together, they'll gather together
And will all come back some day.
From the far-off Faraway.

Be it cross or be it crown
Everyone will have their own,
What is yours will be yours and mine will ever be mine
Like it or not we have no power to decline.
We must receive what Fate is going to pay,
We cannot evade that reckoning day,
Everything will be measured back,
Not a jot or tittle will lack,
When from the upper and from the nether
They'll gather together, they'll gather together
And all come back someday
From the far-off Faraway.

WHO DID IT?

Who has done this bloody deed
And spread destruction far?
Who has made the nations bleed
And plunged the world in war?

Who those hostile armies sent
To mark lands with blood and flame?
Where the people lived in peace and sweet content
Ere the vandal Teuton came.

What beast such wrong would dare
To win him martial glory?
What fool would such laurels wear
So shame bestained and gory?

Over the trodden Belgian farms
And blood-soaked fields of France
Is spread war's alarms
Where his trampling chargers prance.

Animals that prowl and birds that prey
Seek the ghoulish feast,
Prepared for them by martial array
Of the minions of a crowned beast.

We see his loathsome shadow loom
Where once Peace smiled on lands
Now comes a time of dismal gloom
And blood at his commands.

The blood-thirsty Hun at his behest
Went forth to slay the Serb;
Who shall humble his haughty crest?
Who his unholy desires shall curb?

He has set on the unbridled Turk,
A race of bloody hands,
To help him in his dirty work
To ravage Christian lands.

A wretch so debased and vile
As to employ assassin hand to make excuse for war,
May his fame be buried in his guile
And his name writ where those of murderers are.

IN SILENCE

Ah! yes, indeed, the love was deep
Between the man and maid,
When in the place of last long sleep
His fair love was laid.

In his eyes were no tears,
He made not moan or sigh,
Though on his future years
He had seen the sunlight die.

Yes, he stood by with tearless eye,
And saw her laid in her lowly bed,
When he had seen her die
His hope was also dead.

Deeply as struck the dart
He showed not how much he might care,
But deep within his heart
He buried the story there.

After long sunless years,
Came a gleam of light again,
The star of hope appears,
Shining through the darkness of his pain.

But the wheel of fortune is its ceaseless roll
Brought untoward things,
Events beyond man's control;
Again he felt disappointment's stings.

Yet still the bitter smart
He will in silence bear,
And deep in his heart
He hid the story there.

As time grew longer,
And heavier in its flight
Through those years the heart hunger
Lived with him day and night.

He bore his grief without plaint or tears,
And as the scars grew dim,
The memories of those bygone years
Became a joy to him.

He did not win the joy he sought
That hope was past recall,
But he found solace in the thought
That he had loved at all.

Time soothed each pang
That had been so rude,
Again in his soul he sang
He sang in solitude.

BILLY MOATT

A cheerful man was Billy Moatt,
Now he is gone to rest;
He had a button on his coat
And another on his vest.

Few indeed were Billy's wants,
Of little he was possest;
He had two buttons on his pants,
He had lost the rest.

He was industrious in his vocation,
Of ease he was still in quest,
Yet deserving of highest approbation
His honesty would bear the test.

His shoes were such as nature gave
And fitted very neat,
He was economical and tried save
By wearing nothing on his feet.

Good luck of others he envied not,
And was a loyal friend,
He rejoiced in the fulness of his neighbor's pot,
To congratulate him oft thither he would trend.

He stayed on earth till he was fifty-seven
To stay longer he did his best,
Then he quit and went to heaven
And is God Almighty's guest.

LITTLE FURRY FOLKS

Leave the smoky wastes of brick and stone
To take some pleasant woodland walks,
And spend an hour alone
With the little furry folks.

When passing beneath a fir
Or the beeches and the oaks,
You may see the branches stir,
There is a squirrel, one of the little furry folks.

Then mossy bank and quiet way
Your unwonted feet must coax
To some open glade where rabbits run and play
Happy furry folks!

Then where thick the brackens lay
In yellow tangled shocks
You will see slyly slip away
A shy brown-eyed fox.

And still going quietly along
You hear some notes sweet and mellow
And then a wild, exultant song
From some little feathered fellow.

Oft when leaves are tinged with brown and yellows,
I've enjoyed some pleasant talks
With the little furry fellows
And little feathered folks.

When tossed on life's uneasy billows
And you find all pleasures are a hoax,
Get acquainted with the little furry fellows
And the little feathered folks.

When weary of the envious and the jealous
And the car of fortune balks,
Seek solace with the little feathered fellows
And the little furry folks.

A WORLD THAT IS ALL MY OWN

I have a world to live in,
A world that is all my own,
Where Mammon has nought to give in
And fortune cannot frown;
The truths that I believe in
Are jewels in my crown,
The joys that I receive in
Nothing ever can drown.

Nothing there to grieve in
For sorrow is unknown,
No robber there to reive in,
The world that's all my own.
Nought there to deceive in,
There, only truth is known,
All is true that I believe in—
The world that's all my own.

THE LONELY GRAVE

Where winds sing their sad refrain
And prairie grasses wave,
Where night winds sigh in mournful strain
I found a lonely grave.

By it lay one unmarked stone
Revealing not word or name,
Which still remains unknown
And whence the wanderer came.

Was he by Indian slain
While comrade stood by his side,
Who buried him on the lonely plain
Near to where he died?

When the angel calls the last roll
And sea and land give up their dead
Then he will answer to the call
And rise from his lonely bed.

THE LAND WHERE THE GENTIAN GROWS

It is the brightness of the sunshine
That warms this land of ours
And gives sweetness to her pine
And beauty to her flowers;
When first outspread her plains
And first her hills uprose
To make the fairest of all domains
The land where the Gentian grows.

Her flowers of exquisite hue
Sweeten the winds that blow,
Skies of sublimest blue
Are reflected in waters below,
For words it is in vain to search
To describe in rhyme or prose
The color of the skies that arch
The land where the Gentian grows.

I catch on every passing breeze
The scents of her vales and plains
Even the sobbing of distant seas
Her windborne voice contains,
Though sometimes I'm led afar amain
By the lure the wanderer knows,
Yet my thoughts still turn again
To the land where the Gentian grows.

Sometimes from places that are far away
In fancy I glimpse her snowy peaks,
Come back, come back, they seen to say,
It is Wyoming's soul that speaks,
I see her alfalfa fields, purple and green
And corn in tasseled rows,
Streams glide behind cottonwood and willow screen
In the land where our blue Gentian grows.

I see homes along the creek
I see them dotted over the plain
They nestle beneath each mountain peak
Within their wide domain,
And Nature with generous hand
A lavish bounty throws
Kindly smiling on the land
Where our blue Gentian grows.

Spirits of Wyoming hill and dell,
I think I hear them calling me
Come back, their voices in chorus swell
Come back, come back to me,
And the thought a pleasure brings,
And still a magnet draws
And holds me by the heartstrings
To the land where the Gentian grows.

TO BE HUMAN

The good of every day
God give us grace to see it,
If we meet temptation by the way
Give us strength to flee it.

Help to others by the way
God grant that we may be it
Suffering that sin must pay
May we never dree it.

What is harmful to our weal
May we never crave it,
What danger the future may reveal
May we have courage to brave it.

If we see wrong in a fellow being
May we condemn it kindly,
And be careful in our seeing
Nor ever judge them blindly.

Very few are better than they seem to be
And very few are worse
We can't always judge from what we see
But we do, of course.

Yes, we do it every day
And though we oft' find ourselves mistaken
Yet, it is safe to say
Our confidence in our selves is seldom shaken.

I think our race will better get
As true knowledge our minds illumine,
We are not on earth to be angels yet
But just to be human.

THE HILLS OF GRO-VON (GROVENTRES)

Alas! for the heart that sorrow fills
And joy of life is flown,
Enduring of human ills
And yet keep living on.

He had suffered the grief that kills;
He knew that hope was gone,
Ere they took him to the woody hills—
The hills of green Grovon.

Through the pleasant summer days
The sun brightly shone,
The sod was one flowery maze
On hills of green Grovon.

At the coming of winter chills
They made a grave and marked it with a stone,
And left him asleep among the piney hills—
The hills of wild Grovon.

The winds roar through canyon deeps,
They sob and sigh and moan,
And buffet the rocky steeps
Then die away in eery drone.

Seasons go and come again,
He still is sleeping on,
A broken heart was eased from pain
Among hills of wild Grovon.

Alike to him in his wakeless sleep
Is the twilight or the dawn;
The sun and stars their watch will keep
Over that grave in the wild Grovon.

By the Hudson in grief too great for tears
A lady mourns alone;
Ever in fancy the sighing of wind she hears
Over the wild Grovon.

A BOY

He was just a little western boy,
  He stood beside a cabin door,
And much time he would employ
  Looking over the plain stretching far before.

Boys! how lonesome they sometimes are,
  What thoughts come to them then,
This boy's home stood afar
  From the beaten road of men.

Behind him hills arose with rocky shelf,
  On one side the desert lay,
As he stood communing with himself
  You might have heard him say.

"I see the dust rise and puff
  And dance with the whirlwinds,
I see where the land leaves off
  And where the sky begins.

I see the hills rise up around,
  I see where the skies they fall,
Between there is lots of ground,
  I thought that it was all.

But I'm told there is land beyond
  And there are seven seas,
Each bigger than the pond
  Up by the cottonwood trees.

They say the sky around the earth is furled
  And all the universe is one great plan,
But I'm goin' to ride to the edge of the world,
  Sometime when I'm a man.

I've seen cowpunchers ride
  Away over the greasewood flats,
With jingling spurs and chaps and pride,
  And wide-brimmed Stetson hats.

And out in the desert that is so dry,
  So dusty and so white,
They tell me that horn toads fry
  Out in the blinding light.

But I am just a kid
  And never been anywhere,
  Where there's something to do and dare."
But sometime I'm goin' where things are did,

MY GOOD OLD HORSE AND I

We jog along together boys
My good old horse and I,
And we face the weather boys
Be it wet or dry.

We jog along together boys
And watch the land creep by,
We have no use for tether boys
My good old horse and I.

When Night that dame of dusky feather boys
Lets her mantle over us lie,
We just camp together boys,
My good old horse and I.

HEART TO HEART AND SOUL TO SOUL

Heart shall respond to heart
When thoughts are free from guile
And quick the thrill of friendship start
To meet the kindly smile.

Hearts will to nobler deeds aspire
As nobler thoughts are born,
'Tis the good that men admire,
'Tis the ill they scorn.

The time shall be when soul to soul
In unfettered thought shall speak,
When secrecy shall lift the cowl
Revealing what we seek.

The time shall be when heart to heart
Shall truest answer give
The guileful art shall have no part
When we know how to live.

SONG OF VICTORY

Sing when the dusk begins to lighten
Sing as the dawn appears
Sing as the sky begins to brighten
Sing as the morning clears.

Sing with the sun ascending
His pathway up the sky
Sing in thankfulness unending
The warclouds have rolled by.

Shout with the sun high on the throne of day
Proclaim it everywhere
Warclouds have rolled away
They have finished over there.

Shout when evening nears
Shout when the dark has come
Shout, shout the rousing cheers
They are coming home.

Let our cheers booming thunder
Make night a time of joy
They have finished over yonder
Welcome home each darling boy.

Those who are enshrined
Within the Nation's breast
Be laurel wreathes entwined
Above their place of rest.

They toiled for our deliverance
They who are among the blest,
Speak of them with reverance
They surely did their best.

They the true and daring
Who answered the Nation's call
The generous and unsparing
They freely gave their all.

THE DYING LAMB

It has found its mother now
The poor orphan child
Carry it and lay it low
Where the grass grows wild.

It answered to the mother call
The call of the mother heart,
See the grim reaper's shadow fall
Over the mortal part.

Not for it will daisies bloom
Here on earthly sod,
The good Shepherd has found it room
In pastures nearer God.

FAITH

Days there are without sunshine
When clouds are dreary and grey
That it seems impossible any silver could line
Such dark and dismal array.

The sun may be shining beyond
Through dark and oppressive the day
But to such preaching what heart can respond
When the soul is to heavy to pray.

Can faith fling her banner out on the blast
When no gleam of sunshine is seen
When the sky with gloom is quite overcast
And Despair sits where Hope erstwhile had been.

Can Faith make her light brightly burn
When Reason says it is vain,
When Hope has fled and will never return
Can Faith her position maintain.

Can Faith hold the fort
When Hope her ally is gone
And demons of darkness around her make sport
Can Faith fight her battle alone.

Faith will remain steadfast at the call of the brave
And persistently hold to her throne
Defiant of Reason, of Death and the Grave
Though all of her allies lie prone.

POETRY

It goes with all that is holy,
All that is great in God or man,
It binds the high and lowly
Together in God's great plan.

Born of the heart's great Emotion,
Of the soul's great Desire,
'Tis in the heaving of the ocean
And leaping flames of fire.

The winds in their blowing
Sing in poetry through all time,
Ever to the knowing
Nature sings in rhyme.

And it shall be eternal
As long as God shall last,
Above all things supernal
Linking present, future and the past.

LUCK AND THE FOOL

This observation I have made
And learned in Life's school,
On wisdom's side in science arrayed
And Luck stands to aid the fool.

This is Nature's counterbalancing plan
To even things up in a way,
So envy not the other man,
It will be your turn some day.

Though you may be poor and forlorn
And the years are getting late,
You would never have been born
If some compensation did not await.

The enjoyment of material things
Is for things of material clay;
The part that rises on spiritual wings
Is finer still than they.

There is more in God's great plan
Than mortal kind can say,
We cannot far into the future scan
As we live from day to day.

And when you think your fighting's done
And begin to count the cost,
Remember greatest victories are won
After hope is lost.

No doubt we feel it hard
When to us victory is not given,
Yet somewhere we may find a greater reward
Than that for which we have striven.

In losing we may feel dismayed
But remember it is a general rule,
That on Wisdom's side is science arrayed
And Luck stands to aid the fool.

And still we must live and learn
In Wisdom to be strong,
And from experience earn
The knowledge where we belong.

If we don't measure up to Wisdom's test
Of course the world will say
We must be classed among the rest
That are in the opposite way.

Fate, the unfeeling dame,
She knows no middle kind,
She bestows her praise or blame
With undiscerning mind.

If not among the wise, there's no reason to be
afraid,
For of course you understand
That luck the fool will aid
And Providence guard him with protecting hand.

There is some folly in the wise;
There is some wisdom in the fool,
But who can any plan devise
By which to apply the rule?

There is not much difference between the twain,
Each is brother to brother man,
I think the truth is plain
Both are part of one Great Plan.

THE ROVER

Adown the slope he will follow his hope
And on will the wanderer go
Till he feels the lave of the salt sea wave
In the breath of the winds that blow.

But he will turn again away from the main
And will cross the hills of snow
Over river and ravine and the land between
Will the reckless rover go.

Till again he will stand on wave washed sand
Short time he will linger there,
Not his the roil of sons of the soil
But rather of wild corsair.

Perhaps to sights unseen where man has not been
He hurries away from here,
Not his the moil of the sons of toil
But the verve of the pioneer.

As free from care as the lightsome air
That drifts with the changeful breeze,
Away he has gone to seek the unknown
As the God of Unrest decrees.

He beguiles his way with lilt and lay
The rattle of the rolling stone
The evergreen glades of the high Cascades
Have lured him on.

Before him the Sierras may rise to his glad surprise
But the rover will not stay,
The land that lies before his eyes
But tempts him on the way.

BEAUTY AND HARMONY

The colors of the morning skies—
The sunset's glowing splendor,
And paths where the sunlight lies
In lances long and slender.

The birds that carol on the bough
Making melody sweet and tender,
The streams that flow and winds that blow
A wealth of music render.

JUST ONE OF THE COMMON KIND

Of either wealth or fame
Never was I possest,
Nor ever felt bit of shame
That I was poorly drest.

I have worn many a patch
But of that I do not brag,
Whenever I shed my thatch
It surely is a rag.

Wealth is but a handy-cap
Wear it if you may
To have it if you should hap
You've surely got to pay.

Fame is but an empty sound
For fickle fate a jest,
Oft' 'tis but a cloak to wrap around
A soul that is poorly drest.

Power is something vain
Oft' by fools 'tis sought,
Something knaves seek to obtain
Sometimes by dishonor bought.

As I am not born to sway
I do not care for it,
To get it I'd not go out of my way
No not a little bit.

For you see I'm not built that way
I'm just of a common kind,
Being made just of common clay
Of course I do not mind.

ROBERTA

There was one as fair and sweet
As the flower that ope's its eye to the day,
And we loved the patter of her little feet
But alas! she went away.

She came and stayed awhile
And all our love she gained,
Then departing with a smile
While her soul was still unstained.

She has gone where angels dwell,
She was pure as they,
But. ah! What words our sorrow can tell
When she passed away.

Oft when the mystic waves of dreamland sweet
Come stealing o'er my mind,
I hear the patter of little feet
Come following up behind.

I step aside to wait for them
But alas! They never come;
And I catch but a fleeting glimpse
Of angel speeding home.

Then down all my hopes are hurled
And the bright visions vanish into air.
And I wake to a cold grey world
With a weary load of care.

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THE OAK AND VINE

Let thy love be growing, let it flourish free,
Let its tendrils around me twine
And I will be thy oak tree
And thou my sweet woodbine.

We'll grow together in fond embrace
And closer we'll entwine,
Each tender, loving grace
Shall be thine and mine.

Through the nights of darkness,
Through the days that shine,
And through the times of murkness
We'll be the oak and vine

I'LL PADDLE MY OWN CANOE

I may have been rather wild since I was a child
And rambled a bit, 'tis true,
But all the while from isle to isle
I've paddled my own canoe.

I don't intend my ways to mend,
There's nothing that I rue,
An hour I'll spend with foe or friend
If he paddle his own canoe.

So long as I may I'll live this way
And a right good way 'tis, too,
Fortune can have her say from day to day
And I'll paddle my own canoe.

And everywhere I'll do my share
And expect the same of you,
My troubles I bear and defy despair
And paddle my own canoe.

Perhaps when tempest torn on Life's ocean borne
I may find it hard to do,
When old and forlorn and weak and worn
I may drop the paddle, 'tis true.

And drift away into the misty grey
But I'll drift in my own canoe,
Until that day I'll fight my way
And paddle my own canoe.

THE WAY TO PEACE

In the broadway of the downward
There troubles never cease,
Take the upward and onward
If you seek the way to Peace.

But first there must be the clash of saber
There must be the scabbard's rattle,
There must be the sweat of labor
In the din of Life's long battle

Stumbling through ways of morals
Resisting the lure of sunny paths of ease
You must first win your laurels
To win your way to Peace.

THE HILLS AROUND THERMOPOLIS

Behold those hills that rise with cliff and scar,
Red as though stained wtih gore,
Memorials of the time when elements were at war
And battled in days of yore.

When ocean that had long held reign
Was bidden to depart,
And followed by his surging train
He left with heaving heart.

Then with what throes untold
The earth was rack'd and torn,
Till from the ruins of the old
A new land was born.

Where the Indian and buffalo trod
And held undisputed sway,
Now comes the thundering behemoth of the road
Along the iron way.

And ye who see the dawn of morn
Or the yet brighter day,
When man shall the vales adorn
With cities of proud array.

Then a mighty city shall arise
And her wealth unfold,
And spread beneath the azure skies
Her flashing sheen of gold.

And thou, Thermopolis, 'mid a thousand hills
That hold the treasures of the West,
And springs to cure human ills—
Be thou the first and best.

When power and wealth thou controls
Forget not those who led the van,
Through these vales where rolls
The onward march of Man.

DRIFTING TO THE LEE

If where Life's breakers chide
You see a man rowing against wind and tide
  And drifting to the lee;
Extend to him an oar
Save him from rocks ashore
  When drifting to the lee.

If you ever see a man
Who is doing all he can
  To save himself from drifting to the lee,
Stretch forth to him a hand
Help him to make a stand
  When drifting to the lee

When you find a man who is down
Beneath the world's black frown
  And drifting to the lee,
Take him by the hand,
Help him from the treacherous sand
  Till he makes headway on Life's sea.

MOONLIGHT AMONG THE TREES

Countless flowers scenting
  The balmy summer breeze,
Myriad dewdrops glinting
  In the moonlight among the trees;
Glossy leaves a shimmering,
  Whispering to the breeze,
Flowing water glancing, glimmering
  In the moonlight 'mong the trees.

Winter shadows darkling—
  Winter winds afreeze;
Icy gems a sparkling
  In the moonlight 'mong the trees.
Full orbed moon a shining
  Bright on wintry scene,
Tree shadows twining
  Over the snow crust's icy sheen.

THE DESERT

Have you heard the songs the desert sings
To its children when they are lone?
Have you seen the weird wild shapes of phantom-like things
That barely appear and are gone?

Have you been where the thirst demon rages
With its attendants of madness and pain,
Till the ghosts of long dead ages
Come peopling the desert again?

And they dance around you, mocking and jeering,
Laughing in devilish glee,
Grinning, jibing and leering,
Clinging closer as faster you flee.

Phantom shapes around you careering
Like Satanic imps on a spree,
And fantastic forms uprearing
Like castle, fountain and tree.

Have you seen the desert's relentless sun
Light up his shimmering blaze,
Or demons in their demoniac fun
Dance round you in bewildering maze?

Have you seen the ghosts of the dead come trooping
Across the waterless waste,
While your body and soul was drooping
And about you wild hellions raced?

Have you seen the colors that to the desert is given
In beauty all colors surpassing,
Colors painted of hell and of heaven,
With beauty beyond all classing?

Thus the children of the desert are born
Amid thirst and intolerable pain,
They will laugh all hardship and danger to scorn
And return to the desert again

Though Eden was open before them
And filled with heavenly joys,
The lure of the desert is o'er them,
Irresistable the force it employes.

Be they where the thunder of waters falling
Over cataracts tumbling amain,
They hear the voice of the desert calling
And long for the desert again.

MIGHT

Might is right, those people used to say
    Who had the power to sway,
It was the motto of the olden time, it is the same today,
Still there is the hand yet relentless in its hold,
Still there is the hand yet by which we are bought and sold,
Still there is the hand yet grasping for the gold
    As in the creedy days, the dreedy days,
    The greedy days of old.

Still we feel the might yet,
We feel it day and night yet,
Still we have got to fight yet,
    And must be just as bold
As in the cluddy days, the gluddy days,
    The bloody days of old.

Still we feel the power yet,
We feel it every hour yet,
Still it is our dower yet.
    It has us in its hold,
As in the stave days, the glaive days,
    The slave days of old.

Still in our hearts the broil yet,
Still in our blood the roil yet,
Still in our souls the droil yet,
    We are cast in the same mold,
As in the dready days, the ready deays.
    The heady days of old.

Still we bear the toil yet,
Still we bear the moil yet,
Still we feel the foil yet,
    Of thralls that us enfold,
As in the deedy days, the meedy days.
    The needy days of old.

Still we have the fear yet,
The life may be drear yet,
That the time is coming near yet
    When we'll be in the cold—
As in the care days, the sair days,
    The bare days of old.

Still there is the gulf yet,
Still there is the spulf yet,
Still there is the wolf yet
  Sneaking to the fold—
As in the daunty days, the gaunty days,
  The wanty days of old.

Still there is the draft yet,
Still there is the craft yet,
Still there is the graft yet
  If the truth be told,
As in the cheevy days, the thievy days,
  The reavey days of old.

It was the sword then
The power so much adored then,
Wielded by the Lord then
  For the strong and bold.

We have got the gun now
And think it lots of fun now
To make our neighbors run now,
  Or plug them with a plunk.

We can pitch to them a shell now,
We can make them yell now,
We can give them hell now,
  And heave them quite a chunk.

If they get too gay now
We'll surely make them pay now,
Or blow them quite away now,
  Or they will think that we are drunk.

In spite of civilization's advance now,
We wouldn't stand much chance now,
And we'd surely have to dance now,
  If we should hap to funk.

MEMORIES

What is the mystic power that sways
And to mind old memories bring,
And thoughts revert to childhood days
And the luring wools of Spring?

What pleasure it was as a boy
To roam the woods among,
When Nature's heart throbbed with joy
And poured it forth in song.

Through shady woodland nooks
With leafy boughs aswing,
And music of the rippling brooks
And birds upon the wing.

My thoughts fly backward to the time
When I was a simple Cumbrian lad,
When the springtime's genial clime
Made my heart feel glad.

I thought the primrose the fairest flower
That ever gladdened eye,
And my heart was moved with strange mystic power
When the first opening bud I'd spy.

And in our elder years
We dream of youthful scenes again,
And many a fabric fancy rears
Of mingled joy and pain.

To dwell again in the past
The mind of age is prone,
Before memory's eye events of youth come crowding fast,
With all their glamour gone.

Yet what memories can sweeter be
To which a heart may cling,
And over our sunset years
A brighter radiance fling.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

There was a time when there was nought but joy on earth,
Everywhere new pleasures sprung,
Till with the sounds of mirth
The world-wide welkin rung,
In the frolicking days, the rollicking days—
The days when I was young.

The lasses would proudly preen,
Away workday cares were flung,
To meet the lads upon the green,
Then blythesome songs were sung,
In the yodeling days the coddling days,
The days when I was young.

It was a cheerful sight to see
How light moved foot and tongue,
When hearts were welling o'er with glee
In the follying days, the jollying days,
The days when I was young.

WHAT THE PRAIRIES HOLD

Do you know what it is to tread with bruised feet
On the stoney land?
Have you felt the sweltering heat
Of the tawny sand?

Ah! well if that be so,
You have seen the summer time,
But have you seen the swirling snow
Drive through a frozen clime?

Do you know the winter days,
How many and how cold?
He is well skilled in prairie ways
Who knows all that prairies hold.

With death he oft walks hand in hand,
Yes, maybe every day,
Who stays with the prairie land
Through white and green and grey.

A MORNING IN JULY

The world is full of pleasant ways
When heaven and earth's in tune,
And poets sing of pleasant days—
The perfect days of June,
But I would tell with voice and pen
Of wonders that I spy
And beauties rising to my ken
On a morning in July.

The heart of Nature is with happiness replete
Her greatest joy is born,
She has placed heads on the wheat
And tassels on the corn.
The fulfilling of promises begun
Beneath a smiling sky
She sees her greatest triumphs won
On a morning in July

Mother Earth is laboring for the harvest yield
And glad the smile she wears,
In the promise of the field
And what the orchard bears.
The world is full of light
And scented winds go by,
The earth is indeed a pleasant sight
On a morning in July.

Ever to a willing Earth
Each season bring its joy,
And time shall bring to birth
New pleasures, sweet and coy,
As time hurries past on nimble feet
And years are rolling by,
May they bring you joys as bright and sweet
As a morning in July.

YOUR OWN HEART

If to some other heart in friendly part
You have a tale to tell,
Tell it from your own heart
And you will tell it well.

If others to nobleness you'd inspire by every power and art
And that voice to them in song should swell
Then sing it from your own heart
And you will sing it well.

But if you would the soul to life and feeling start
And sing a living song that will make others' hearts respond to your call
Then sing it to your own heart
And you'll sing best of all.

And sing of the real and living part
'Tis only the heartfelt soulful things in human life endures;
As you'll find when the echoes of another heart
Shall touch a chord in yours.

LADY OF THE SOLITUDES

Oh, Lady of the Solitudes,
With love of Nature blest,
Thy haunts are where rude traffic ne'er intrudes,
Nor jarring sounds molest.

And each great wide open space
That lone and silent lies,
Smiling into Heaven's face,
Created by the All-wise..

Works of Nature, full of grace,
With which no art can vie,
Oh, may they never show a trace
Of what would offend thine eye.

May noisy crowds never overwhelm
Thy beloved wild domain,
Or seek dominion o'er thy realm
In pursuit of gain.

And be some sweet spot still unmarred,
And kept from sordid purpose free,
That the powers above shall watch and guard,
And keep as sanctuary for thee.

THE OLD PIONEER

The valley was green and fair,
All fresh after rain,
Smoke curled up in the summer air
That warmed the fields of grain.

Happy noisy children played
Around each man's abode,
When down the mountain glade
An ancient stranger rode.

His hair was white and thick and long,
His eyes were bright and clear,
Buckskin his garb and laced with thong,
And adorned with bits of uncouth gear.

The curious people looked on him
As a ghost from by-gone time,
And wondered through what queer whim
He wore a fur cap in that glowing clime.

They hailed him "Man of the old time West,
From whence have you sprung,
Have you been sleeping on some mountain's breast
Since the time when Indian bows were strung?

What has brought you to the busy world
From your wild retreat,
Where trails around the hills are curled,
Back to the noisy street?

What broke your Rip Van Winkle sleep
And started you out again?
Was it eagle crying over the mountain steep,
Or coyote on the plain?

The old man answered, "Long time ago I came this way,
Yes, some good men and I,
Men brave to fight and strong to stay,
Men of keen and fearless eye.

It was in those early days
When hearts were stout and bold,
We traveled by unknown ways
To search the hills for gold.

There was Orton Smith and Harlan Wick,
And there was Billy Bligh,
All good men with shovel and pick,
And Pegleg Pete and I.

I was a kid many years from my prime,
What year it was I do not know,
I've kept no count of the nicks of time,
It seems almost a hundred years, it was so long ago.

We camped out there by yonder buttes,
That loom hazily against the sky,
And ever on the red Piutes
We kept a watchful eye.

Then our good cook, Pegleg Pete,
He grew sick as hell,
He was so sick he couldn't eat,
What ailed him we couldn't tell.

We waited day after day
In hopes he would get well,
Then his body we bore away,
Down to the grassy dell.

Then we sought by cove and copse
To find violets somewhere,
But the twigs held but icy drops
And not a flower was there.

And we buried Peter Wyon
With cold, blustering winds arave,
The only flower we found was a dandelion
And we laid it on his grave.

We stood by that new made mound
To bid a last goodbye,
Have you that sorrow found
And seen a comrade die?

A good clean soul had Pegleg Pete,
Though he found that life was hard,
When he comes to the Mercy seat
He'll surely get his reward.

I am going to gather a bunch of flowers smelling sweet
As many as my arms can bear,
To lay on the grave of Pegleg Pete—
He is lying over there.

The old man went on his way
To do his errand of love,
Where ridges dry and grey
Surround the sheltered cove.

In a few days he came back that way
And he was riding slow,
What had caused his delay?
People sought to know.

"Did you find the place where your comrade lies?
And did you deck it so,
And array it in loving guise
With wild flowers that blow?"

"I sought until my eyes were dim
And found but an empty hole,
I think the angels have come and gotten him
And they have made him whole.

But I laid the flowers by the camping place of Pegleg Pete,
It seems 'twas not his home,
And I will tell him when we meet
In the place beyond the dome.

Now I'll go back to the desert land,
The settlements hold nought for me,
I dwell among the works of God's own hand,
The home of God and me."

And he went onward then
To where the blue haze lies,
Far from the crowding homes of men
And the sight of human eyes.

They thought as into the distant haze
They saw him disappear,
A relic he, of other days—
The old Pioneer.

Every structure that we raise,
Every dwelling here
Is a monument to him of other days—
The old Pioneer.

WHAT BIRD WOULD I CHOOSE TO BE

If I could be a bird
What bird then would I be?
Would I be the resplendent blue bird
Or the little chickadee?
Would I be the crested skylark,
Singing 'way up in the air,
Or nightingale, queen of the balmy dark,
Amid summer blossoms fair?

Which would I choose do you think,
Of all birds I've seen in lands where I have trod?
I would choose to be the bobolink
Singing on the goldenrod.

I would not be the eagle or bird with voice so loud,
The humblest thing that lives, lives in the sight of God.
I would attempt no lofty flights away up in the cloud,
But I would live lowly, down near the dewy sod.

Where a brook flows through fields and meadows,
Where cresses and water lilies drink,
And through the netted shadows,
The golden sunbeams blink.

Where slender reeds to stately cattails nod.
In fields where to modest daisies the dandelions wink
There, clinging to a goldenrod,
I would be a bobolink.

THE BOSS, THE CAMPJACK AND THE HERDER

These herders are getting on their horns
You can't move without stepping on their corns,
The stingy Boss remarked,
They are kicking just like double bell
Look at 'em cross and they yell
The cranky campjack barked.

Said the Boss, Find out what they want
And answer every one with can't
As much as ever you can,
The campjack set his mouth askew
Took out his plug, bit off a chew
And says, "I guess it is some plan.

It seems the sensiblest thing to do
And I reckon Boss it is up to you
To try it Mr. Man:
They won't care a yap for anything I say
So just hop to it and fire away
You'll end where you began.

I think you've got it down right pat
So you just go and tell the herder that
And hear what that hombre says
I guess he'll make Geewillikins jump
And come down hard with a thump
That'll raise dust in a thick haze.

The Boss spoke to the herder, he began by saying
Considering the wages that I'm paying
And all the grub you're gettin'
I tell you it is costing me a heap
You're not living so very cheap
That sure is safe bettin'."

The herder answerd "Oh! hell
That hard luck story, please don't tell
For it amounts to nuffin.
Do you think I'll swallow that stale stuff
No thank you, I've had enough
You must think I'm a muffin.

With all the money that you're making
I'd think you'd stop your belly aching
And also quit your kiddin'
D'ye think sheepherdin's a sublime joy,
It's not, believe me, My dear Boy,
Sometimes it's pretty hard sleddin'.

As for grub, I'm getting thin and gaunt
And unless you give me what I want
You can go pumb to hello."
Says the Boss, "Why that's a helluva note
And considering all the grub I've bought
I think you are a helluva fellow."

"Well," Says the herder, "You gotta give me good grub and plenty
And ten dollars more a month, or better make it twenty,
Or go and get another."
Says Boss, "d'ye think that I'm made of dough
Or are you trying to queer the show
And give me a lot of bother."

As to twenty dollars more a month, damn, if I give it.
If there is any better than a herder's life I'd sure like to live it
He has sure got a gorgeous income
And it's me that has to stand the rub
As to hard sleddin' and want of grub
That is surely bunkum.

I've got to live as well as you
But now let me tell you what I'll do
I'll give you just ten dollars more
Take it, leave it, or go to hell
I think you fellows are paid too well
You'd make a bonehead sore."

Says the herder, I'll take it if the grub is right
If not, then Mr. Boss, Goodnight,
I go a hikin',
That must be settled on the spot
For what comfort has a herder got
If things aren't to his likin'?

Says the Boss, "You'll have all the grub you can eat
And pickles both sour and sweet
Until your belly's busted
Or else until I go broke,
For I tell you this is the last stroke
I surely am disgusted."

THE COMMON MAN

A man may climb the height of fame
And sway a nation's will,
The why, the where, or how he came
Was it for good or ill?

Standing high above his fellowmen
We think that he is great,
Though looming high in the world's ken
He may be but a tool in the hand of fate.

Now and then a genius comes at Destiny's call
To assist in her plan,
But the central figure in all
Is just the common man.

The mind of Genius availeth nought
Though it lead the van,
Were it not that the guiding thought
Is for the common man.

All labor by genius wrought
Through all the earthly span,
All the work with blessings fraught
Is for the common man.

Bountiful gifts God has given
To further His Great Plan,
The salvation of earth, the hope of Heaven,
For the common man.

MOUNTAINS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Laurel leaves a shining,
Beautiful the sight,
Embowering vines entwining,
Weaving shadows in the night.

Myriad dewdrops glistening,
Sparkling and cool
God of Nature listening,
Stars shining in the pool.

Scattered clouds are drifting,
Fleecy, soft and light,
White mists arifting
On the distant height.

Bright are the moonbeams
Shining on the leaves,
Soft are the star gleams,
Where the flickering shadow weaves.

Murmuring of brook,
Glancing through the green,
Bushes bend and crook
Making leafy screen.

Moonlight on the mountain,
Beautiful and clean,
Gurgling of fountain
Lends charm to the scene.

Shadows of the wood,
Filtered moonlight dim,
The work of God is good,
Mountain is the meeting place with Him..

Silence and solitude,
Welcome gifts of heaven,
Sweet to the mind imbued,
With Nature's leaven.

THE OLD YEAR

The sun has set on the Old Year
And he is dying fast;
We'll bid farewell to the Old Year,
He'll soon be in the past.

Then turn we to crown the New Year
With all his promise fair,
Forgetful that the Old Year
Was once enthroned there

And while you welcome the New Year
With all his glowing hope,
Think, he will follow the Old Year
Down time's unending slope.

Then heave a sigh for the Old Year
And the friend that could not stay,
After him will follow the New Year
Down the inevitable way.

Think kindly of the Old Year,
The time is coming fast
When like the Old Year
We will pass into the Past.

Perhaps hopes were born in Old Year
That the New can never bring,
The leaves that now are withered and sear
Will not be green next spring.

May the sun shine on the New Year,
May his skies be blue;
Fresh hopes and flowers for the New Year
Is what I wish for you.

WHAT THE HERDER NEEDS, AND WHAT THE BOSS THINKS HE OUGHT TO HAVE

A little to eat and something to wear,
Something to drink and lots of fresh air.

What the herder thinks he ought to have—

Different kinds of breakfast foods,
A large variety of other kinds of goods,
Bacon, corn, cabbage, tomatoes and spuds,
Onions, raisins and rice.

Pickles, preserves, jelly and jam,
Cheese, crackers, oysters, eggs and ham,
Pears, peaches, apricots, pineapple and yam,
And everything that's nice.

Water that is cool, clear,
With plenty of good cheer
Quantities of near beer
And champagne kept on ice.

AMONG THE PINES

I herd about the mountain's feet
And on the steep inclines,
Where the wandering breezes meet
To whisper to the pines.

I sit by purling streams
Where flashing water shines,
I bask in the sunny beams
And herd among the pines.

I walk along the lofty ridge
Of jagged mountain lines,
Or sit on the rimrock edge
And listen to the pines.

Sometimes when seasons change
And frosty starlight shines,
I visit then a dreamland range
And herd among the pines.

THE SHEEPHERDER

Some wonder how the herder lives
Through the lonesome days,
He knows the boon that Nature gives
To those who love her ways.
To him the time flies fast,
Nature's transient frowns, her sunny smiles,
The herder's time beguiles,
Until the day is past.

To him solitude has charms
That many do not know,
And she waits with open arms
To those who love her so.
What boon you ask, can Nature in solitude bestow?
She sings to him in sweetest notes,
And fills him with the sweetest thoughts
That any heart can know.

The drifting cloud, the scent of flowers,
The sound of flowing streams
Are with him in his waking hours
And linger in his dreams.
In his enchanted sphere
With forest giants that tower aloft,
Wandering breezes converse in whispers soft
That only herders hear.

But you say, when storms race across the sky,
And the lightning's fire is streaming,
When hail or rain is hurtling by,
Is not a time for dreaming.
And winter is a time of little cheer
When bitter blizzards blow,
Out among the swirling snow
The herder's lot is surely drear.

The herder's heart is loyal and strong,
The herder's heart is brave,
He stands above the common throng
As a rock stands above the wave.
To his duty he'll be true—
The midnight storm, darkness and cold,
Or dangers they may hold—
He will face them through.

Oft' his thought it wings
Away beyond the world's rim,
And the wanton wind it sings
Of wonderful things to him.
As his wild fancies flow
Voices from faraway pasts
Come to him on the boisterous blasts
Of the winds that blow.

Those rock berampired hills,
What other eyes have seen?
What ears have heard the wind that shrills
What have bygone ages been?
Those peoples of the pasts, so distant and so dim,
He conjures them again,
Until they people hill and plain,
And live and move with him.

When the westering sun's levelling beams
Set the hills aglow,
Then he thinks of thoughts and themes
Which others may never know.
On peaks, some near, some faraway,
He sees the lingering light,
And shadows creeping up the height
Foretell the close of day.

Then he hears the God of Nature's psalm,
It sets his soul aglow,
He feels a sweet and holy calm
That few can ever know.
And feels kin to the myriad orbid fires hung on high
That twinkle in the fading light,
Celestial watch fires of the night
And guardians of the sky.

BEYOND THE SKYLINE

I climb to some high place,
  I look around and see
The great wide open space
  That is home to me.

Mile on mile the ridges lie
  Like waves of a rolling sea
As though a gale had piled them high
  Then suddenly ceased to be.

Across them sunbeams glimmer and glance
  They glint and gleam and glare
Till butte and sand dune seem to dance
  Through the quivering air.

At the wonders that I see
  My soul with rapture fills
And oft there comes to welcome me
  The wind across the hills.

As it sweeps by butte and dune
  To me it seems to sing
That all of nature is in tune
  And a soul in everything.

My thoughts fly to the far skyline
  And unseen lands beyond
And to those questing thoughts of mine
  The roving winds respond.

To us there is no far skyline
  To us there is no land of 'yond,
We can scale each steep incline
  Unfettered by tie or bond.

We know all of land and sea,
  We know of stream and pond,
We are so free there can never be
  To us a land of 'yond.

The surging tides our steeds may be
  We ride the earth and air
So easy and swift move we
  To us can only be the world of Everywhere.

OLD NEWT AND BILL

They were moving camp and Old Newt,
He says to Billy Bond,
"Go over to that rocky butte
And about half a mile beyond.

I'll put the camp somewhere thereabout
Just where I cannot say,
So keep a sharp lookout
And don't go far away."

So thus directed by Old Newt,
Away goes Billy Bond,
He goes to that rocky butte
And about twenty miles beyond.

When he couldn't find the camp
So red-hot was his ire,
That though the night was dark and damp
He had no need of fire.

Said he, "When I catch that long-legged stork
I'll hit him in the eye,
He's trying to get in his dirty work
But I say it won't get by."

When Newt hunts up Bill
And Bill meets up with Newt,
Each the other tried to kill,
So fierce was the dispute.

Bill landed a mule-like kick
With a number nine,
It made Old Newt rather sick
But still he didn't whine.

With a mighty hamlike fist
He kept beating on Billy's block
Till common sense made him desist,
It was like pounding on a rock.

Then he changed his tactics quick
And he swung his foot
And planted a hefty kick
Right on Billy's butt.

It made Billy feel rather queer,
It put in him a kink,
The perfume that pervaded the atmosphere,
Some would call a ——.

BUCK

He had herded long where feed was scarce,
Buck Binnon was his name,
The brush was short and sparse,
And Buck was rather lame.

But fate decreed it was his luck
That he should have a change,
So angels rounded up old Buck
And took him over the range.

As I laid among the dew bejewelled grass
With snow-white blossoms starred,
I think I heard them pass
Going heavenward.

There was a sound as of angel voices uttering,
Benisons low and sweet
Mingling with sound of wings a-fluttering
Blent with the rustle of winds across the wheat.

And a murmuring as of distant seas
That beat upon the strand,
But soft as a summer breeze
That wanders over the land.

Then far away it seemed to go
And fainter it grew and died,
Till I in fancy saw
The pearly portals open wide.

And a form I saw
That angels led inside,
Of course just then I did not know
That old Buck had died.

Though on pastures new and strange
Buck will not find it hard,
On the celestial range,
Where good angels guard.

THE SHEEPHERDER'S WORLD

To solitude and wilderness confined
Is the herder's sequestered way,
But the fleet winged children of his mind
Can have boundless play.

He breathes the spice of orient isles
And perfumes of Araby,
His mind outspans the measured miles
That limit land and sea.

And still his world widens out
Into illimitable space,
Nor is it ever walled about
By custom, creed or race.

The politician's cunning art
Seems to him a puny thing.
Ah! not for him devious part
Of coterie, clique or ring.

Nought knows he of subtle art
Or lures of renown
Nor covets the wealth of crowded mart,
Or envies the busy ways of denizens of the town.

Not even he who steers the ship of state
Can sail such boundless seas,
For the herder there await
Greater worlds than these.

Alone he treads the silent ways,
Mayhap among flowers or snow,
With his todays and yesterdays
And eons of long ago.

Not so drear is the herder's lot
Nor to narrow space confined,
Companion he with thought,
He lives in a world of mind.

THE LAND OF LONESOME WOE

The tenderfoot has come on the range,
To him it seems all terrible and strange
Harsh welcome the wild lands show;
He is face to face with the grim unknown
And hears but the winds wild moan
In the land of Lonesome Woe.

The summer comes with torrid heat
On parched earth the sunbeams beat
And every pebble reflects the glow;
On the flats the shimmering heat mist lies
And he looks with the light of longing in his eyes
Across the land of Lonesome Woe.

Looking to where the dead hills lie
Gazing absently with vacant eye
What aches his heart may know
When away the mind is drawn,
Over a path with memories strewn
Leading away from the land of Lonesome Woe.

And sterner still are the Desert's ways
When he is alone in Winter days,
Cruel as a relentless foe
Are the rigors that must be endured,
Until the stranger becomes inured
To the land of Lonesome Woe.

He looks across a desolate waste
Across a landscape white and chaste
An expanse of virgin snow,
Far his vagrant thoughts they fly
Away between earth and sky
Over the land of Lonesome Woe.

Not yet is the herder born
Till he herds between night and morn
When clouds are drifting low
And has stood where the rude tempest jars
And feels himself brother of the wind swept stars
Over the land of Lonesome Woe.

When out into the winter night
Out into the dismal white
Duty bids him go
When violent gusts rush by
And choking snow flurries fly
In the land of Lonesome Woe.

Ah! then indeed is the herder born
Sometime betwixt the night and morn
In the cold, in wind, and snow
And the elements strive with him
Until the light of Life grows dim
In the land of Lonesome Woe.

IDAHO

The sun behind the Needles just has set,
I stood and watched him go,
The yellow light is gleaming yet
On fields of Idaho.

The night and day are met
Below those mountain peaks aglow,
But the golden rays are beaming yet
On fields of Idaho.

The valleys darker and darker get
As fades the afterglow,
But the golden beams are slanting yet
Over fields of Idaho.

Night's dusky curtain down is let,
The dark comes creeping slow,
But the golden rays are glinting yet
On hills of Idaho.

Oft I gaze across that mountain chain
When a dreary waste of snow,
And fondly hope to see again
The land of Idaho.

But long and weary is the trail
As full well I know,
Winding over hill and dale through many a vale
To the land of Idaho.

THE SHEEPHERDER ON THE RANGE

The sheepherder lives much alone
And wanders over leagues of range,
He sees wonderful things in stone,
Things old and strange.

Often to his notice is brought
Relics of some ancient race of yore;
He sees the work that elements wrought
Ten millions years before.

He knows the desert's glaring blaze
The sultry heat of summer noons,
The bitter cold of winter days,
And the light of languid moons.

He knows Nature in her fickle ways
He moods of gleam and gloom,
Her cloudy days, her sunny days,
Her time of leaf and bloom.

He awaits the sweet vernal time
The time of buds and flowers,
When birds come from southern clime
To wake the northern bowers.

Often through days and weeks,
Through times of shadow and shine
He will watch the loom of distant peaks
On some far sky-line.

In the mountain torrent's gush
In the sounds that float in the air,
By every pebble and sage bush,
A thought is lingering there.

The herder through long, long hours,
Gathers thoughts wonderful and rare,
But like the perfume of wild flowers
Oft' they are wasted on the desert air.

Sometimes he will sing
And pour forth his thoughts in song,
While like a bird on the wing
Time glides along.

Or he may sit and doze
Over some romantic page,
Where the scented zephyr blows
Across the fragrant sage.

THE TRAIL ACROSS THE HILLS

The lines like twin ribbons lie
Through the sage and sand,
That mark the trail where men go by
To places in the land.

Down into a hidden vale
Sometimes it disappears,
Ah, if it could but tell its tale,
Its tale of all the years.

Then on far distant heights

It serves through days and nights
It serves throughout the years.

What horsemen have rode on it
Since it first became a way,
What tired feet have trod on it
Since that long distant day.

What sanguine hearts have brought to it
Their hopes from far away,
What straining teams have wrought to it
The lines through sand and clay.

What groaning wheels have turned on it
Through the dusty heat,
What pounding hoofs have spurned on it
With quick impatient beat.

What thoughtful minds have learned on it
The way of the West,
What weary ones have yearned on it
For a place of rest.

What wanderers have sought on it
A way through sagebrush grey,
And eager glances caught on it
Of those who were astray.

Together some have journeyed on
Though urged by varied wills
And some have traveled alone
That trail across the hills.

It began a string leading to the unknown
A string of throbs and thrills
And many have journeyed on
That trail across the hills.

ON THE RANGE

Out in the wilding land
In the sunlight's blinding glare,
You see the dust raised by the woolly band
There is a lone sheepherder there.

Brown his face and brown his hands,
For he is tanned so,
He lives among the open lands
With rollicking winds ablow.

He wanders over prairie ways
Over trails of long ago,
Trails made in other days
By deer and buffalo.

Oft of the past he finds a trace,
Horns and skull and bones scattered wide,
All that is left to mark the place
Where a prairie monarch died.

As he picks up from where it lies
An arrowhead of chipped flint,
Visions appear before his eyes
Of Indians with beads aglint.

A relic it is of the old stone age
That seems too far away,
But reading in history's page
It died but yesterday.

And fragments there are of wood
And bones all petrified,
Sets him in wondering mood
As to when those strange creatures died.

The sheepherder lives alone,
A man of sober mien,
Pondering of time long gone,
And things that may have been.

He sees as through distant haze
The forms of men who have gone,
Passing like yesterdays
While others are coming on.

Many have roamed the range
But who shall come to stay,
Posterity will not think it strange
When to others the herder shall give way.

But hills and woods and rocks and streams
For ages oft their secrets keep,
And reveals them to the man of dreams—
The man who herds the sheep.

Sometimes his mind is filled
With thoughts all unexpressed,
With thoughts that won't be stilled,
Then he feels distressed.

Then the herder goes to town
To give those thoughts a souse,
Till they are sodden down
And well embalmed in booze.

Then he'll go back to the plain—
Back to the open range,
Until the thoughts wake again,
Then he needs a change.

SUNSET VALLEYS

Why seek the ancient ruin
Because 'twas known to fame?
Why follow well known paths
To scenery mild and tame?

Turn ye to the Sunset valleys
If you'd see scenes sublime,
Where the mountain torrent sallies
Through the wrinkles of Old Time.

Seek ye the silent glades—
Go where the virgin forest stands,
Where the deer hide in dusky shades
Of lonesome mountain lands.

Turn to the sunset valleys
If you'd see scenes sublime,
Where the force of Nature rallies
To the heartbeats of Old Time

Go, where with riving winds and driving showers
The rocks are ragged and worn,
Among those craggy mountain towers
The thunder king is born.

Seek ye the Sunset valleys,
If you'd see scenes sublime
Where wanton Nature dallies
With heart throbs of Old Time.

BROTHER TO NATURE

The wind that sings to desert things
Sings unto me,
The eagle that swings on outspread wings
Comrade is to me.

The winds that blow over Arctic snow
Or leagues of tropic seas,
Though where they go no man may know,
But brother I am to these.

Clouds that lazily drift across the vaulted lift
Asleep on the errant breeze,
And those that triumphant sail on the rampant gale
Brother I am to these.

The solitary pine on the high skyline
Brother is to me,
And so is the lone land mark, dark and stark
That points the way to me.

And brother is he to the wind of morn
And to the stars that shine,
Brother to the sun that yellows the corn,
And to the clinging vine.

Brother is he to the mountain peaks,
And to the drifts of snow,
Brother to the little creeks
And the mighty rivers that flow

Brother is he to grass and flowers
And to the stately pine,
Brother is he to the minutes and hours,
Who lives a life like mine.

THE DESERT IS PASSING AWAY

Things have been changing since first I went ranging,
After woolies that wandered astray;
Where the herder was ranging now the farmer is granging
And stubble stands in bristly array.
Now flashes water in silvery sheen
Where once the desert held sway
And the gleam of plow and shovel is seen
The desert is passing away.

There is nothing to show where red men have been
When they rode forth to the fray,
And nothing to tell when the greasewood is green
Or the sagebrush sombre and grey;
Now alfalfa fields a rich bounty yield
And supply the granger with hay
Where the Indian used to wield the spear and the shield,
The desert is passing away.

The old pioneer sees things looking queer
Now he is grizzled and grey;
The time is drawing near when he'll go from here
He, too, is passing away.
From the vales' old marks have been rubbed
Oh! things are different today,
From the valley the sage brush is grubbed
The desert is passing away.

Towns have been built where blood was once spilt
By men who were eager to slay,
When it was war to the hilt and the weaker would wilt
And fall to his bed on the clay;
Where one time was dearth of water on sun-blistered earth
Trees are shading today,
Amid sounds of bustle and mirth, new scenes have birth,
The desert is passing away.

FROM THE WILDERNESS

"O! you, who are the wandering woolie's warder
Man without a home
Herder, O! sheepherder,
Tell us whence you've come."

"From the land of Nowhere's border,
With wild wind harps athrum,
The home of the sheepherder,
That is whence I've come.

From regions vast and airy
Where the bold free wind sings on,
Over broad wide sweeps of prairie
And hills of rugged stone."

"O! man of lonesome reaches
With sullen winds amoan,
Tell us what instinct teaches
To love a land so lone."

"The God who made the earth
Made it sweet and clean,
He gave us at our birth
To see as He hath seen."

"What see you in wilderness so drear
In barren wastes of stone,
What is there to cheer
A life so lorn and lone?"

"The great voice hath said it
To the soul that understands,
For great purpose He made it,
'Twas made by mighty hands."

"But for the wind's mournful voicings
The desert stillness reigns,
What is there to stir the heart's rejoicings
In the wind's sad solemn strains?"

"Not to us is Nature mute,
We hear her harmonies sublime
And on rock and wind-swept butte
Are writ the records of old Time."

"From the mountain's stoney face
What knowledge can you gain?
From a gloomy desert place
What pleasure can you obtain?

"In the mountain I read that without careful tending
Your building will not endure,
It needs watchfulness unending
To keep your work secure.

"That the desert is not a place of gloom
You would understand
If you had seen the cactus bloom
On the arid land.

"And the cactus spears outreaching
To defend what is their own,
Ever this lesson teaching
Be not tamely trampled down.

"And million spears outstanding
Around the throne of Right,
Greater respect still commanding
When Right has power of might.

"The puny world you are building
Though you build fair to see,
Its ostentation and its gilding
Have no lure for me.

"To me the desert fastness
A wonderful world can be,
The wilderness in its vastness
Has room for the soul in me."

TO A FRIEND

Sometimes I see you on woodland strath
Where a slanting sunbeam shines,
Making a bright and golden path
Among the dusky pines.
Or perhaps where a brook sings noisily

Its song throughout the years,
And great trees listen drowsily
Your sylphlike form appears.

Sometimes on a mountain side
That is all bowlder strewn,
Or where groves deep and wide
Are with wooing winds adrone.

Or maybe on a mountain top
I glimpse your sunlit hair
Ah! my fancies will never stop
But I think your throne is there.

And though I know I'm dreaming,
I still go dreaming on,
For then pleasant thoughts come streaming
At other times unknown.

"How useless the dreamer is,"
I think I hear some say,
"If only he would attend to "biz,"
Instead of idling time away.

But you and I, we know material things
Are not all in this life of ours;
We joy in the bird that sings
And in the sunshine on the flowers.

The beauty that we have seen
Shall in our memories live,
Rejoicing in what has been,
Still further joy shall give.

Rude hands may pick the buttercup
And make it a thing for traffic hours,
But they cannot gather the sunshine up—
It is beyond their trading powers.

Yet it is of far more worth
Than the world's merchandise,
The fruitfulness of earth it brings forth,
And is beyond all price.

It is something that we cannot touch,
Though it lies upon our hand,
What is there that we need so much?
Without it earth would be but bleak and barren land.

Sentiment or some unstable thing
May be to the soul a gem
Things to which our hearts may cling,
Our lives have need of them.

Our hearts may sustain a loss
And we may laugh and smile,
And assume a cheerful gloss
Though suffering all the while.

Mingling in the world's strife
We may cease to mourn,
For something gone from out our life,
That never can return.

Oft in dreams we seek relief
And find forgetfulness divine,
Sometimes I wonder if Wandanwan, that ancient chief,
Had a lonelier heart than mine.

THE LURE OF THE RANGE

Some toil and sweat to till the grange
And sow for others to reap,
While I wander over the open range
And herd another's sheep.

The years that have crept across the range,
Since I first began
Have wrought a change
And I am a grey old man.

To stay on the range in grey old age,
Perhaps it may be wrong
But the lure of the grey green sage
Is just as strong.

I might bid the sheep and range, good-by,
But I know it would be in vain
Because, when I in slumber lie
They come to me again.

Night comes with dusky wings a-sweep
The daytime sounds she stills,
Then I am following the sheep
Away over dreamland hills.

And far away through the glades of Slumberland
I and the woolies go,
And we seem to understand
We are going to a place we know.

Away beyond the farthest ken
Beyond the realms of snow,
Beyond the fixed abodes of men
Where only sweet winds blow.

And grass is rich and deep
And thick with flowers abloom,
Where feed contented sheep
With never a fear of doom.

INDIAN BORN

She was but a little child
Of Indian parents born,
When taken from the western wild
To where city towers rise to greet the morn.

She knew nought of Indian speech
Nor of Indian home,
No Indian mother was there to teach
Her little feet to roam.

And reared in city haunts
In luxury she lived and grew
To supply her earthly wants
Wealth lavish favors threw.

She knew little of the outside world,
Nor cared what it might hold,
And nought of the wild strain so closely furled
That the future might yet unfold.

Her foster parents had friends
Where fruitful Californian vales tell of triumphs won,
Where the broad Sacramento wends
Its way flashing in the sun.

And when aboard the train
And traveling to the west
Not then did that wild strain
Cause her heart unrest.

But when at a broken bridge
The train was brought to stand
She went out and crossed a ridge
And looked on the mountain land.

The weather was bright and clear
But yet was rather cold,
The mellow sunbeams brought much cheer,
Flushing the hills with gold.

The soughing of the wind then
Among the droning pine,
Brought the tang of the wilderness to her ken
And seized her like strong wine.

And the blublubblub of restless water
Slipping among the ice
Nature's music taught her
In ways that so entice.

And the call of wild things in the wood
To her heart what tales they told,
And set bounding her Indian blood
With the thrill of times of old.

It was then the wilderness she loved
And with a yearning that was strange
Her Indian nature was deeply moved
Longing for the wild freedom of the range.

It was then she resolved to go
To wild places of the earth,
Though she did not know
Of her Indian birth.

She would taste the freedom of wilding things
And over the hills a-scramble,
By woods and streams and springs
On many a starlight ramble.

But just then from the train a hideous toot
Broke on her heart's wild dream,
Recalling her thoughts to smoke and soot
From wood and hill and stream.

Not yet, thought she, the way is clear
To leave behind me civilization,
I must go with my parents dear,
Unto their destination.

Californa has forests and hills with flowers all abloom
And mountains that are of wondrous height
Against the opal skies they loom—
Eternal, cold and white.

I have heard the sun sets the air aquiver
I have heard of her giant trees,
And she has many a noble river
Whose waters never freeze.

If there be instinct that a human's got
To me it shall reveal
And guide me to the wildest spot
That mounts and woods conceal.

She went, and by mount and wood
She revelled in solitude,
And walked entranced by rushing flood
That from the hills issued.

There was no cloud on her sky,
She was happy then,
What instinct led her thus to fly
From the busy world of men.

But still the wheel of fortune turns
As time brings cloudy days,
So to us come joys or heartburns
As fate or fortune says.

Time came to return to the city of the east
That is the Atlantic's queen,
Then it was her pleasure ceased
That so intense had been.

"We shall soon go east again,"
She heard her mother say,
She heard the words with pain
It was her cloudy day.

With her parents she would go,
From them she would not part,
But, ah! they would never know
How it wrung her heart.

She reached the city, its dirt and noise
Seemed no fit place for human,
To her its pleasures were like childish toys
To a full-grown woman.

The joy of them had left her now,
She felt like a caged wild bird,
Longing for the green wood bough
By summer breezes stirred.

Men there were who came to woo,
There were suitors many,
Men of wealth and high position, too,
But she cared not for any.

At last from remonstrance her mother could not refrain.
"My daughter, dear, why don't you make a choice?
There are many suitors in your train
Who would make any woman's heart rejoice.

Men who would be constant still to serve you
And treat you like a princess of royal birth,
Steadfast in trying to deserve you,
And bestow on you the costliest jewels of the earth.

Men who would raise you high in station,
The highest people to move among,
With the proudest of the nation,
There you would belong.

With the proudest of society at your feet
Following you adoring,
Till your social triumphs are complete,
High above all others soaring."

"For social functions I care not,
They make me very tired,
Wish for social triumphs I bear not,
By me they are undesired.

Society's senseless chatter
Will never make my heart with pleasure glow,
To me it will not matter
If it's delights I never know.

It is like an unpleasant dream
That from the waking mind will go,
It is but the cold and turgid stream
From the city's miry snow.

No man will I ever marry
Who in town must dwell
Not for long will I tarry
Under the city's spell.

I will not consent to such a life
For me it would be to suffer on the rack,
I'd rather live by bow and knife
On lonely mountain track."

Her foster mother, good lady was astounded
And felt very much distressed
She knew whence this wild nature now upbounded,
But her knowledge was unexpressed.

"Oh, daughter, it fills me with wonder
That such thoughts should come unbidden,
Perhaps in every one deep, deep under
Is the spirit of the old cave people hidden.

For comfort, luxury and ease
There is no place like the city,
If these things fail to please
Then greater is the pity.

Perhaps small joys are the country and nature giving,
But it is not real life at all,
For culture and elegance in living
The city is the goal.

What the city offers is something for you to treasure,
So bethink you well, my child,
You would find but little pleasure
Out in the savage wild."

Some time had passed, those who loved her best
Thought that she would die,
They took her to the open places of the west,
Where long and wide the prairies lie.

Soon came back her strength
And bright were her eyes,
She often spent the whole day's length
Beneath the sunny skies.

"Shall we now go back to town?"
Her mother one day inquired,
"Come, now, darling, do just own
Of this dull place you're tired"

"Oh, no, dear mother, no," she answered quick,
Now I am well and strong,
But I soon would be very sick
If in the city's throng.

I love the sunshine and the cloud;
I love the sky and plain,
But the city's smoky shroud
Ever gives me pain."

Then one day an Indian came,
When on her his eyes were cast
In his dusky breast was lit a flame
That kept growing fast.

He came again, as day followed in each day's wake,
Some little gift he brought,
Oft something of Indian make
That curiously and cunningly was wrought.

By nature he was a well favored man
But an unschooled, unlettered one,
His handsome face bore the dark tan,
The work of wind and sun.

And he began to talk of love,
Of a heart that was aflame,
If a resistless power should move
Who that heart can blame?

"Brightest of stars, bright evening star,
Let thy light on me shine,
Let those eyes that send their light afar
Kindle their light in mine.

Be to me the sweet softness of moonlight,
I will be thy noonday shine,
To thine eyes I will be sunlight,
Wilt thou be moonlight unto mine?

Sweetest flower of the prairie,
Thy sweetness scents the air,
Be mine, Oh, my loved one, nay, now be not contrary,
But save me from despair."

"No, no, I am not of your kind
And such a thing may not be,
Little, little joy we would find
In union of such as we.

I will not come down to your plane
You must come up to mine,
Say no more, your hopes are vain,
Your offer I must still decline."

"I will go to the white man's school,
The white man's knowledge I will learn,
I will live by the white man's rule,
'Tis for your love I yearn.

And I will rise far above you,
Proud maiden of the east,
Yet still, still I will love you
Till life and death have ceased."

He sought the white man's knowledge
With purpose strong and steadfast,
He went through school and college,
And left with high honors at last.

Then he sought the maiden,
Told her how far he'd won,
Told her of his life with purpose laden
And of work yet to be done.

But not for me the grime and toil
Amid the city's jarring din,
But I will cultivate the soil,
As a farmer I will win.

At my home I have land
That long I have possessed,
This land at my demand
Shall yield its very best.

And my love has grown stronger,
Stronger, deeper, higher—
A love whose very hunger
Has power to inspire.

Now, maiden, will you be my wife,
Be the joy of my joy,
Be my light, my soul, my life,
My happiness without alloy?"

"I am not sure I love you,
And how can I tell,
What way is there to prove you
And there are others who love me well.

You must still rise higher,
Be stronger and nobler yet,
The heart that will aspire
Must be strong to strive and get."

Disappointment he felt keenly,
It laid heavy on his heart,
While she calmly, serenely
Bade goodbye and rose to depart.

He went and farmed his land
With fair success he met,
Laboring hard with head and hand
In trying to forget.

Disappointment had blinded him
To things not yet acquired,
But his fields reminded him
Of what his soul desired.

He saw each fertile field
Rich and deep with grain,
He resolved to bring as rich a yield
From his fertile brain.

He studied hard, he studied long,
His thoughts were very deep,
Till forces awoke within strong
That had been long asleep.

He broke from his race's fetters
But still retained the Indian patience;
In the fields of science and letters
He taught knowledge to the nations.

His fortunes were varied, checkered,
But the world accorded fame,
In the world's book of record
Is indelibly writ his name.

It was now by chance he met
The man he hated most of all,
By illness very sore beset
Almost in shadow of death's dark pall.

"Ah," said he, "This is the man she loves.
I hate him with hell's red hate,
It now my hand behooves
To hurry him to his fate."

He had seen them together many times before,
To him much in love they seemed,
Fierce hate he for his rival bore
That he was such he deemed.

He saw her bending near—
He saw how she was grieved.
"No," he said, "death shall not come near,
He shall be reprieved."

He touched her arm, "He shall not die,
For him I know a cure,
Death will pass him by,
I know it, very sure.

Very short time it will take
This sickness of his to dispel,
This I am doing for your sake,
For I know you love him well.

Else would I leave him to his fate,
For of this, take heed,
On earth, in hell, there is no other hate
Can this hate of mine exceed.

In short time the sick man got well
And was a vigorous man again,
And he would often tell
How he was freed from pain.

Again the Indian and the woman met,
She who had been heart of his heart,
The woman who still was yet
His soul's dearest living part.

She said, "It was a very noble deed
To save one you hated so,
But of hatred there is no need
If you could only know.

He is the dearest friend my parents had,
Now from me both are gone,
Could you be friends with him I would be glad,
He is the kindest friend I have known.

You have risen high above my plane
And honor you have gained,
The words you said were not vain
Great nobleness you have attained.

Of one thing I would be sure,
That my heart may be at peace,
Tell me, will your love endure
Till life and death have ceased?"

"Though heaven and earth pass away,
Yet shall my love remain,
And by its strength and power to stay
Build heaven and earth again."

"If your suit you will renew
Then I will answer 'yes'
A love so strong and true
God will surely bless."

He answered "You have made heaven of earth,
With you earth is heaven to me,
And everything on earth of worth
Is worth far more with thee."

They married, lived, long and did much good
But they did not know,
That the purest of Indian blood
In veins of their children flow.

Her foster parents never told the tale
Of the little Indian child,
Who though reared within the city's pale
Still dearly loved the wild.

EVERY DAY HEROES

This is not a song of blood-stained fields of glory
And triumphs of martial men,
Or of heroes of ancient story
That lived the devil knows when.

But of heroines and of heroes
That we meet every day,
Doing noble deeds that nobody knows
And are of common clay.

We find them dwelling in humble homes
As well as in mansions fair
Wherever need of their service comes
They are always there.

They toil in factory and in mine,
Indeed they are everywhere,
With noble courage and divine,
Willing to do and dare.

Silent as to their meeds,
The self-sacrificing kind,
Doing noble, generous deeds
To which the world is blind.

For them sings no trump of fame
As when warrior deeds are done,
How shall the world acclaim
Heroic deeds unknown.

Angelic they are and yet human
And maybe of manner mild,
In their ranks or man and woman
And even the little child.

THE PICTURE ROCKS

The Indian's heart was heavy as lead;
The Indian's soul was sore,
Hope in the Indian's heart was dead,
These were his hunting grounds no more.

The medicine man stood with unbraided locks
Of his dark, wind-tossed hair,
And dented upon the rocks
The pictures of things that were.

He knew his people were following a trail
That tribes had trod before;
That no struggle would avail;
They could return no more.

So he stood with unbraided locks
Of his dark, wind-blown hair,
And dented upon the rocks
A memorial to things that were.

At the time when his Messiah shall come
And the Indian possess his own again,
When nowhere shall be a paleface home
In the land of hill and plain.

The children shall see the sign of their father's hand
And shall know their father's thought,
And they will dearly love the land
For which their fathers fought.

He gathered and braided the locks
Of his long, wind-flung hair;
His face impassive as the native rocks,
In his heart undying despair.

But he had graven on the rocks
The pictures of things that were,
Animals of the plain and the beaver, the bear and the fox,
And the medicine man with the braided hair.

SONG OF THE ARROW

An Indian warrior was making arrows and thus I heard him sing,
"I will give thee soul, my arrow, thou wilt be a living thing,
I have fashioned thy head, my arrow, of flint from the mountain side
And fashioned thee so carefully with all a warrior's pride;
I have made to thee, my arrow, a shaft straight and long
And bound it with sinews that are both tough and strong;
I have crowned thee, my arrow, with the plumes of bird
To behold thee in thy beauty, my warrior soul is stirred.

Fly swift and straight, my arrow, I have given to thee thy wing,
Bite deep, Oh, my arrow, I have given to thee thy sting;
Sing triumphant, Oh my arrow, the foe will tremble to hear thee sing;
Speed, speed, my arrow, Death rides on thy wing.
When thou strike'st, my arrow, strike deep into a vital part,
When thou drink'st an enemy's blood, drink it from his heart,
I made thee for war, my arrow, when thou'rt in the fight,
I will give thee speed, my arrow, with all my impassioned might.
I will give thee strength, my arrow, with all my burning hate,
And thou shalt be my arrow, a messenger of fate."

SONG OF THE INDIAN BRAVE

'Tis the voice of the winds, the woods and the waters
Singing their song unto me.
'Tis the song they sung to our fathers
Bidding their children be free.

The voice of the winds and the waters;
The voice of the stream and the tree,
Singing to our sons and our daughters,
Bidding their children be free.

The songs sung where the war spirit rages
Songs of the true and the brave,
Songs that the spirit of freedom engages,
Were never the songs of a slave.

The songs of heroes and sages,
Songs sung from sea unto sea,
The songs that come from the far-away ages,
Are ever the songs of the free.

SAGINAW

Oneetesah, Oneetesah of Sagwenhah, beware!
He is a fickle man and will leave thee in despair;
Believe not what the serpent says, he has a forked tongue,
Go not in the serpent's way, thou art far too young;
Haste thee away when the serpent sings; list not to the serpent's song;
Cold, cold is the serpent's heart, he will do thee wrong.
Trust not in him of the faithless heart and broken vow;
Walk not with him by the singing water or beneath the leafy bough.
Trust not to his false heart, there is no honor there,
He has hung clouds over other maids and left them in despair;
My daughter, Oh, my daughter, be thou wise and strong;
Go thou not with Sagwenhah, he will do thee wrong.

She heeded not her mother's word nor of Sagwenhah believed ill intent;
She followed the wish of her own heart and in the path of sorrow went.
She walked with him by the water and sat with him beneath the bough,
And listened to every word and believed in every vow;
Then he went to far-off hunting grounds nor did he soon return;
The maid who trusted him felt on her cheek the dark flush burn.

Women of the tribe dropped hints that were vague and dark,
And she endured galling sneers and some would insultingly remark,
"Dwells she with her mother still? Has not her husband come?
'Tis fit the first child be born in her husband's home."
As moons waxed and waned their manner grew more bold,
And spoke of a maid who was not a maid—her husband's name untold.
They would say, "Sagwenhah is a hunter cunning with the game,
But never brought to woman's home anything but shame."
They would ask Oneetesah "When will thy husband to thee return?
Will he be here to welcome when thy son is born?
Perhaps he cares not to welcome even the coming of a son
While there are maids in other tribes whose favors may be won;
This husband of thine, he cometh not, where now wanders he?
Has he not provided a lodge, a dwelling for thy son and thee?

Is he not here to love thee, to shield thee from hunger and from harm?
Has he not provided fur of beaver to keep thee and thy infant warm?
This husband of thine, is his name yet still unknown?
What cared the eagle or the serpent for the silly little fawn!
To win him back why does not thou thy prettiest raiment don?"
But a maid has lost her charm when her brightest jewel is gone.

What days and nights of misery by Oneetesah were passed,
And on her were contempt and biting insult cast,
At last she fled from their taunts and scorn,
And lived among the dark pine woods where her son was born.
She sought a canyon dark and deep, unknown to noonday glow,
Where between rocky walls the cold dark waters flow.
In such a place the sullen spirits of a darksome world lurk in their caverns deep,
And the drear spirits of the place by the chill waters weep.
Here it was her son was born, she named him Sa-gin-aw,
For gloom was on her heart and little light she saw.

Years passed, he grew straight and tall like his father's form,
But in his eyes was a sombre cloud like that of gathering storm,
She taught him how to use the bow and how to wield the spear,
She trained him to be fleet of foot and to know no fear.
He was brave, he was quick and strong and unknown to him alarm,
The savage bear and catamount fell beneath his arm.

One day he asked his mother how they came to dwell
In such a gloomy place where sunlight scarcely fell;
If there were other people living among the woods,
Besides the dark and sullen spirits of the sombre deeps and floods;
He must know the reason why; he would not be denied,
Though Oneetesah, from him fain the truth would hide.
Vainly she endeavored his questions to turn aside,
As he persisted still then his insistence she would chide.
Nor would he desist no matter how she might scold;
He gave her no rest until all the tale was told.
In his heart opened founts of tenderness, from that day he loved her more,
But brooded over insults and injuries that his mother bore.

Ranging through the woods afar, seeking for the game,
He found hunting grounds where other hunters came.
One day he saw a buck of enormous size, and straight his arrow sent
And down to the grass the noble creature went;
Saginaw found it dead, two arrows were sticking there,
Each had reached the heart, each had done its share.
Forth a hunter stepped, a warrior of uncommon size,
He was cast in stalwart mold and had fiercely flashing eyes.
He said "To Tawanamot belongs the hunter's game,
The arrow in the heart shall justify the claim."
"Not so," said Saginaw, "My arrow shall claim its part,
Though shot from the farther side yet it reached the heart."

"Tawanamot with no hunter will divide, he the meat will take,
When Tawanamot's voice is heard let others in silence quake."
Saginaw said, "To him who lifts and carries it shall be the prize."
Then Tawanamot laid hold of it and to lift it many times he tries,
Sweating and panting, reluctantly he gave it up at length,
The beast was huge and heavy and much beyond his strength.
Saginaw said mockingly, "It is not burden for a child,
Some woodland sprite has thee of thy strength beguiled."
Tawanamot replied, "I doubt not thou will carry it with ease,
'Tis thine for the lifting, Slender reed, take it if thou please."
While Tawanamot was speaking with jibing tongue
Saginaw lifted it and up to his shoulders the deer he swung.

When Tawanamot saw it great was his surprise,
The hot anger burned in his heart and flashed from his eyes;
With ready knife and murderous thought toward Saginaw he made a bound.
Saginaw threw the deer on him and brought him to the ground,
Where he lay bruised and breathless from the shock;
Then Saginaw reached down and grasped him by the lock,
The lock that is the warrior's pride; the warrior's pride and boast,
To them is nothing left on earth if that one lock be lost.
"Tawanamot," said Saginaw, "With thee a bargain I will make,
Thou take the meat, Saginaw Tawanamot's scalp will take,
But to take it as thou art seems to me most unfair."
Then from beneath the deer he dragged him by the hair.
"Tawanamot I did not like thy words, thy ways I don't admire,
To try my skill in battle is what I most desire;

Take thy weapons, Tawanamot, and meet me now in fight,
One of thy stalwart build should prove a man of might."
Tawanamot was suffering sore and could scarcely stand
Nor could he hold a weapon in his nerveless hand.

"Tawanamot" spoke Saginaw, "I did not seek to do thee ill.
'Twas thou who had ill intent, it was thou who sought to kill;
I will carry thee to thy brethren's lodges if thou be so inclined,
And may thou acquire greater strength, also a nobler mind."
He lifted him to shoulders and bore him stoutly on,
But many braves surrounded him before ten bow shots he had gone.
"Ho! Stranger, Chief, whither carries thou our brother Tawanamot?"
Stranger, who art thou? Whence art thou? We know thee not,
What ails Tawanamot? Has our brother met a foe?
Has he been in fight? Has he received a fatal blow?"
"I carry Tawanamot to his brethren's lodges that he may have care,
Eyes may be looking for Tawanamot among the lodges there;
He is hurt, but he will live, of that have no fear,
He was not hurt by enemy's hand, on him fell a deer;
If ye know me not then to you be it known I am Saginaw,
I come from among the piney woods, where dark waters swiftly flow.
"Oh!" cried one, "Do deer fall from clouds, that they fall on men?
No stranger story ever was told to ears of Akkosen."
"Saginaw, tell to us another tale to match with that,
The deer that fell on Tawanamot, Was it not a bat?"
"Ask of Tawanamot the truth if you think I have told a lie,
But restrain thy tongue, Akkosen, lest it lead thee on to die."

Then an old man spoke whose hair was very white,
He was tall and straight and graceful to the sight;
"Let not my young men waste their breath nor vaunt the idle word,
Truly has spoken Saginaw, it is the truth we have heard;
Saginaw, thou hast spoken well thy words we believe them all,
I know the deer fell on Tawanamot, I saw it fall;
The young men will carry their injured brother to his home
Where loving hearts and eager eyes are watching for him to come;

To our lodges, to our hearths, Saginaw, we ask of thee to go,
Where grateful hearts and brightening eyes will welcome Saginaw.
Matakand has said it, my people will open their arms to thee,
Saginaw will be our honored guest, no brother more beloved than he.
"I will go," said Saginaw, "but not with empty hand,
I will take with me the deer to lodges of Matakand."

To the village of Matakand the friendly party went;
From waxing to waning moon a festive time they spent;
Honored guest was Saginaw, on him bright eyes shone;
Handsome he was, his skill and strength were surpassed by none.
Then spoke Matakand, "If thou hast the battle thirst, fame may be won,
Our foes are on the warpath now and will be here before another sun.
If thou wilt the battle try and thy strength with ours combine
No boon thou shalt ask but surely shall be thine."
"Yes, I will the battle try and my strength with yours combine,
For my brethren's foes are surely foes of mine."
Keen eyes watched the foe's approach, alert ears heard their stealthy tread,
They were led by Bounding Wolf, a chief who made the warpath red.
He was a chief of mighty strength, no other arm could bend the bow he bent;
Never half so far from other bows were any arrows sent.
When the night was at the darkest hour then was the fight begun,
And many braves had fallen before the coming of the sun;
Backward was driven the foe, their vigor began to wane,
But Bounding Wolf rallied them and led to the fight again.
Bounding Wolf encountered Saginaw, who matched him well,
His skill with weapons few warriors could excel,
But in the crowd of striving braves they were forced apart;
Bounding Wolf felt a little fear creeping to his heart.

He knew that his giant strength against Saginaw would be of no avail;
He had felt like a summer breeze against a winter gale.
At a distance he drew his strong bow and let an arrow fly,
And watched to see it strike Saginaw between the head and thigh,
Saginaw with watchful eye saw its flight and stepped aside,
Had that arrow struck him he surely would have died.

It struck a tree with tremendous force and buried deep its head;
Scarce had it ceased quivering ere Bounding Wolf was dead.
From the bow of Saginaw a hard driven arrow sped;
Soon in the heart's blood of Bounding Wolf its wing was all red.
Then the braves of Matakand raised their fierce war yell,
With hope exultant in their hearts on the foe they fell;
Many were taken captive, many more were slain;
The braves of Bounding Wolf would never be feared again.

A foe was seen fleeing fast, a warrior tall and slim;
Saginaw had seen him in battle and well had noted him,
And now he marked his slender form as with wonderful speed he fled;
He had a mind to capture him and in swift pursuit he sped,
And chased him twenty bow shots long before he nearer drew,
The fugitive to aid his flight behind his weapons threw,
Never was runner of mortal race more swift than Saginaw;
He was fleet of foot and could outrun the fleeing doe.
Soon he seized his quarry and threw him to the ground,
And quickly behind him his captive's arms he bound;
When they reached the village Saginaw saw the wondering gaze,
For the people were looking on them in very great amaze.
Matakand asked of the captive, "Who are thou so like to Saginaw?
Save that thou art older, two men more alike we never saw.
Whence this great speed which thou but now did'st show?
We knew not there was another who could outrun the fleeing doe?"

The captive answered "I am Sagwenhah, I am the light of heart,
Of the speed of all speedy things I was given a part;
As the fleetness of my father was, such fleetness is mine,
This fleetness we inherit from Unkatooma's line."
Saginaw spoke, "This captive I will take, this shall be boon of mine.
He shall go to brighten other eyes among the gloom of pine.
My mother's heart is calling me, no longer must I delay,
I will take the captive now and speed us on the way."
Through unfrequented forest paths Saginaw urged him on,
On through dusky groves where sunlight scarcely shone,
Till on the ear was borne the sound of rushing waterfall;
Then Saginaw raised his voice in cry of a wild bird call,
An answering call was soon returned from out the dusky wood
And soon beside the rifted rock the eager mother stood.

Her eyes were bright and she was tall and stately as a queen,
Graceful as the red deer fawn and comely to be seen,
She was beautiful in form and face agreeable to the sight,
And her bright dark eyes shone with entrancing light.

Sagwenhah, impressionable to woman's charms quickly was enslaved,
Never was such beauty seen since first above the earth stately pine trees waved.
"Oh, what creature is this in woman's form with beauty so endowed,
Is it a spirit come to earth from home beyond the cloud?"
"'Tis a shadow of what thou cast away in years when thou wert young,
A memory of other days when thou used the serpent's tongue,
Her name was Oneetesah when she was a trusting maid;
By one of serpent brood to sorrow she was betrayed,
And I have brought thee captive here to look on her again,
At the torture stake I'll count to thee her hours of pain."
Then Sagwenhah said to Oneetesah "My wigwam is empty still,
Oneetesah, it is open for thee to enter, Oh, beloved, if thou will.
To kindle the fire of love that the light of happiness may glow
On the hearth that has been the home of solitude and woe."
She replied "The fire that warmed thy father's line untended shall die,
Instead of fire on thy hearth shall cold ashes lie."
Saginaw graspd his arm "Enough, another word there is no need to speak,
The fount is cold where for warmth you seek,
For thee, in that heart there will no love awake,
Instead of love and home, for thee, the torture and the stake."
"Saginaw, my son, would'st thy father by torture slay?
By fire's sharp fang would'st thou wear my life away?
Is it fitting that by hand of son the father's blood should flow?
Such deed could bring thee naught but a never dying woe."
"The gloomy life of Saginaw has never known of joy,
Nor could it yet more dismal be if I did thee destroy;
Look on that dark river that flows between spray-wet rocky walls—
Never on its waters the cheering glint of sunbeam falls;
Never have I seen sunlight or moonlight on it shine,
'Tis a symbol of the joylessness of my mother's life and mine.
See'st thou that tree that across the water leans?
I will bind thee there till thy soul shall know all that darkness means."

He bound him to under side of the tree, face downward to the stream,
Where among the slimy rocks racing foam flakes ream,
But when the midnight darkness all the woodlands steep
When the senses of Saginaw all were locked in sleep,
Then silently Oneetesah stole out to set him free,
In darkness, with groping hand, she unbound him from the tree
Along its trunk she drew him to the damp slippery rock,
The rock trembled beneath the foot to the rushing water's shock,
She dragged him farther back and bade him haste away,
For he must be far agone before coming of the day.
Saginaw was dreaming and beheld his captive gone
And dreamed he must be up to follow him at rising of the sun;
Saginaw awoke the dream was on his mind, he the truth must know;
He arose and hastened to the river side to see if it were so.

In the morning he told his mother he was going to hunt the bear,
But it was the trail of Sagwenhah that he sought with care,
Finding it he followed it till the coming of the night
When he lay down to wait for the coming of the light,
He knew by signs plain to the hunter's eye he would overtake him soon,
And saw him in the distance er the sun had marked the noon;
Saginaw did not haste to take him then, he was not so inclined,
But keeping out of sight he followed noiselessly behind;
When the smoke of lodges rose before them not far away,
Then he put forth his hand the fugitive's steps to stay,
And over the backward path he took him without delay.

Onward through the forest gloom he held his certain way
Until in sunless gorge among tumbled rocks he stood
Where the dark river rolled its swiftly rushing flood.
"Sagwenhah, see'st thou the waters flowing dark and cold?
Sullen spirits of those dismal deeps shall keep thee in their hold,
From awakening memories will come to thee the bitter pang
More lasting and sharper far than fires red fang,
The evil that from thy selfish heart thou hast caused to flow
Thou shalt witness for all time, this is the eternal law;
And changed thou from human form, yet shall thy heart remain
Invisible to human eyes thou must bear the human pain."
Changed to a cold black rock the symbol of despair,
Amid that dark cold rushing flood Sagwenhah is there;
He is living yet though changed to cold dark stone,

You can hear his sobbing breath, you can hear him sigh and moan.
You can hear his despairing cry and hear the smothered groan,
You can see his trickling tears where the cold spray is thrown,
You can see darksome forms that in the water lie,
Dread spirits of an underworld appearing fitfully to the eye,
And those grim spirits of the deep will keep him in their hold
Until by human lips Earth's last tale is told.

FUNERAL SONG OF OONAWASSA

Oonawassa! Oonawassa! He is not dead, he is not dead,
The brave can never die.
His body is laid where the warrior bled,
His spirit faces the western sky;
Away to the sunset land the hunter's soul shall roam
Bright is the sunset land; it is the spirit's home.

Oonawassa, Oonawassa, rest warrior, rest;
The place is rest is thine.
Over thy untroubled breast
Thy bright stars will shine.
Sleep, warrior, sleep, soothed by the sweet scent of the pine,
Oh, the fragrance of the pine.

Rest, chieftain, rest. Thy mother earth thy pillow;
Rest, warrior, great thy deeds have been
And we will wear the willow
And keep thy memory green;
Sleep warrior, lulled by the murmuring of the pine,
Oh, the singing of the pine.

Oonawassa, our brother, sleep, Oh, brother sleep;
No fear shall haunt the brave,
Brethren over thee a faithful watch shall keep.
Thy brethren watch and guard thy grave.
He is not dead, he sleeps, lulled by the singing of the pine,
Oh, the music of the pine!

WAHNANOO.

She wandered by the water,
That mirrored skies of blue,
She was Kawhahwan's daughter,
The beautiful Wahnanoo.

As a dream fades from the mind,
So she vanished and was gone;
No trail or trace was left behind
When she passed to the unknown.

No sign of her where grass and willows wave
And the scent of flowers is sweet,
Nor on the shining sand the waters lave
As the tiny wavelets beat.

Day and night for long they sought her,
But they sought for her in vain,
Lost was Kawhahwan's daughter,
They never saw her again.

By maid and brave and hoary sire
Oft is the wonderful story told
As Indians gather 'round the fire
When winter nights are cold.

How the spirit of the lake
Laid on her a magic spell,
So that he might her in secret take
From those who loved her well.

And hushed children listen to their words
As they tell how she did not die,
But that among the water birds
They sometimes see her fly.

With plumage more bright and beautiful
Than ever bird has worn,
As brilliant as the sunbeam
On the dew-drop in the morn.

MANASSAGWA AND CHANEOCHIOKEN

The Southwind blew softly over the prairie land
And buds awakened to the touch of Spring's gentle hand;
Unnumbered flowers spread their charm unto the breeze of morn,
Thus to Nature's heart the summer joy was born.

Manassagwa sat in silence with darkly frowning brow,
To his soul his sullen heart would no joy allow;
Around him light-hearted children ran and played about.
The air rang with mirthful laugh and joyous shout.
But brooding in gloomy mood the bright hours he spent
And within his savage heart grew the restless worm of discontent.
There passed a sprightly brave, bright of eye and smooth of cheek,
To Manassagwa in light-hearted manner of youth he was heard to speak.
"The sun shines bright, the world is light, Nature is smiling now,
Sounds of gladness fill the air, yet O', Chief, what clouds thy brow?"
Slowly the chief made reply, "Let not my words fall idly to the ground
But give heed to them and ponder well, they are not empty sound,
Ye young men of careless hearts, unaccustomed are your minds to thought
Thinking of the past, the present and future to my brow this cloud has brought
What will be the Indian's lot in time that is to come?
In all the wide land that once was ours he will have no home.
Though ye dwell on the prairie land, ye children of the Cree,
Know ye, time was when your fathers dwelt beneath the forest tree.
Have ye not heard toward the rising sun dwelt the Ojibbeway?
They are our brethren, of the same fathers, of the same blood are they.
Have ye not heard of Lenni Lenape who was famed for warlike sons?
Brave the blood of the Lenni Lenape, in veins of Cree it runs.
Have ye heard of the great tree of Algonquin, stateliest of the wood
That grew in ages past and withstood the storm and flood?
Seed from the branches of Algonquin far over the earth was flung.

From seeds of the great Algonquin unnumbered tribes have sprung.
Now the great tree is broken and the branches have fallen in decay
And the glory of the red race from our land has passed away.
Where are the wide forests that grew out to meet the unresting sea?
Where those tribes who dwelt by the sounding waters? They are not, they have ceased to be.
Swept away by the paleface, that was their fate, ours will be the same,
Shall our sun set in the blaze of battle's glory or black cloud of shame?
The bark canoe has ceased to glide over the water's glassy breast,
No more to wonted coverts the moose and deer return to rest.
On the tall trees the eagle ceased to build her lofty nest
As the tread of the heavy foot came crashing to the west.
Onward still, unchecked, the hungry paleface came,
Blighting all the forest land and devouring it in flame.

Westward rolled the tide of strangers like the waves of a mighty sea,
Sweeping over our hunting grounds; killing game in their blood-thirsty glee.
Onward still he held his way, his path marked by fire and blood,
Till upon the western shore the covetous stranger stood.
Red men had hunted by forest and plain, the earth then teemed with game
But war and want spread over the land when the paleface came.
Where are the countless herds of buffalo that on the plains have fed?
Where are the herds of elk and deer? They come no more, the hunter's joy is dead.
The buffalo, the deer, the antelope. Why are they not here today?
The strong hand of the white man has swept them away.
Oh, the fire of the white man! Deadly was its breath.
The lead of the white man made wide the path of death.
Wonder not that my words are hot, or that my heart should burn.
When I see children of our race begging from those nature bids us spurn.
Abject children of a dying race, is all your manhood dead?
Palefaces say 'See how good we are! Were it not for us the Indian would not be fed.'
Black is the lie, words more false no tongue has ever told.

Before the paleface came the red man had abundance unbought by gold.
They say to us, 'You sold your land! Why had we need to sell
The land for which our fathers fought and our sons and brethren fell?
The heavy foot was on our breasts, the strong hand held us by the throat
With the long knives at our hearts to the bargain we were brought,
'Tis better to die than live a pauper race in whom manhood is dead,
Who thinks not so in his heart, be shame upon his head.
To conquerors let cowards kneel and beg, 'tis fitting for the slave;
Let the gory sod and silent grave be the portion of the brave."

Then spoke Chaneochioken and he spoke soft and slow,
"Was it so much better then, in the time of long ago?
Was there not lurking in woodland shadows many a merciless foe?
Was not blood stains on the meadows in those days of long ago?

Whenever strangers chanced to meet
Was it not meeting a mortal foe?
When the scent of blood was sweet
In those times of long ago?
Came not the hunger spirit walking
Over dreary wastes of snow?
Came not the hunger fever stalking
Through the camps of long ago?
Were not women and children waiting, waiting for the hunter with the game?
Hungry, watching, watching, waiting for him who never came?
Was not the gaunt wolf unrelenting, following him whose steps were slow,
Till weary, weak and fainting he fell among the snow?
While the hunger fever burned, while the hunger worm gnawed,
Then the father and mother mourned and through the camp gaunt hunger strode,
And the silence was unbroken except perchance when someone sighed,
Still no word was spoken as one by one they drooped and died.

Bravely they could face a human foe, or danger that from animals might betide,
But those days and nights of the dread hunger woe—That was the time they died.
If life was so good or better then, that I do not know,
But there was war and want 'mong men, in the days of long ago."

SUSIE

There was a mortgage on the old homestead
And there debts beside,
And soon if they were not paid
In the home the family could not abide.

Susie resolved her living she would earn
And to bring fortune in her reach,
Into a world cold and stern
She went forth to teach.

And there was many a heartache
And the forcing of many a smile,
There were so many knocks to take
Till it hardly seemed worth while.

Still she strove for better,
Papa and Mamma were anxious at home,
Anxiously awaiting for the letter
And tidings that should come.

Temptations there were to sinning
And very much to annoy;
The drudgery of winning
Brought a bitter joy.

When her heart was nearest breaking
She wore her gayest smile,
Her purpose never forsaking,
She made it worth the while.

There is no mortgage on the old homestead,
The family are living there,
And all their debts are paid,
Papa and mamma are a proud and happy pair.

THE UNWELCOMED RETURN

Sarcee braves had met the foe,
They had struggled long and hard,
Their best braves were laid low—
Men who had long been battle scarred.

Exultant were the braves of Cree
Yet still they sought around
A Sarcee had broken free,
He had not yet been found.

The Sarcee was speeding fast
Far southward over a rolling plain;
Ah! if but his strength would last
To see his father's lodge again.

And he was very young,
Not yet had manhood's years attained,
Had not a song of triumph sung
Nor honor yet had gained.

When he had seen his brethren fall
By numbers hardly pressed,
What wonder he obeyed Nature's call
Instead of dying with the rest.

The fugitive, (he was Assaquam)
Looked in his father's face;
The face bore a look of stony calm
But of a father's love no trace.

The father a snow-white haired old man
Had won a warrior's fame;
His name was Mahtawan,
Of pure Sarcee blood he came.

Stern and erect the father stood,
He said, "Of Sarcee blood I am,
I know none of Sarcee blood
Bears name of Assaquam.

What battle blows hast thou dealt?
On thee I see no battle mark,
I see no trophy at thy belt,
I feel it growing dark.

What battle strokes hast thou felt?
On thee no wounds I find,
There is no trophy at thy belt
Tell me, I am growing blind.

Why comest thou where thou art spurned?
Why not by spirit eyes on spirit path are thy footprints seen?
If thou never had'st returned
We had known what the worst had been.

We had loved thee had't thou done a warrior's part,
And fallen before the Cree,
But there is no home for coward heart
In lodges of Sarcee.

Thy place is where the earth is dank and damp
No Sarcee ever from foe did flee;
Go hide in the slimy swamp;
We know no more of thee."

IF

If I could but write as some poets have wrote
Or sing as some bards have sung,
If the thoughts born in my mind could to the surface be brought
To flow from an eloquent tongue;
If I could my thoughts and feelings declare
As some authors their stories have told,
Such gift I would prize greater by far
Than richest treasures of gold.

But the thoughts must die unexpressed;
Though striving hard to be known ,
And feelings remain lock'd in my breast
To be just for one heart alone.
And the world be no better for what I may think
Or tenderer for what I may feel,
And feeling and thought in oblivion may sink
That I have not the power to reveal.

For my words and language are scant,
Untutored, unlearned and crude,
Of something I feel woefully a want
That is ever persistent and rude;
But someone will arise
With genius as bright as a sun,
Who in language clever and wise
Will do what I fain would have done.

WOOWANGA AND WAHWONEE.

It was the time of opening flowers
When the mating call is heard,
And trilling from bosky bowers
Comes the wooing song of bird.

As the sun's early plumes up flung
Against the morning sky,
Then a song Woowanga sung
As he saw the pale starlight die.

Not his the deep harsh voice of warriors' throats
That is heard where angry bowstrings twang
But as soft and sweet his notes
As ever lover sang.

He sang the morning dews among
While birds poured forth their glee,
But never bird sang sweeter song
To ears of Wahwonee.

And his heart grew more warm
And his song grew more tender
As he saw the maiden's form
So graceful and so slender.

Woowanga and Wahwonee
Oft met in the early dawn
Happy was she and happy was he,
Their hearts beat as one.

But ever in woodland shades,
Was danger lurking still,
And through the forest glades
Warriors came to kill.

In the forest Woowanga hunted game,
He was keen and strong
To him hostile warriors came
A fierce and painted throng.

Cried they, "Woowanga, thy hunting is done
Now thy heart shall quail,
Long ere setting of the sun
Thy feet will strike the Spirit trail."

He answered, "Not now my heart will quail,
Nor is my hunting done,,
Many feet will strike the Spirit trail
Ere setting of the sun."

Then rang out the battle call
And in many a ferny dell
And by many a mossy bole
Wounded warriors fell.

But still on Woowanga's steps
The wanton warwolves go,
Though many a deadly arrow slips
From the hunter's bow.

Around him foes upsprang
The angry war whoop shrills,
And far the echoes rang
Along the rugged hills.

Wahwonee heard that sound
She thought of one to her so dear,
It set her heart abound
And quickened every fear.

She cried, "There are enemies in the wood
I hear the war whoop shrilling
I hear the lusting cry of blood
As when war wolves are killing.

Today Woowanga hunts that way,
I fear with enemies he has met,
And war-wolves are out to slay
I fear he is beset."

She sped away through the forest land
So fearful was her haste,
She did not wait for rescuing band,
So madly she raced.

Meanwhile Woowanga fought unequal fight
He could not hold out long,
At the time of fading light
Wahwonee heard his death song.

In his hand he held a broken bow
There was a deep gash in his head,
Before him was a relentless foe
And his last arrow was sped.

He leaned against an aspen tree,
Wahwonee found him there,
Red drops fell fast and free
From the wounded hunter's hair.

For herself she had no fear
She his shield would be
She would stop that hurling spear,
Such was the love of Wahwonee.

Alas! that her effort should fail
Breast to breast the spear pinned them then,
Never was a sadder tale
Told of warring men.

The onsweep of rescuing braves
Just then reached the spot,
Wild the war spirit raves
Anger and hate burned hot.

Down amid the darkening wood
Sad that such tale should be,
They could not stanch the crimson flood
That drained from Wahwonee.

Woowanga's heart ceased to beat,
Passed his last fluttering breath,
He took the path of spirit feet,
The path beyond of death.

Beyond where mountains stand
And the sun goes down to the sea,
Away, away through the shadow land
Went Woowanga and Wahwonee.

On the land sunshine or shadow may lie
And streamers spread over the sea,
Such love as that will never die
It lives with Wahwonee.

Their Spirits tread the forest aisles
To the song of stream and tree,
And ever the great Wahcondah smiles
On the love of Wahwonee.

SAKANO AND OWANEE

Sakano was a mighty chief of long line of chieftains bred;
But the Great Spirit's anger taught his heart to dread;
He took the daughter of Tahkahsah to dwell in his teepee
In the opening flower of youth, just twelve years old was she;
Nequasowansema had been two years a brave,
His heart had gone to Owanee but no return she gave.
To see her in Sakano's lodge bitter was his pain.
It seemed as though coals of fire were burning in his brain.
He met her one day in the wood as she for faggots sought
And told her of his love which sad misfortune brought;
The jealous Sakano was passing near and the ill-fated ones he saw,
To them he hastened silently over the new fallen snow.
Sakano was a hasty man, no bounds his anger knew,
No thought restrained his hand and swift his weapon slew.
Like panther leaping on his prey on the young brave he sprung
And had brained him before a cry fell from his tongue,
Then with anger swelling in his heart he turned to Owanee
"Thou shalt die, false one, no lodge of mine will shelter thee."

He took her to that wind-swept knoll where stands that lonely pine;
Hard as rock his heart was, he came of a heart-hearted line;
He tore away her clothing that from frosty wind there no shield might be,
Naked, then, with lariat he bound her to that lone pine tree.
Sakano, the Flinty Heart, had no thought of mercy then;
In him burned the madness that fills the brain of jealous men.

The cruel North wind left his home in the far-off frozen sea,
Keen the teeth of the North wind that drew the breath from Owanee.
That day Indians saw the snow fall deep and clouds darkly lower,
Deep were piled the snowdrifts at the evening hour,
But deeper and darker the gloom that settled in the heart of Sakano;
Deep within his soul was welling the dark stream of woe.

The Springtime came, the sun king shone bright on lengthened day;
And over all the prairie land he chased the snow away.
Streams that had lain in Winter's clasp now in torrents rushed along,

From budding boughs that overhung the banks was poured
sweet Nature's song.
But no Springtime came with lightsome mood to that proud-
hearted chief,
Though sorrow was in his heart he spoke no word of grief;
All through the summer time he had a look of proud disdain,
Pride strove 'gainst fate but the striving was in vain.
Though fain to deny, in his boding heart the truth he knew
That though his soul was still untamed there was a power
that could subdue.
Again the glories of Autumn glowed;
The soft blue haze was over the landscape lying,
Yet still within his bosom gnawed the worm that knows no dying.
The days of early winter came;
The air was cool and clear;
He with the rest pursued the game
And killed the fattened deer.

But it no pleasure gave,
He cared no longer for the chase,
The pain that was in his heart
Showed in his furrowed face.
But still never a word he spoke
Of the burden of his sorrow;
Every day heavier grew the yoke
With promise of heavier still tomorrow.

Then a voice was heard in the north;
A voice of deep and sullen boom.
A terrific storm came driving forth
With bitter cold and gloom,
Roaring through moaning forest maze
Where leaves were dry and sear
Whistling over the billowy ways
Of plains lone and drear.

Then sang the Northwind a song to proud Sakano's ear,
And within his heart grew a dark and terrible fear;
A still, still voice from the pine tree spoke to him of doom,
And sang to him in the Northwind of everlasting gloom.
"Who sings to Sakano in the Northwind? Who speaks in the
voice of the tree?
Whose tongue speaks threats to Sakano? Come, show thyself
to me."

"Let thine eyes be open, Sakano, Flint Heart, look thou and see.
Look thou on these fleshless bones, the bones of Owanee.
Thou left me on snowy winter day, bound to this lone tree;
Next winter when the Northwind blows I will come for thee,
At the flying of the snow, Flint Heart, he thou ready then
To receive thy due—the fate that follows the steps of angry men."

When over the earth Springtime came with smiling days again,
Silent and proud, he sought solitiude in his increasing pain.
When summer came with her myriad scents he did not seem to know,
But walked as though treading through deep and drifted snow.
Silent as a shadow, through lonely ways he would pass,
Seeing not leaves on the tree or flowers among the grass,
But when over hill and plain the smoky haze was spread
That spoke of dying summer days, the earth knew not his tread.
In teepee he sat, he moved not, he spoke not, silent as a stone
He listened not to his brethren now, so they left him quite alone,
And he in solitude and silence sat, his head bowed in despair,
Dreading a fate his soul could not face and his heart could never dare.

The mighty stormwind blew as he had never blown before,
His voice was like a herd of ocean bulls in deep angry roar;
Like a terrific thundercrash his angry voice would swell
On the hill by that lone pine he shrieked like mountain lion's yell.
And fiercely the hissing snow came rushing over the hill
As his breath flew over the earth the founts of life grew chill;
In his teepee Sakano crouched in terror as he heard him blow;
He trembled, in his heart the fire of courage had ceased to glow.
Now fearful the heart once the bravest that beat in warrior's breast;
Now lowly bowed the head that once had borne the proudest crest;
There came an awful thunderclap, with violent hand aside the door was flung,
Into the teepee darted the lightning's forked, fiery tongue,
As liquid fire gleamed on the snow with ghastly glare
There was sounds as of a host of demons struggling in the air.

"Sakano," spoke a startling voice, "Look thou and see
The victiim of thy hateful rage, Here is Owanee."
Haste thee, laggard, once thou wert not slow, make haste to follow me.
Before him stood a spectral form, the bones of Owanee.
Oh! the breath of that Northwind no mortal could withstand,
Yet, facing it, he was forced through snowdrifts by one boney hand.
His brethren found him next day lying by that lone pine was he,
In his arms were clasped fleshless bones, the bones of Owanee.
Away in the land of Night, beyond the sunset's rim
Wanders he now in darkness mocked by spirits grim.
He sang no death song; faint was his heart to meet with death;
There was heard no death chant as passed away his breath,
Not with the bold, firm step of warrior or calm of the peaceful did he tread,
But sneaking like a coyote in whose heart was dread
He went not like a hero with a song of triumph on his tongue;
Over shrinking soul and fearful heart there is no triumph sung.
His place is with the howling wolves, his dwelling a darksome lair,
In the bright day of the sunset land he shall have no share;
With the wolves and foxes he must hide away at dawn,
The sun will never shine for him, no place for him where Owanee has gone.

NAHJOWEEJEE

A warrior came forth from his home in the north
And carried away the beautiful Nahjoweejee;
An aged squaw told of what she saw
That occurred by the Waboneetee.

Of a warrior tall who towered high over all
Men whom she ever did see,
He seized Nahjoweejee and away he bore and seemed to feel her weight no more
Than a hawk would a chicadee.

There was many an angry man among the proud Piegan
But none more stirred than Wanganwi,
For it was said, so well he loved the maid
That he for her sake would die.
When the tale to him was told how a warrior bold
Had stolen his love away,
From description it seemed, and so he deemed
That it was Wansingsay.

"Was it Wansingsay? Then Wansingsay I'll slay."
Thus spoke Wanganwi;
"I'll follow him home to where his brethren roam,
Beneath the northern sky."
Then he turned to the north and bounded forth
With the strength of a buffalo bull,
He sped swift as the deer that is stricken with fear,
But he was far behind the black-winged gull.

He went in haste over lonely waste
On the trail of Wansingsay,
A messenger of fate, hurried by hate
The robber chief to slay.
Through tangled grass and black morass
He followed the trail alone
Nor did he quail before northern gale
That chilled him to the bone.

Where aspens quake and by stream and lake
He made his toilsome way,
And over plains so drear where grass was sere,
Where the northwinds play.
Where the Aurora shakes over frozen lakes
Her many colored lights,
Where northwinds sting and sadly sing
Through long arctic nights.

He reached where wild sea waves through icy caves
Beat on a desolate shore;
Where ice packs dash and grind and crash
In sullen, thunderous roar;
The storm spirits wail in the angry gale
From the troubled sea,
But not sight or sound had he found
Of his beloved Nahjoweejee.

Many a dreary barren he crossed, the air was cold with frost
And winds were snow laden,
But still he sought the northern lands, still he sought Indian bands,
Till he found his beloved maiden.
Then with her over the trail he sped, over the trail that southward led,
He hurried her away.
Southward for many suns, on the trail where the caribou runs
Then he stopped to wait for Wansingsay.

Nahjowjee urged him not to stay but southward to haste away,
Till smoke of Piegan lodges could be seen,
For they were far away with many a day
And many a dreary night between.
Said he "A Piegan chief must punish the thief,
From him a trophy I must wrest,
I must see his red blood flow and stain the snow,
From out a wounded breast.

Plumes I must pull from the Blackwinged Gull,
To adorn my crest,
His blood shall give them a stain that will remain
In them I will be drest;"
Wansingsay with many brethren came to regain his fame
Which he for the time had lost,
With their aid to recapture the maid
Of which he did so proudly boast.

But Wanganwi with eagle eye was the first to espy
His enemies as they came,
Two arrows he shot ere they reached the spot,
Two arrows with deadly aim.
But not Wansingsay he chanced to slay,
For that redoubtable thief
With his blade and his brothers' aid
Pressed hard on the Piegan chief.

Fiercely was the battle fought and honors were dearly bought
Beneath the northern sky,
Many a fatal arrow was sped, there lay many warrior dead
From the bow of Wanganwi;
Many a heart felt the pain, many a breast bore a red, red stain
Among the braves of Cree;
There was many a glazing eye, many a bosom heaved its last sigh
For the love of Nahjoweejee.

Nahjoweejee to the battle drew, her weapow threw
And Wansingsay fought alone,
With gasping breath in the hands of death
He was left where northwinds moan.
Nahjoweejee and Wanganwi returned again to their native plain,
Where the smoke of Piegan lodges rose,
He had trophies at his belt and long they dwelt
Safe from northern foes.

OHEZUZEANDEE

There sang a brave of the Winnequot band
(His name was Wayowassakandy),
Our teepees stand on Winnequot land
By the Ohezuzeandee.

The winds they come pine-laden
From the bosom of Ohahonantandee;
The warrior woos the Winnequot maiden
By the Ohezuzeandee.

Nowhere are hearts so faithful and so true,
Or maidens so comely and so handy
Female form never so perfect grew
Than by the Ohezuzeandee.

The waters gleam and glisten
Breaking against pebbly banks and sandy,
The feeding deer stop to listen
The singing of the Ohezuzeandee.

The cheekeelaqueelee swings her nest
On willows slim and wandy,
She finds the places she loves best
By the Ohezuzeandee.

Wahweeahteesa, the turtling dove,
Comes from Ohahwahahgandy,
Boughs bend low and leaves whisper their love
To the waters of the Ohezuzeandee.

Nowhere is grass so green or flowers more sweetly
scented
From Tahaskanee to Minnequandy;
The buffalo and deer graze contented
In the vale of Ohezuzeandee.

And fishes that are good to eat
Swim up from Ossabandy;
The beaver finds the bark is sweet
By the Ohezuzeandee.

OHEYEANDEZE

The Winnequot sings in boastful tone
To him only one vale is known,
He thinks it is the only one
But I sing of the Oheyeandeze.

Comely are the maidens there;
Maidens with glossy hair;
Maidens of beauty rare
By the Oheyeandeze.

There the birds on lightsome wing
A sweet and joyous welcome sing
To the opening buds of spring
By the Oheyeandeze.

There the berries are very sweet
And soft the moss beneath the feet,
Where lovers and maldens meet
By the Oheyeandeze.

There the winds softly blow
And leafy bows are bending low,
To kiss the waters as they flow
Down the Oheyeandeze.

There there is abundant game,
To better place no hunter came,
There the hunter wins his fame—
By the Oheyeandeze.

TOGNAWOC AND KONAGWISS

Loud in grief Wayconee wailed
In grief uncontrolled;
In sundance her son had failed,
How could she be consoled?

Low in sorrow she was bowed
Nought her son could save,
Instead of being warrior proud
He could only be a slave.

And through the coming years
With what terrible fate to cope
His heritage a life of insults and fears
And nevermore a hope.

And this for many months he bore
Nor once did he complain,
Although it galled him sore
And he suffered much of pain.

There was one who had his comrade been
Before that eventful day,
Who vented on him now much of spleen
And harassed him in many a way.

Until at last the worm turned
And trampled his tormenter beneath his feet
His heart with anger burned
Till death made his vengeance complete.

Then to the woods he fled
And from sight of men he hid
Where he lived a life of solitude and dread
The wilderness amid.

Time came when he grew strong
And lesser grew his fear
Then would not suffer any wrong
From those who came near.

Soon by his strength and skill
He became the terror of the wood,
Reckless he and strong of will,
Along forest paths he made stains of blood.

To those by whom he had been abused
An unforgiving hate he bore,
When he met them they were hardly used
And beaten very sore.

He would tell them that sometime again
He would do to them much more
That much of insult and pain
There was for them in store.

Many at his hands so ill had fared
And so great had grown his fame,
Until at last hunters scarcely dared
Go out to seek the game,

They called him Tognawoc
And one day he to the village came,
Nearby he stood upon a rock
And cast on them words of shame.

There with weapon in his hand
He insulting and defiant stood
Saying, there was no brave in all the band,
In their hearts was water instead of blood.

Then came Neboahome of the frosty locks,
Kegoa of little care;
Tagwahan of the picture rocks,
And Kawagassi, the red bear.

And Kenewahuh, the king of birds
And Minnewayhuk the mink,
Demanding that he retract his words,
But he replied, "You stink."

Now with what a problem did they contend,
An unforgivable insult, this last,
And no brave could condescend
To take a challenge from a disgraced outcast.

For such would bring undying shame
Degrading them forever,
A blot still clingng to their name
In spite of all endeavor.

But still tarnished would be the tribal fame
Unless the insulter's blood was spilled,
For honor of their tribal name
The insulter must be killed.

Long the chiefs and braves in council sat
But could make no decision,
Ah, what a perplexing problem that,
They were in a false position.

Tognawoc is no weak slave, well they know,
Or squaws could be sent to slay him,
But he was such a wily foe
There was no chance to waylay him.

One of such strength and skill,
Not he that would fall;
Not such as he could the squaws kill—
He could kill them all.

Long had they ceased to debate
No answer did they know,
Tognawoc they might despise or hate
He was a formidable foe.

In silence the council sat long,
Youths and women standing around behind,
Not one the bravest or wisest among
An answer could find.

Into the circle a slender youth advances
And stands beside the council fire,
On him the warriors cast angry glances,
They scowled on him in ire.

"Shall a slave in council speak?
Shall he stand equal with chiefs and braves?
What in the council ring does he seek?
What is it that he craves?"

The slave cowered before each threatening glance,
He was one who had failed
Before the torture of the sundance,
His heart had quailed.

Said he, "I am Konagwiss,
To clear the path I know a way,
The question before the council I can answer this
If the chiefs will say I may.

I will take the challenge of Tognawoc
With him I will fight,
He shall not stand to mock
And on you cast such slight."

"If thou can'st fight Tognawoc
And bring his scalp to me,
Then on the word of Wonnonock
A warrior thou shalt be.

Go, this shall be thy test,
The past will be forgot;
Unless thou bring the outlaw's crest
'Tis better thou comest not."

Konagwiss sought Tognawoc
And found him in the wood,
That brawny savage began to mock,
He was in jeering mood.

"Shall Tognawoc with a stripling fight?
Shall I strive with such a slender foe?
That form of thine is so very slight
It could not stand a blow."

"Yet I must fight with thee,
Tognawoc, even though I die,
There is no other hope for me
For in disgrace I lie.

The chief to me this promise gave
That if I should win,
I would no longer be a slave
But counted of warrior kin."

"Ah, poor boy, little dost thou know
How hard a battle tries
To feeble art thou to meet a foe
That thou can'st not surprise.

What weapons can'st thou wield,
Can'st thou use the bow?
Then shoot, I will catch the arrows on my shield
Thy weak arm will send so slow."

The boy shot his arrows all,
Tognawoc unwounded stood,
When he his shield let fall
He showed no mark of blood.

"Now thou hast seen all thy arrows miss,
Now do thou try the knife,
Without a weapon I will fight thee, Konagwiss,
Thou can'st not take my life."

Konagwiss was disarmed in short time
For battle he was too weak,
How could he fight a man in his prime,
'Twas vain for him to seek.

"Kill me now," he said to Tognawoc,
"I cannot go back again,
The people would but jeer and mock,
I rather would be slain."

"It shall not be so," Tognawoc replied,
"Thou shalt my brother be,
None shall live that will deride
Who is brother unto me."

Then with his knife he made a wound
That bled free and fast,
That wound carefully he bound
Then lifted him and on to the village passed.

"Now see ye, chiefs and warriors all,
Here is one who did what none of you dared to do,
None dared by my hand to risk a fall,
A coward crowd are you."

"He is a brave and noble son,
Unworthy of him are you,
You dared not do what he has done,
See, he has blood—there is but water in you.

Blood brother he shall be to me,
Brother to him am I,
On him shall dread vengeance be
Who looks on us with contemptuous eye."

Then he carried Konagwiss away
The woodlands far amid,
Where they stayed until came the day
When he need no more be hid.

When strong Konagwiss had grown
And could handle weapons well,
He gave promise of a man of brawn
With skill few could excel.

Then they wandered at their will
To fish or hunt the deer,
Strong to fight, strong to kill
And lived without fear.

One day Konagwiss came to Tognawoc in haste
"Enemies on the warpath to the village have gone,
Everything is being laid waste
And a terrible fight is on.

Shall we not give our kindred aid
While they are so beset?
Surely a nobler fight was never made
And we may save some yet."

To the battle they went in fierce delight
With loud warwhoops on the foe they dashed,
And rushed into the thickest fight
Where battle fiercest clashed.

And fainting hope revived once more
In hearts that were depressed,
They rallied in the battle's roar
And renewed the fierce contest.

Strong was the arm of Tognawoc,
The blows of Konagwiss were swift;
Foes dashed on them like the water dashing on a rock
That breaks in foamy drift.

A huge chief, Tammanamack,
Who led on the furious foe
By Tognawoc was hurled back
Bleeding from a terrible blow.

Dead among his sweating braves he fell
He was thought to bear a charmed life
The foe must possess some potent spell
Who could slay him with a knife.

Soon by his side lay Wasconee
A chief of great renown;
It was thought there no man might be
Who could put him down.

Fear to their hearts began to flow
They were growing weak,
Not long could they fight this foe,
Safety they must seek.

They broke and from the battle fled
Their hearts filled with superstitious dread
Leaving behind the wounded and the dead
They went with hasty tread.

With the tribe lived Konagwiss and Tognawoc,
They became chiefs of fame,
Both well proved in battle shock
Each bore honored name.

Well they were deemed, courageous and wise,
The tribe was protected well,
Secure from foe's surprise
In safety they could dwell.

And each of them took a wife
And children to their lodges came,
Who in their war of life,
Upheld their fathers' fame.

SAJEEWO

The path where the red rocks stand
No more his steps shall know,
No longer the mountain land
Is the home of Sajeewo.

He had lived with the tribe for years
After the faith of his fathers he had forsaken,
He had borne insults, taunts and jeers,
But remained in Christian faith unshaken.

He loved a mountain maid,
The lissom Nahnonee,
He sought her oft in mountain glade
By the waters of Ooanwee.

Sawahaseegagoogananock
He loved Nahnonee,
He met Sajeewo by the blood red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

"Now will I slay thee, Sajeewo,
For loving Nahnonee,
I will throw thee down to the path below,
Thou wilt not take her from me."

Long and hard they fought—
They fought as rivals might,
In the furious struggle they reck'd of nought
Except to win the fight.

Sajeewo, strong of heart and strong of arm,
No coward or weakling he,
In fierce grip he caught his rival's form
And threw him over the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

Kawgawayonoowanatock
With Waynokoowammakee
Saw him thrown from the blood red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

Then the chiefs in council sat,
All solemn as Indian chiefs can be,
"Sajeewo, look thou on that
A brother slain by thee.

Thou hast taken the light from the eyes of Nahnonee,
Our brother thou hast slain,
Thou hast laid a weight on the heart of Nahnonee,
Thou can'st not lift again.

No more in the eyes of Nahnonee
Will the leaping lovelight shine,
The light that lies not on land or sea
Will never meet look of thine.

Sajeewo, what sayest thou to this?
What answer dost thou make?
What of the brother that we shall miss,
Who is following the sunset's wake?"

"The brother whom I have slain,
I fought him as a foe,
Yet it brings undying pain
To the heart of Sajeewo.

"Thus speak the chiefs in council met
From here thou must begone,
Not among us shall thy feet be set,
To us henceforth thou art unknown.

No place for thee in our mountain lands,
Hitherward thy steps shall not return,
Except to meet death at our hands—
The death where faggots burn.

Away beyond the mountain's rim
Journeying sad and slow,
Into the distant smoky dim
Went Sajeewo.

Down the winding rocky trail
To the desert land below,
Into the murk of a desert gale
Went Sajeewo.

In his throat was burning thirst,
The thirst that fever brings,
Enduring almost till the bounds of reason burst
With the agony that wrings.

In his body was the pain—
The pain of wounds unhealed,
If he should go back again
His doom was surely sealed.

Beneath the inclement sky
Lie down he must,
Desert winds went rushing by
Laden heavy with dust.

His spark of life was flickering out,
He was slowly dying,
Desert wolves howled about
Where Sajeewo was lying.

No one watched his latest breath,
No one heard the last faint sigh,
None beheld the approach of Death—
He was left alone to die.

Fading as the soft twilight
Fades at the close of day,
So faded from his eyes the sight
As life was ebbing away.

The faith that sustained him in bygone years,
Through many dangers past,
Soothed his sorrows, calmed his fears
And cheered him to the last.

His funeral song was the desert's weird tones,
There was none to bury him,
The wolf and wildcat gnawed his bones
As the wintry light grew dim.

Where the hills of sand
Move with the winds that blow,
Somewhere in the desert land
Whiten the bones of Sajeewo.

He lies out in the desert there,
His resting place unmarked by stick or stone,
Though graves be left to Nature's care,
God will find His own.

WIND OVER THE WILTED GRASS

Wahooweazezazeelalilaahwahteza on the prairie stands
Shading her eyes with her small brown hands
The far horizon scanning;
She is looking over the sunny plain
Watching for him who will never return again
From the vale of the Kawniskanning.

There she stands through long summer days
Watching the plain with wistful gaze
The sun her brown cheek still deeper tanning;
But the grass grows green on the graves
Of Tahnamawissee and his braves
In the vale of the Kawniskanning.

There she stands till evening shadows long
Mingle dusk and dark among,
The wind her long hair fanning;
But the grass grows long on the graves
Of Tahnamawissee and his braves
In the vale of the Kawniskanning.

The Northwind across the prairie sweeps
Still her faithful watch she keeps
Spotless white the whole wide plain is spanning;
And the snow lies deep on the graves
Of Tahnamawissee and his braves
In the vale of the Kawniskanning.

THE CLIFF OF THE CEDAR TREE

"Oowananawammanoonatroc,
I pray thee tell to me
Who sits and sings on the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

"Oh, Tonowanodonononodock,
An evil thing it be,
Shun thee the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

"Wise one, Oowananawammanoonatroc,
Such tale will not frighten me,
I will go to the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

"Oh, Tonowanodonononodock,
I pray listen to me,
'Tis Death sits and sings on the blood-red rock,
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

"Nay, wise one, Oowananawammanoonatroc,
Such thing may not be,
Sweet sang the voice on the blood-red rock,
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

Away went Tonowanodonononadock,
Away he went to see,
Who sat and sang on the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

It was never told by Tonowanodonononodock,
Never a word said he,
They found him dead below the blood-red rock
Under the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

Now listen to Oowananawammanoonatroc,
Wise woman is she,
She says, "Death sits and sings on the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

Till Sajeewo comes with Sawahaseegagoogananock.
And they meet with Nahnonee,
Death will sing on the blood-red rock,
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree.

Then will Hobbobommomockomock
Call back his evil spirits three,
That dwell in the blood-red rock
On the Cliff of the Cedar Tree."

WANDANWAN, THE LONELY HEART

Wandanwan was an aged chief, his teepee stood alone;
Winter winds howled 'round it with long and dreary moan,
The willows by the stream sang their lonesome mournful air,
Around afar was spread the prairie, brown and bare.
The chief had been a warrior but his braves were now all gone.
Of three thousand braves who followed him was not left even one;
They had struck the spirit trail through the blood of a vanquished foe
And he, the bravest of them all, had been the last to go.

Treading the warpath often; they breathed the battle's breath,
Till across the red trail of war was stretched the hand of Death,
Though dying on the battlefield, Death brought them not defeat,
Speeding triumphant over the spirit path, their victory was complete;
At that time "Saganayayayayanitse" was the chieftain's name,
Chief of many lodges, far over the plains was known his fame.

His tepees could be seen stretching far down the valley lands
And smoke curling in the air from camps of his numerous bands;
He was chief of many chiefs who to his councils came,
No chief was there of the wide plains who had greater fame.

Not far away dwelt Okanonda's tribe, he was a chief of envious mood,
Ambitious, and thirsting for fame, he revelled in deeds of blood.
With Saganayayayayanitse he smoked the pipe of peace,
Professed for him a brother's love that would never cease.
But often through his mind would flit ambition's dream,
And in his treacherous heart he nursed an evil scheme.
Okanonda would stand first in fame, should Saganayayayayanitse fall.
Chief of many lodges his fame o'ershadowed all.
Okanonda long had sought to gain his heart's desire;
Through coming of leaves and snows he waited, with patience that did not tire.

Through Saganayayayayanitse's hunting grounds came a foraging foe,

As numerous as the pebbles lie where mountain rivers flow.
Saganayayayayanitse with his braves went forth to fight the foe,
Then Okanonda seized the chance to strike a treacherous blow,
Surrounding the friendly camps he attacked with all his force
And rested not till every one was lying a lifeless corpse.

When Saganayayayayanitse's braves returned, what a sight did they behold!
The dear ones they had left behind were lying still and cold,
There were lying aged men whose locks had long been grey
And many a valiant youth had fallen in the fray.
The women and the children had been slaughtered every one.
Treacherous friends are cruel foes, no mercy they had shown,
Looking on that dread scene what thought those warriors then,
Could there a more terrible blow fall on the hearts of men?

Rage and sorrow filled their hearts and fierce the fire that burned.
Deep within those warrior's souls as the sad truth they learned.
Around the dead with grasped hands they swore the dread war bond,
Vowing by all that is and was on earth and all that is beyond,
Never to rest in peace while any of that false tribe breathed the breath of life,
But to pursue them with unceasing war in unrelenting strife.

The anger that burned in their hearts brooked of no delay,
Yet cautious even in vengeful hate they went forth to slay,
As silent as the owl's soft wing fans the air of night, so silently they trod,
If there was sound of footfall it was swallowed by the sod.

Through the darksome night they kept on their silent way.
Not swamp, river, ravine or brake caused them to stop or stay;
The sun scarce tinged the mountain peaks that rise proud and high,
When fierce and loud the war whoop pealed betwixt earth and sky.
Then the deadly arrows sang and swashed the tomahawk,
Brightly flashed the keen-edged knife in avenging stroke.
Okanonda, thou false-hearted, what terrible foes are here?
There is no mercy in their hearts and they know no fear;

They have sworn destruction of thee and all thy band,
To sweep thee and all thy kindred forever from the land.
Thy camp is surrounded, thy women and children here, none can get away;
The war brethren's vow binds them all of thy tribe to slay.

All day the battle raged and still yet more fierce and furious grew.
Saganayayayanitse and war brethren still to their vow are true.
But the war brethren are falling fast and are now but few,
Fierce hate fired their hearts, they still in vengeance slew.
Through their cordon none had been able yet to pass,
Okanonda's braves, women and children were mingled in one mass;
Death made no distinction there, indiscriminate, everywhere his hand,
Gathered harvest bountiful from that devoted band.
But soon Okanonda has help of warriors from tribes who dwell afar,
Enemies Saganayayayanitse had triumphed over in war,
Now joined Okanonda to strike a foe they could not fight alone,
To strike, to humble and to vanquish the proudest chieftain known.
Against such fearful odds could he hope yet to prevail?
His tribe would be no more if his brethren's arms should fail.
Against six times their number they in direful strife contend.
What bitter taunts! What savage yells to the skies ascend!

Still went on the furious strife, still sprung the bow with hateful twang.
Still the chieftains cheered their braves as deadly arrows sang.
Saganayayayanitse fought among that wild and battling throng,
The fire-hot hate in his heart nerved his arm to blows swift and strong,
Brightly flashed his eagle eye, its fire had not been quenched.
Heavy fell the stroke of the eagle's wing, no joint had yet been wrenched.
Battling without hope 'gainst fate they bravely fought and fell,
While Okanonda's braves answered with fierce exultant yell.

Saganayayayanitse's voice was heard above the battle's clash
And in the fury of despair they made one tremendous dash.

Tumultuous was the strife under the pale light of the evening star,
But that last despairing effort had turned the tide of war.
Okanonda's warriors, dead as winter leaves among the driven snow,
Ill the day for him that he changed a true friend to a relentless foe.
Saganayayayanitse's brave war brethren, where are they?
Along the spirit trail to the setting sun their spirit feet are hastening away.

Now the two warring chiefs were left to decide the strife alone;
Of all the braves they brought to battle there were living none.
Like furies fired with hate they met in the battle's smother,
With weapons stained and blunted they slashed and thrust each other.
Okanonda's heart was pierced, he reeling, backward fell.
The Grey Wolf far up the mountan side heard his wild death yell
Saganayayayanitse swung Okanonda's long warlock in the air,
But in his heart was sense of loneliness, a deep and terrible despair.
What, to him, was revenge or victory now? What to him renown?
There are no children in his lodges. He is left alone.

Saganaya-yaya-nit-se (Chief of many lodges), from that name he must part.
Henceforth he was known as Wan-dan-wan, Chief of Lonely Heart.
With aching heart and bleeding wounds, on the grass he lay,
Nor cared he to rise again, there was no joy for him in coming day.
The night wind sighed, lengthened shadows were lost in deeper gloom,
Night dews were gathering on the warrior's broken plume.
The dismal cry of coyotes came on the cooling breeze;
A bird sang a plaintive song among the whispering trees.

Kindly Nature soothed his pain, his wounds began to heal,
But in his soul was a sorer wound than flesh can ever feel.
He struggled back to his old home, where his loved ones fell,
Close by that sad spot the lonely chieftain choose to dwell.
Other tribes heard the tale and offered him love, home and aid of a brother's hand,
But he would never forsake the resting place of his once proud band.

There, lonely, for years he lived and as old age crept on,
Longingly he turned his eyes toward the setting sun.
When the winter's breath was on the earth one day he stood gazing there,
The sky was bright beyond the mountains' peaks that cleave the chilly air.

"O! Great Spirit," he cried, "I am old, why longer should I wait?
Why not like a warrior, go forth to meet approaching fate?"
He mounted his old war horse that had borne him in many a fray;
(Those battles of the brave red men; are they not told of to this day?)
Up sprung the Northwind with breath so keen and cold,
Shivering through his feeble frame for Wandanwan was old.
The frosty winds of many winters gone had made his hair so hoar,
He had been a brisk young brave full eighty years before.

Heavily rolled the storm clouds across the darkening sky,
But little cared the old chief, he knew the end was nigh.
Past him with hissing sound the swirling snowflakes fly,
Onward kept the old chief though drifts were piling high;
Hard and dangerous was the way, little did the chieftain care,
His heart was in the Spirit land among his brethren there.

But what is that upon the trail to him approaching nigh?
A man. But he seems not like other men unto the Indian's eye;
His face was pale, though not with fear, he was of noble mien,
Yet he was no warrior, about him was no weapon seen;
With kindly greeting he placed his hand in that of the Lonely Heart,
And the chief through his cold veins felt a thrill of friendship start.
"What does the chief abroad in storm and cold? Were he not better in his tepee?
The Northwind blows across the land, no wind so cold as he."
"I came forth, O. Paleface, because my tepee is cold and lone,
There is no fire upon the hearth, my kindred all are gone.
In the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Spirit lands are they,
I go to join them now across the mountain way.
I am Wandanwan of the Lonely Heart, my life on earth is done;
I go to seek my brethren now in the home of the setting sun."

"Turn, O Chief, mortal cannot follow where spirit feet have sped,
The mountain wind will chill thee and the raven find thee dead.
Go not upon the mountain trail, O chief, I ask thee, stay;
If thou seek'st for thy brethren now I will show thee the way.
Thy people to the Father's home in the spirit land have gone,
But unless thou believe in the Father's Word their faces thou wilt never look upon.
To redeem all mankind from sin the Great Father sent his only Son,
Who died that all might live. To thee I have come to make this known.
Those dying in their sin must take the dark and downward way
Unto the place of raging fires forever in torture are they,
Those believing on the Son who came all sinners to redeem
Will ascend to love and light where our Father dwells supreme.
As thou forgivest those that sinned against thee, so will thou be forgiven,
And in the light of our Father's love thy soul will live in heaven."

"Thy words fill my ears, thou has my spirit strangely stirred.
Thou tell'st me the Great Spirit hath a Son of whom I never heard.
Where are my people, Paleface? If thou knowest, tell me where.
There is no path so dark or dangerous but I will follow there.
I lived with them of old, I would live with them again,
Be it in a land of love and light or dark place of unceasing pain.
They were ever true to me, to them I will be true,
Through that long time of loneliness my heart fonder grew,
Loving memories of them all fall on my heart like dew.
I will see my loved ones smile again and hear the voices of faithful ones I knew.

Show me the path they have trod, from it I will not turn,
Though they dwell amid raging fires with them I will burn.
My people knew not of the Father's Word, they knew not of the Son,
They knew not of forgiven sins, or how redemption could be won."

"The Great Father's love is great and He His love will show;
They who never heard His Word, yet shall His mercy know.

But thou, knowing of the Son, only through faith in Him can pass the starry dome
To dwell with thy people evermore in that bright Spirit Home."

"O Brother, my life is going away from me, I know 'tis going fast;
Haste thou to put the holy sign on me before the time is past.
I believe thy words are true, deep in my heart something tells me so.
I hear our Father calling; to our Father I will go."

To baptize the Lonely Heart in that bitter cold, shall I tell you how
The missionary caught water from a cascade near to wet the Indian's brow,
In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,
And prayed, "O, Father, guide him that he may not be lost."
The longing of the Lonely Heart was stilled; the weary soul had fled,
Sinking among the stainless snow, Wandanwan was dead.
Low in a rocky cleft his white brother laid him down
And covered him with crumbling shale and chilly stone.
On the grave he laids boughs of the cedar and the pine,
Snow falls deep upon it and icy crystals around it shine,
Some say his spirit wanders yet among the mountains of stone
Some say they hear his death chant as the wild winds sigh and moan;
Some tell of seeing an aged warrior who leaves no footprints in the snow;
But I think it is not so. Why should he return who so longed to go?
Why should the weary soul that seeks for rest to earth return?
Deep is the sleep of Wandanwan, he wakes not night or morn.
Summer's sun or winter's snow may crown the mountain's crest,
Not howl of wolf or eagle's scream can break the warrior's rest.

TISQUONTAN AND OOWANDA

Have you heard of Yeewaynodin
Of the league of the Nogowomin;
Have you heard of Keewahyodin
As told by old Ahkomin.

Have you heard of the gentle one Kahtodin,
The friend of lovers still:
Know ye of the mighty Nahwodin,
Strong and of good will.

By old Ahkomin it was said
That Tisquontan, who was Otnahmo's son,
Was deep in love with a comely maid,
The daughter of Kogowon.

Between Otnahmo and Kogowon was long time a feud
In which were many slain,
Between them was plot and battle rude
And stake and torture pain.

Kogowon had vowed that strife should not cease
Till Otnahmo was captive in his hands
Not till then would the day of peace
Dawn on the warring bands.

A great magician was Kogowon
Acquainted with spirits of the dark
And to wreak his vengeanceo on,
He chose Tisquontan as his mark.

Inkosewaissee was prophet old
And far into the future saw,
Coming events he had oft foretold
And they had happened so.

Yes, he to his people had foretold it
When the spirit through him had spoken
That they should behold it
And showed to them the token.

That he by whose hand
The blood of Tisquontan was shed
His kin would pass before him from the land
And sorrow and loneliness descend upon his head.

For Tisquontan was guarded by Nejee Mikiyundee
And the Unjee Oomeebameequay
The Nushta Meeteeweeyakundee
And the Mushta Wittumussegay.

Spirit people of the air
The makers of dreams;
Spirit people of the forest watching everywhere
Spirit people of the hills and streams.

Was not his mother born among them
Those people so seldom seen
Yes surely she did belong them
And they loved her as a queen.

Knowing this, Tisquontan never to battle went
Nor sought he warrior's fame
And his bow was never bent
Except when hunting game.

But Tisquontan loved a maiden
Ah, yes, she loved him, too,
And much their minds were laden
With thoughts of what they should do.

But Kogowon had promised Mogogowo
To give her for his aid
To overcome Otnahmo, his foe
And many plans they made.

To Kogowon spoke Mogogowo,
"Thy daughter hath a lover
And but very short time ago
This fact I did discover.

Wilt let her go with Tisquontan
Or give her now to me,
Not long ago I heard them plan
That together they would flee."

Kogowon said "Tisquontan first captive make
And bring him unto me,
Then Oowanda thou may'st take
To lodge with thee."

Then four war brethren chose Mogogowo,
Each a stout and able man,
And they into the forest go
To watch and wait for Tisquontan.

As Tisquontan and Oowanda talked
Less alert was eye and ear
And his enemies on him stalked
Till they were very near.

Then they sprang to seize,
But nimbly aside he sprung
And struck a warrior to his knees
Tisquontan was strong.

Another one received a blow
That brought him near to death
A third soon was lying low
Gasping hard for breath.

Another grappled with Tisquontan
And to the ground they fall
Mukkawye, though a brawny man,
For help began to call.

Then his club Mogogowo swings
Down on the head of Tisquontan,
To him it sudden darkness brings
From which he wakes a captive man.

About him his enemies stood
The earth seemed to swim around;
From his head the oozing blood
Ran trickling to the ground.

Mogogowo to Oowanda said, "Thy father says thou art mine
To my lodge thou wilt go,
The light of thy smile will shine
On the hearth of Mogogowo."

To him Oowanda answered then
As she looked on him with scorn,
"Thou most contemptible of men,
Slave and coward born.

Mogogowo to thee be it known
Mate with thee I never can
Thou who feared to meet alone
One unarmed man."

"Woman, thou must obey
When Mogogowo commands
Now heed thee to what I say
Today I received thee at thy father's hands."

"Not so, no coward ever can,
And Mogogowo never shall be mate to me
Unless my lover Tisquontan
Says that it shall be."

Then to Tisquontan he turned
His dark scowling face,
His eyes with red anger burned
On Tisquontan helpless in that place.

"Unless thou give what I ask thee here
Then Tisquontan beware,
For thou will face a fate so drear
That heart can never dare.

Now thou must drink the bitter cup
Thou must renounce this maid,
Thou must thy dream of love give up
Nor be thy answer long delayed."

Tisquontan answered, "Never will I give up
Heart that is heart of mine
For her I would drink the bitterest cup,
She never will be thine."

"Bethink thee well, Tisquontan,
Of the fate that will be thine,
Never was such fate endured by man
Against thee all powers combine."

"Never shall they who trust in me
Think of me with shame,
Nor ever of my line shall be
One to bear dishonored name."

Then spoke grim old Kogowon,
"On thee I will place my magic seal
And thou who art my enemy's son
Shall my dread vengeance feel.

With aid of my magic powers
I will confine thee to a drear land of snow
Where the cold and icy showers
Will add to thy never-ending woe.

Upon thee, snow and ice will bank
Until intolerable the load
And thy blood become chill and dank,
As that of frozen toad.

Above thee, Winter on his throne
Will sit implacable and stern
In ever increasing anguish thou will groan
But no pity shall earn.

Imprisoned in that frozen land
Thy joy in life shall cease;
Only the touch of a maiden's hand
Can bring to thee release."

When Oowanda standing by had heard
Her lover consigned to such fate,
Then her loyal heart was stirred
To the rescue of her mate.

But Ooowanda had no magic powers,
She knew no witch's spell
She pondered through long dark hours
That upon her fell.

She prepared for a journey long
Nor knew how long that journey might be
She was imbued with courage strong
And a faithful heart had she.

In secret was her preparation made
No questions dared she ask,
Nor could she call for aid
But soon she was ready for her task.

Oowanda then set forth
To the realm of chill white Winter's reign
Where the sad spirits of the North
Sing in mournful strain.

Faraway against a cloudy sky
The dim horizon lay,
A cheerless sight to meet the eye
In the gloom of a sunless day.

She saw around her lie
A world so vast and brown
While on the edge of the northern sky
Gathered a darker frown.

Old King Winter saw the maid
As he sat on his throne,
Commanded that her steps be stayed
That a forbidden line be drawn.

Over which no mortal might pass
Or from it ever return,
Where the spark of life, Alas!
Would thereat cease to burn.

As soon as the command left his lips
Forth his aerial spirits go
To impede Oowanda's steps
By shaking down the snow.

Save for the falling snow
All was silent and so still
For not a breath of wind did blow
And the air grew dead and chill.

Still she strove to make haste
Though there was no lodge or town
And over all that desolate waste
The endless snow came down.

Feeble she grew and frail
With a fear in her heart she would not own
And still on Oowanda's trail
The pitiless snow came down.

Until each motionless tree was drest
In fluffy fleecy gown
And it lay on Oowanda's breast
As soft as eiderdown.

Still relentlessly fell the snow
Till it was so very deep
There was not a single sign to show
Where Oowanda lay asleep.

In depth increasing by degrees
That every hope might drown
It piled above the tops of the tallest trees
Nor left a speck of brown.

Then uprose Yeewaynodin,
Saying "Such thing shall not be,
My brother Keewahyodin,
Come lend aid to me.

O sister, O Kahtodin,
I am sure thou wilt agree
To join with Keewahyodin
To set these lovers free.

And strong one, O Nahwodin
Come join thine arm with mine
And with Keewahyodin and Kahtodin
Together we'll combine.

'Tis against such evil magic
That we are ever contending;
This tale that seems so tragic
Shall have happier ending."

Together we will break the grip of that icy hand
Where Oowanda lies
And over that cold and silent land
Shall fall the warmth of sunny skies.

Thus was made the league of Nogowomin,
Of the spirit people each was chief
And it is told by old Ahkomin
To the lovers they brought relief.

When with all their powers arrayed
They mightily had striven
And old King Winter much afraid
Was to far-off regions driven.

Then Oowanda they awake
And to Tisquontan she came
And he led her by stream and lake
To a land of abundant game.

They built their lodge by a pleasant grove
Alive with the song of birds
And over grassy plains there rove
Many grazing herds.

The seasons of leaves and snows
Often came and went
But no child or kin Mogogowo knows
And he grew old and bent.

For there came no children to his line;
His totem is unknown;
He was left in solitude to pine
And end his life alone.

To Tisquontan and Oowanda happiness came flowing free
And children to their line
Plentiful as leaves on the beechen tree
Or needles on the pine.

WEETAMINNEMAWIT

A grim old chief was Massagon
He dwelt amid a swamp
His dwelling place to few was known
About it burned the fenfire lamp.

His mother a witch of ill repute
Dealt in dread spell and charm,
Malignant and evil in pursuit
Delighting in doing harm.

Massagon had seen Weetaminnemawit
And he did covet her so;
In him the fire of Desire was lit
In a way that only bad men know.

She was sweet and fresh as flowers
That bloom by the streams
And pleasant as summer hours
An ideal of lovers' dreams.

And she with her mother dwelt
The kindly Wahkatoon,
And all who knew them felt
That to know them was a boon.

The maid was known by a brave young chief
She was the light of his eyes
That she was best of maids was his belief
And the most desired prize.

She was to him as dawn of day
And night of lucent moon,
Often he went the way
To the lodge of Wahkatoon.

But Massagon seized the maid
And bore her far away
Through many a darksome glade
Where death and danger lay.

For he had forest lair
By bog and thicket hidden
Where not even the bravest dare
Ever to come unbidden.

Through black and noisesome bogs
Through dank and foulsome fen
And over tumbled rotting logs
He took her to his den.

Nepanamawot had found the trail
And had followed far;
When Woonagung met him and told a tale
Of warriors out for war.

Who came from a far-off place
Distant many slumbers
They were demon like of face
And were great in numbers.

Frightful in appearance when they stood revealed
Men of long arm and great of might,
In the thickets were concealed,
Well hidden from the sight.

She told him of dreadful incantations
That would make the heart blood freeze
Pictured to him terrible situations
And death by slow degrees.

But his purpose was unshaken
From the trail he would not turn
Fears that might awaken
He regarded them with scorn.

He replied, "Past thy horde of strangers
I will follow my way
Not all thy fancied dangers
Will induce me now to stay."

Woonagung said, "The black bogs are before thee
Where deadly serpents lie
The black ooze closing o'er thee,
Thou wilt surely die."

"Not black bogs or serpents will deter me
Nepanamawot is going on;
Out of my way, bestir thee
Thou mother of Massagon.

Seek not to delay me
Thou witch of lying tongue
Begone, lest I slay thee,
Blackhearted Woonagung.

I have said it, I Nepanamawot
Will not turn aside
Begone or die on this spot,
Foul witch thou hast lied.

To save thy son nought will avail
His hiding place is known
All his cunning wiles shall fail
I will slay his mother's son.

I will go to the black bog's heart
I know where the swamp chief dwells
From his heart a red rushing stream shall start
In spite of thy evil spells.

And she who is dear to me as the light that shines
On the land of men
And sweet as the breath of pines
That grow in wildwood glen.

She is the glory of my day
The light of my sun and moon
And I will bear her safe away
To the arms of Wahkatoon."

Still she tried his steps to impede
She would not let him begone
She wished to cause such delay as her son might need
Before she let the young chief go on.

Then he seized the hag
And hurled her into the slimy pit
But his footsteps did not lag
He hastened Weetaminnemawit.

He ran along fallen log
From tussock to tussock he sprung
He hastened across quaking bog
From bush to bush he swung.

And he wallowed through the mire
He slipped and crawled and slid
It would make the strongest tire
To do the things he did.

At last a knoll he saw
That rose like an island from the mud
Where his grim inveterate foe
With his bow and arrows stood.

And he shot his arrows fast
Yes, he shot them all
And when he had shot the last
He saw the young chief fall.

He had nearly reached the solid land
When heavily he went down
He caught a twig with clutching hand
Then sank in the water brown.

The twig hung limp by the water side
Where the young chief had been
Massagon watched a circle wide
But he nowhere could be seen.

But he had dived where water was deep
Under the slime thick and green
He came up where weed and fern in tangled heap
His stealthy movements screen.

He lay where weeds grew rank
And set an arrow to his bow
For in plain sight on the bank
Was standing his foe.

Steadily the bow was bent
The bow was good and strong
Quickly was the arrow sent
To avenge his wrong.

Straight the arrow sped
And struck true to the mark;
The grim Massagon was dead
His spirit went over path lone and dark.

The chief and Weetaminnemawit
Hastened back through forest ways
For they knew her mother would sit
Grieving through nights and days.

All a thrill with love and pride
It was very soon
When a brave young chief received his bride
At the hand of Wahkatoon.

LONGING FOR THE DESERT AGAIN

Well I love the verdant woods,
Well I love the plain,
And well I love the foamy floods
Fed by the splashing rain;
But, Oh! my heart is longing,
Oh! my heart is longing,
Longing for the desert again.

Beautiful is the mountain side
With melting snows adrain,
Beautiful are the meadows wide
And fertile fields of grain.
But, Oh! my eyes are longing,
Oh! my eyes are longing,
Longing for a sight of the desert again.

Skies like desert skies
Are nowhere else to be seen,
More gorgeous than Solomon's court,
Or robes of Sheba's queen,
And, Oh! my heart is longing,
Oh! my heart is longing,
Longing for the desert again.

The colors that in the desert are seen
Are seen nowhere else on earth,
He who painted the desert scene
Somewhere in Heaven had birth,
And, Oh! my heart is longing,
Oh! my heart is longing,
Longing for the desert again.

EARLY TO BED

"Early to bed, early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"
  My father oft would say;
He had a notion in his head
That children should be sent early to bed
  And he would have his way.
In summertime I was often sent to bed at five
When the air with song and sunshine was alive
  How much better it would have been to play!
That old saw is but folly in wisdom's guise.
Clothed in words appearing wise,
  I call it 'rot' today.

I would lie and listen to birds atrill
And watch the sunshine on the hill,
  All flushed with yellow gold,
I would watch the summer day
Linger along the hills then slowly fade away,
  And the creeping dusk the trees enfold.
Be it spring or autumn time
Midwinter or summer prime
  From this rule he would not stray.
And in winter allow me to remark
I was oft sent to bed before 'twas dark
  Where I'd watch the gloom deepen from the gray.

Then I would shiver and shake
And in the darkness lie awake
  Sick with terror and pain,
For steps there were
  Came up the stair
But never went down again.
And some would stop
  At halfway up
  And then were heard no more,
And through the gloom
Ghostly forms came in the room
  But never came through the door.

And some would stand
And raise a cold white hand,
Then they would look at me
And say "Eternal ban
Be on the man
That dooms children to comrades such as we;
'Tis only eyes of death
Or fleeting breath
Our earthless forms should see.
May he live unloved and forgot
Forsaken and forlorn his lot
An awful fate to dree.
Even we would sigh
If the sleepless eye
Should wear thy soul from thee."

Beside me some would sit and tell
Me tales of what befell
In times of long ago;
Some would sit and sob and moan,
Some talked softly in undertone
While walking to and fro;
About the room some would flit
And some would in silence sit,
Gazing through the leaded window panes
Some themselves proudly bore
And battered armor wore
Marked with bloody stains.

There was one much taller than the rest
The armor was broken on his breast
And he was helmed and plumed;
A face rigd, white and grim
Looked from beneath his helmet's rim—
A lurid light his sunken eyes illumed.

He was of proud and stately grace,
Like hero of some noble race
Of knightly age;
Rigid he was of body and face
Slow of step and measured of pace,
In mailed hand he held a battle gage.

A red stain showed where his mail was cleft,
He looked not to right or left,
His plume the ceiling grazed he was so tall.
At his side hung motionless a blade
With pace unslackened and unstay'd
He passed on through the wall.

The room was hushed and still,
Even the air grew chill
As through the room he passed;
Of all the ghostly figures that came
He alone was unchanged and still the same,
And still he came the last.

When like the fading light of dying day
They would slowly fade away
And pass to the unseen,
Then when all were gone
The room seemed so cold and lone
And deeper was the gloom.

So very lonely it seemed to me
That the loneliness seemed to be
Laden with the chill of doom.

I know to you they will seem
The creatures of a disordered dream
To me they were very real.
I saw them in my waking hours,
Saw and heard with my waking powers
And felt as waking people feel.

CORLIN

When Corlin was a king
  Mighty he was and strong,
He did many a wicked thing
  That shameful was and wrong.
One day when hunting hight
  Through the woods of Coe
He saw Sir Hurdin's castled height
  From the vale below.

"This Hurdin, what hath he
  With place so fair and strong?
Kin he is to Apperlee
  His presence does me wrong;
To assail him would take twenty thousand spears,
  Yea, twenty thousand swords,
And bring to their bloody biers
  The half of all my lords.

Then Tregallan and Tremord
  Would parcel out my lands,
And I should fall by vengeful sword
  Or fall in enemies' hands;
  To win me what I want,
Without the risk and loss to me
  That comes through geave and gant."
But there some way must be

Then he hied him to his home to ponder then
  And bethink what might be done
Hurdin lands to sunder then
  And plant his banner on;
He bethought him of a scheme
  Whereby he thought that he could win,
It was not such as would beseem
  A knight of noble kin.

With followers few he rode
  Out to the woods of Coe,
There in secrecy he bode
  Until the sun went low;
When the day was wearing late
  And night coming on of sullen hue,
Then he rode to Hurdin's gate
  And his bugle blew.

"Who seeks to pass within Hurdin's wall?"
A sturdy warder cried,
"Who seeks to enter Hurdin's hall,
Why do you hither ride?"
"Sir, Brogelwin seeks food and rest
And shelter for the night,
By hunger and by cold distrest
I am in sorry plight."

Sir Hurdin was a generous man
And company he liked well,
Said he, "Hurdin will do all he can
Thy discomfort to dispel.
A stranger is welcome here
And in comfort he may stay,
And be free to chase our fallow deer
Ere he goes away."

Sir Brogelwin was born through the gate,
Feeble he looked and sick,
To receive him in the hall did Hurdin wait,
And gave orders for his tender care, unwitting
of any trick.
There Brogelwin he sojourned
And ate at Hurdin's board,
Till he well the castle learned
As well as its own lord.

Sir Ruddam was Hurdin's kin,
Keen he was and shrewd,
Chief he was of Rodenbrin,
Also of Brellintrude.
And Sir Ruddam to Hurdin came—
There was strong friendship between the twain,
With Hurdin he loved to hunt the game
And both for sport were fain.

When Sir Ruddam saw
Hurdin's guest, Sir Brogelwin,
Thought he, "Of something that I know
I must inform my kin."
"Hurdin, I have seen thy guest,
Knowest thou aught of he?
Has thy castle become the Raven's nest?
Here he should not be."

To thee swift action I would bespeak,
Speed him hence from here,
Ere thou feel the Raven's beak
And bloody Corlin spear.
On this height within these walls
If thou permit him here,
Very soon thy castle falls
For he will do thee deere;
'Tis Corlin's self, in Corlin is no honor found
Nor in Corlin's kith or kin;
Nor is there a more sneaking hound
All this land within."

Said Hurdin, "Never from this hall there went
One fasting, and at night,
Not even Corlin shall be sent
Hence in such a plight
But when cometh morning light
Hence shall Corlin go,
For he loveth not open fight
He is a treacherous foe."

That night when Corlin came to Hurdin's board
He came as Sir Brogelwin,
He came without belt or sword,
Nursing his black sin,
There was on Hurdin's board
A massive silver cup,
With 'graving it was much enflored.
And Corlin took it up.

"Ha!" said he, "What rare and quaint device,
What marvelous workmanship;
I'll warrant no other such cup of price
Ever bore wine to lip."
Now, Hurdin was a man without pretense,
His reply was unstudied and swift,
"'Tis thine tomorrow when thou goest hence,
It is my parting gift."

Corlin crashed down the cup on Hurdin's head,
Crashed down with such deadly force,
So quick Hurdin's soul was sped
He reached the floor a corpse.

And Uffrak of Corlin's kind
With the treacherous blade
Stabbed Sir Ruddam from behind
And he in death was laid.

And Traffan, a creature of bloody deeds
And all devoid of shame,
Ever servant to his master's need,
He stabbed Sir Hurdin's dame.
A minute had not passed
While all this blood was spilt;
In the hall Corlin's followers gathered fast,
Each with hand on hilt.

Corlin called on Hurdin's captain, Arlan Dur,
"Quick, yield thee ere thou fall,
Yield thee now without demur,
Yield thee castle, men and all.
Yield thee and thou shall be castled knight,
Honor thou shalt have and lands
And much of gold and silver bright
I will pour into thine hands."

"I will not yield," said Arlan Dur,
"Much rather would I fall,
Than yield to any Corlin cur,
And Corlin least of all,
To Corlin we will not yield at all,
We will fight though all is lost,
Though we stand or in flaming castle fall
We'll pluck the flower of Corlin's host."

Corlin's army now was coming up
From the woods of Coe,
Captain'd they were by Urran Drupp
Who had long been Hurdin's foe,
But Hurdin's captain, Arlan Dur,
Had warning of the host,
By clank of scabbard and jingling spur
And crunching of the frost.

Quick the iron cullis falls,
Quick up went a thousand bows,
To man the castle walls
And red the beacon glows.

Up, up shot the beacon's glare,
Up went the fiery showers,
Long and loud the bugles blare
From Hurdin's highest towers.

From Hurdin to Apperlee
Swift the summons went,
From Cruddagh on to Capperclee
Was the fiery message sent.
And soon it was a thousand knights
Toward Hurdin rode,
Men all approved in bloody fights
Under warlike kings abroad.

And meeting by Hurdup vale
Each lance and furniture,
Men all clad in proved mail
And completest armature.
There the captains did agree
The force to divide,
That two armies there should be
And assail from each side.

One of these armies twain
Was captained by Wandop of Apperlee,
The other was by Lallan Dan,
A knight of good advancement he,
Corlin's troops the battlements had not won,
Though striving all through the night,
Now came up the morning sun
Setting all the field alight.

Apperlee and Lallan Dain now came on with vigor,
Rushing swift on Corlin's flanks
And with unsparing rigor
The ax on armor clanks.
Corlin from barricaded hall
Knew his troops were flying,
Had seen his best and bravest flying,
Had seen them dead and dying.

Now he turned and said, "We must haste
And that with great speed,
If caught we shall in dungeon waste
Or at avenging hand shall bleed;
I would that Hurdin and his dame were yet alive,
Also Sir Ruddam, Hurdin's kin,
With them in our hands we could contrive
The castle yet to win."

A secret way had Corlin found,
Now through this he led
Down, down deep underground,
Till he came to a river's bed.
Then plunging down into a pond
Through water, stagnant, black and cold,
Came up the castle far beyond
Where woods about a pool enfold.

Arlan Dur, Apperlee and Lallan Dain
And also many more
Strove for long in vain
To break down the strong hall door;
That door built to stand the brunt of war
Was strongly assailed,
With battering ram and pick and bar,
Long ere they prevailed.

With furious jolt and jar
They worked an hour or more,
When the last yielding bar
Tumbled to the floor.
Then were angry voices heard,
"Fiends take them, they are gone,
That black and foulsome bird,
The Corlin Raven's flown.

Search ye through hall and bower,
Search ye with diligence,
From dungeon to topmost tower,
And keep ye vigilance.
Here is Hurdin's lady dying,
Here is Hurdin dead;
Here is Sir Ruddam lying,
From coward's thrust he has bled."

Dying, Lady Hurdin told
How from the place the Corlin raven flitted
As she in death was growng cold
Told of the crimes Corlin had committed.
Corlin's flight was made with speed,
He was not overtaken,
By the fiend that urged him to the deed
He was not yet forsaken.

When ghosts of memories rise and mists of time dispel
And oblivion's veil is rent in twain,
Then perhaps I'll sometime tell
A Corlin tale again.
Not oft a Corlin tale is told
They have grown so misty and so dim,
For they are ages old
And few perhaps know of them.

They never have been writ in books
And so are never read,
But their spirits linger yet by limpid brooks
On many a watershed.
Dying is many an old time tale,
Lost is many an ancient gem,
Disappearing from hill and dale,
The novel is killing them.

ARDONELL

When Corlin in conquest sought
The lands of Carrantor,
To the field he brought
Thirty thousand men or more.
Of them he made divisions four
As seemed good to him
Each man himself proudly bore,
All full of fire and vim.

Corlin said, "To thee Uffban
The center I assign—
Do thou lead against Curdagh's clan
And assail him all along his line.
Thrulga, thou my captain Uffban's son,
Do thou take the enemy's right
But till thy father the battle has begun
Do thou keep from the enemy's sight."

"Rulfrun, thou the left will attack
And vigorously assail,
Until Curdagh is forced back
Ye surely will prevail."
And I around to his rear will reach
And will entrap him quite,
To proud Curdagh we will teach
A lesson of Corlin's might."

Uffban came on in full panoply
And heavy graith of war;
Emerging from the leafy canopy
Of woods of Carrancar,
Fiercely he charged on Curdagh's front
And so terrible was his might
That unable to stand the battle brunt,
Curdagh was yielding in the fight.

He had with him Ardonell, a noble knight
Who did to valiant deeds aspire,
To force Uffban from the fight
He crossed Morlin mire,
He assailed Uffban's left
Right valiantly and well,
Deep Uffban's flank was cleft
By the brave knight of Ardonell.

Curdagh now being pressed on either hand
Had to retire with speed,
Not now could he make stand
In hopes to succeed.
Ardonell caused the foe much dismay
When that impetuous charge he made.
He did the renowned Uffban slay
And the foe's advance he stayed.

When Curdagh, thinking he was clear
Of black Corlin's net
A sight that filled him with fear
With his roving eye there met.
Another army was coming on,
Then Curdagh's spirits sank,
"Yonder cometh troops unblown,
Right on our flank."

"'Tis Corlin," said Ardonell, "I know him by
swing of leg and arm;
I would that my spear could start
The lifeblood reeking red and warm
A draining from his heart.
Right on him I will assail
And trust to thrust of stubborn spear,
To pierce his iron mail
And do him deadly deere."

"Rash man, art thou frenzied, mad,
To try such desperate chance;
Among a thousand spears what chance be had
For one single lance?"
"I may succeed by luck, peradventure
It will delay this Corlin host,
My act is not one for censure—
It is worth the cost."

Thou mayest escape to Carrantrace
And array thine army on better ground,
I know of no better place
Can anywhere be found?"
Ardonell straightway on Corlin charged
And bore own Corlin and his steed,
Around him quick the battle surged;
His shattered spear served him not in need.

Scarce could he put hand on hilt
Ere heavy blows on his helmet fell,
That was the last tilt
Of the brave knight of Ardonell.
In Corlin's ranks was much delay,
Corlin was lifted from the ground
And to safe place was borne away,
He had not received a mortal wound.

Curdagh had got to better ground,
Protected well by ravine and cragg,
No force could him surround
About him for miles was moss and quag.
Corlin's armies attacked him oft in vain;
They were thrown back with heavy brunt,
Oft they were repulsed with many slain,
They could only attack in front.

Corlin knew that if his armies more loss sustained
His doom would soon be sealed,
Great was his danger if he remained
He abandoned then the field.
It was the lance of one brave knight—
The Knight of Ardonell,
That worsted Corlin in the fight,
'Twas not in vain he fell.

UMBERFRANDVRAN

When Corlin invaded the Umberlands
He had made great preparation,
His battle with the League of Umber clans
Is the theme of this narration.

With an immense army he marched
All glittering and bright,
The chargers' necks were proudly arched
On noble steeds valiant men sat jauntily upright.

A multitude of foot and horsemen
Were in that Corlin host,
There were Celt, Hun and Norsemen,
Men from mountain and from coast.

Bowmen with muscles tough as leathern thong,
Strong men of sturdy build,
Swiftly they moved along
Unhampered by ax or shield.

Gleaming in the sunshine,
A forest there was of spears,
Came flashing on line after line
Dense as sedge along the meres.

Strange host composed of native and foreign bands,
Their tread sets the earth atremble,
Adventurous men from many lands
In Corlin's hosts assemble.

Away they go over the rolling moor,
Like sheets of billowy flame,
With Corlin on a martial tour
For conquest and for fame.

And far over the treeless waste
Their brazen armor gleamed,
To watchers on hilltops placed
Like a river of gold it seemed.

Soon from out the moorland ghylls
Another host appears,
Deploying along the heathy hills
And armed with clubs and spears.

Little of gleam and glitter is seen
As they spread over the moorland dun,
Little they showed of flash and sheen
Glancing in the sun.

Corlin in his stirrups rose
That he might further see,
And cried, "Yonder are our foes,
Short will the battle be."

Then he said, "Bold bowmen behold the foe,
'Tis time your bows were bent.
On, and speedily lay them low
By deadly arrows sent!

And ye, my gallant horsemen,
Whether ye be Celt or Hun,
Be ye Ibberie or be ye Norsemen,
With ax and sword lay on.

Now, spearmen, ye of Guntran,
Thrust ye strong and deep,
Drive back the Umberfrandvran
As ye onward sweep."

A swift onrush in mad career,
    There comes the battle shock,
The bite of arrow, of ax and sword and spear,
    The foes in wild tumult lock.

The thud of weapons on the targe,
    The slithering slash of steel,
The Umberfrandvran withstand the charge,
    Corlin's lines backward reel.

And forced they were to give way
    No matter how valiantly they wrought,
Their utmost efforts could not stay
    The force against them brought.

Corlin strove to rally them
    And to greater effort urged,
That hostile wave to stem
    Which hard upon them surged.

"My chivalry, ye men of fame,
    Go on and bear the gree,
Will my noble knights take shame
    From ragged rabblerie?

All ye who own Corlin lord,
    Rally at Corlin's call,
Ply ye ax and lance and sword,
    Charge ye, one and all.

My noble captain, Brundbran,
    Charge with all the horse,
Ride down the Umberfrandvran
    Like their native gorse.

And ye, my gallant bowmen,
    Do ye to Corlin hark,
Aim ye well at the foemen,
    And shoot ye to the mark.

Spearmen, ye of Guntran,
    Thrust ye hard and fast,
Press on the Umberfrandvran,
    Their resistance cannot last."

Celt, Hun and Norsemen
Rallied at Corlin's call,
And many a gallant horseman
Took his final fall.

The bowmen shot with speed
And were shooting to the mark,
Many fell down to bleed,
And many were lying stark.

The lengthy spears of Guntran
Were dripping red with blood,
But still the Umberfrandvran
In stubborn battle stood.

And now very hard they press
On Corlin's wavering van.
The long strain brought distress
To many a Corlin man.

But Corlin cried, "Ye must not slack
With Corlin's fame at stake,
On, gallant warriors, turn not back
But greater effort make."

The Umberfrandvran still pressed on,
The vigor of Corlin's troops was spent,
With their vim and vigor gone
Their lines soon were rent.

Very great was Corlin's ire
When he saw his lines were broken,
And his troops began to retire,
Then bitter words were spoken.

He flung on them many a curse
And many a taunt and jeer;
"Our meed could not have been worse
Had I brought but children here.

Turn ye about and face the foe,
With ax and sword lay on,
And deal ye them blow on blow
Till all of them are gone.

On, on, the combat do not slack,
For ye are mailed men,
On, on, till that rabble is driven back
To their moorland den.

Ye spearmen and ye bowmen,
Are ye faint with fear?
Ye act like clumsy plowmen
Goading a lazy steer.

Let your arrows fly in flocks—
Follow them as they go,
Have no fear of taking knocks
From a half armed foe.

Again on the foe they dash
Like ocean on a wave-smit rock,
Like waves they heave and surge and splash
But the Umberfrandvran stand the shock.

Ere the fury of the charge was spent
From rearing and plunging horse,
Many a bleeding warrior went
Down to the trampled gorse.

The bowmen shot well and fast
But it was of little avail,
The Umberfrandvran weather the blast
Of the battle's deadly gale.

The gory spears of Guntran
Thrust hard and deep,
But still the Umberfrandvran
Unbroken front they keep.

Charged well the horse of Brundbran
And ax and sword laid on,
But by the Umberfrandvran
Were the battle trophies won.

The noble captain Brundbran
Fell fighting where he stood,
And many a noted man
Lay weltering in his blood.

Now Corlin was in great dismay
As his troops began to yield,
But still fighting on their backward way
They sullenly left the field.

The Umberfrandvran eager to complete the rout
And end the campaign,
Sought to encompass them about
And renew the battle again.

But so great their loss had been
Their force was so diminished,
That by their chiefs it was seen
It could not thus be finished.

But by pressing hard upon his rear
And skirmishing day and night
They could much the enemy wear
And hurry him in his flight.

Corlin rode among his men,
Cursing he was and wrathy,
Terrible he was to look on then—
His mouth was red and frothy.

"What! can ye not make a stand
And this rabble hold at bay?
We will be shamed throughout the land
If we lose this day."

"Sire, it were better thou make haste
Unto thine own domain,
To raise what men thou may'st
And with speed return again.

Meanwhile we will fight the backward fight,
Lest we be hemmed in hostile ring,
But do thou hasten day and night
And succor to us bring."

Corlin on his errand went,
He knew there was urgent need,
He was on vengeance bent
So he made great speed.

It was not long ere he came back
With a numerous motley throng,
But much provisions he did lack
To make him safe and strong.

His force was but half equipped
Herders of swine and cattle,
He felt like a bird whose wings are clipped—
He was unprepared for battle.

Not strong enough to make a fight
He must do something clever,
Reluctant to take to flight
So risky the endeavor.

Yet his return gave respite
To his army that had been contending,
With the Umberfrandvran day and night
In battle that seemed unending.

Corlin said, "The army I will divide,
One part I will send among the hills
Where they can in secret hide,
Secure among the ghylls.

One part after short battle will retreat
And after it the enemy will draw,
Luring them on to defeat
And final overthrow.

From out the hills our ambush men
On their rear will come,
The battle worn Umberfrandvran then
Will surely meet their doom.

I think this is a well conceived plan
That will victor make us,
Let the enemy think he can
And he will surely try to take us."

A captain said, "Such plan I would not try
For the enemy will surely see,
Be the ground wet or dry
There some tracks must be."

Then another captain said,
"I doubt if the plan will work so well
If on the other part assault first be made
The result needs no prophet to tell.

But rather send our enemy kindly word
That thou admirest a valiant foe,
Their courage has in thee noble feelings stirred,
And mercy thou wilt show.

Offer them honors and high position, too,
If their arms they will lay down,
This a noble king well may do
And fail not in renown."

Corlin could sometimes take advice
And act as if the idea his own had been,
So it was with message nice
A herald was sent the hosts between.

"If your arms ye will lay down
And proclaim me king
Ye shall have honors and high renown
Within my knightly ring."

The Umberfrandvran long in council sate
To consider the matter well,
But after long debate
What had best be done they could not tell.

If the war should continue long
There would be famine too,
In numbers Corlin seemed more strong,
Now what was best to do?

Then up spoke Tharranbrod,
An old man tall and gaunt,
On many a field he had trod,
No danger his heart could daunt.

"I will to Corlin go
To see what terms may be had,
To him we must show
Our plight is not so bad.

Of this Corlin I have heard
His throne is not so secure,
But in his mind may doubts be stirred
And he will feel less sure."

Before Corlin soon he stood
And his mission he made known,
On what conditions they would
Acknowledge Corlin's throne.

"Corlin, wilt thou acknowledge our chiefs
If they accept thee king,
And guarantee our rightful fiefs
Among our native ling?

And that we shall equal stand
With others of thy realm,
Dost swear this with thine hand
Upraised above thine helm?

Then with thee we shall unite
And support thy throne,
Increasing thee in strength and might
Till thou beyond all kings hast grown.

This to thee will thy great ambition bring
And extend thy realm from sea to sea,
The land with thy renown shall ring,
No king so great as thee."

"Now what is this," Corlin cried,
"Dictate ye terms to me?
Now tell me what would betide
If I do not agree."

"Then with thy noble captain Brundbran
And those gallant horsemen whom we put to rout,
And the shattered spears of Guntran
We will fight it out.

And the army thou hast hidden
Lurking among the hills,
They shall be well chidden,
Hunger sometimes kills."

"With hostile force behind thee
Are thy prospects sweet,
And noble Corlin, mind thee,
Winter and hunger are hard to beat.

There may be much of turmoil
Within thy own domain,
And thou mayest find it heavy toil
To control the clans again."

"'Tis bravely spoken," Corlin cried,
"It shall be as ye desire,
To be your king fills my heart with pride,
Brave men I ever admire.

But in his mind were different thoughts
Which for the time he bides,
And mutters, "I'd slay them like moorland goats
And tan their lousy hides."

It was not such conquest as Corlin loved,
He loved to impose terms of his own,
Yet it his greatest triumph proved
And added most to his renown.

When Tharranbrod returned and told
How peace had been obtained,
How much of their freedom had been sold
And all that Corlin gained.

They answered, "Tharranbrod, thou hast done well,
The terms might have been much harder,
Winter warring is most fell
With an empty larder.

We have got an overlord
But we our rights retain,
As thou hast pledged our word
So shall it remain.

A king may be a needless thing
But kings they sometimes die
So to hope we will cling
And wait until the storm is by.

Nothing on earth endures
    But only for a time,
Time brings ills, time brings cures—
    Ever goes time and tide ever comes tide and time.

But so long as Corlin lives
    And to his pledge shall hold,
We have but the choice that honor gives,
    To stay within his fold."

BRONE

The time when Corlin was a king
    And sat mighty on his throne
He did much disquiet bring
    Unto the men of Brone.

Corlin, he had plans
    To increase the bounds of his domain,
And subdue the independent clans
    That regarded him with disdain.

For he regarded with bitter hate
    And as a vile unholy thing,
A menace unto his state
    Those clans without a king.

So he sent unto the clans of Brone
    A messenger austere,
Bidding them swear allegiance to his throne
    Or suffer penalty severe.

"For if ye hinder the raven's flight
    Across the hills of Brone,
Then shall ye feel the dreadful might
    That sits on Corlin's throne."

Then the chiefs of Brone
    Together council took,
Should they become vassals of a throne,
    Such insult should they brook?

Borlin's chief, old Morgant,
Was the first to speak,
"Ye know of this new Corlin want,
Will ye give him what he seek?"

"The raven is so greedy grown
Will ye grant him his desire,
Will ye yield up the hills of Brone
And see your freedom expire?"

I swear by the mane of my steed, Black Orlon,
And by my blade and spear,
That for the raven of Corlin
No roosting place is here."

Then spoke the chief of Brud,
"To that I will agree,
In these hills a king has never trod,
These clans were always free.

We must do as our fathers did
When ambitious kings came by,
We must our best for freedom bid,
And stand to do or die."

And spoke the chief of Bren,
"For what we hold so dear,
We our blood must drain
To keep Corlin's brood from here.

And quickly we must act,
And all the clansmen call,
Then we must swear a solemn pact,
Together stand or fall.

Everyone who can a weapon wield
Must muster the foe to bar,
We must be ready in the field
Ere Corlin moves in war."

Just then a mesenger came in haste,
"Oh, chiefs, you are betrayed,
A mighty army in the hills has Corlin placed
For battle all arrayed.

Last night by banks of Carratrang
And hill of Crellenpen,
All the night the high cliffs rang
To the tread of armed men."

A strong position Corlin had taken
On hills high and steep,
Nor could his hold be easily shaken,
His position was easy to defend and keep.

Steep and rocky the sides Crellenpen,
And so was Carnicoe,
It was a fearful task for men
Attacking from below.

There was a valley lay between
That widened a mile or more,
Flashing waters could be seen,
The Carnonock downward bore.

The valley ends in a narrow gorge
That opens to a level plain,
The waters outward seethe and surge,
Then flow smoothly on again.

Creeping slowly and lazily
They bend and turn again,
The stream twisting, winding meandering mazily,
Its way across the plain.

At the gorge Corlin said, "Build here a dam
And make for me a lake,
For nobler fish never swam
Than I will from its waters take.

And to hold back the men of Brone
Till it be filled to the brim,
Gather ye hag and aged crone
And men of visage grim.

Strip ye them of their attire
And give them lug and horn,
Paint them in hues of blood and fire,
Such as might fiends of hell adorn.

See that they are painted and bedizened well
As hillmen never saw,
That they may look like fiends of hell
To our mountain foe.

And by single combat make delay
Or by any other ruse,
Do the day of battle stay
Until the waters we can use."

The chiefs of Bren, of Brud and Borlin
Were in great dismay,
When they learned the armies of Corlin
Within their borders lay.

In haste the clansmen gather
Quick mustering was begun,
There came the grey old father
With the stripling son.

Youths of hot and fiery blood
Mingled with men of riper years,
And flower of manhood side by side there stood
Among their glinting spears.

And all for battle well bedight
Full of courage and high resolve,
Ready and eager for the fight
Or duty that might devolve.

And the chiefs did much planning
Of how it were best to assail,
And learn the chance of outmanning
And how they might prevail.

Along the mountain front
Where ground was rough and steep,
They could not stand the dreadful brunt
That would meet their upward sweep.

But at the point where on the plain the hills abut
If they could win the gorge
And enter the vale with horse and foot,
They then the foe could scourge.

For from the vale rose gentler slopes
Where horsemen well could ride,
And there rested the clansmen's hopes
To break the invader's pride.

The clansmen move along the mountain's base
Where a crooked valley twines,
Seeking to win a place
Within the enemy's lines.

They halted, scarce two bowshots they stay,
From the masses of Corlin men
Who barred their further way
By knoll and ridge and glen.

There were bowmen where every cliff uprears
To repel assailing ranks,
And dense were the groves of spears
That bristled the river banks.

On hillsides boulders were piled ready to roll,
Down on the approaching foe,
Bowmen crowned every knoll—
There were horse and foot below.

Out upon an open space
There rushed an uncouth crowd
Of grotesque form and hideous face,
Acting raucously and rowd.

There hideous hag and crone
Whirled in impish dance,
Before the astonished men of Brone,
Like demons they leap and prance.

As they plunged and swirled,
As they howled and squalled,
And as they turned and whirled
The clansmen stood appalled.

Great grew the clansmen's fears
As the wild dance it swings,
And they noted horns and ears
And huge bat-like wings.

"Heaven help," cried old Morgant,
"What phantoms do I see,
What power will cause them to avaunt
If they of hell should be.

Toraglan, thou art deemed wise,
And oft good counsel thou hast given to me,
I pray thee now advise
What our course should be."

Toraglan said, "Send for old Trogmarth, the priest,
And that with great speed,
Lest our danger be increast,
For we are in urgent need.

If these men at our backs
Be in as much of fear as I,
When an army courage lacks,
From it will victory fly.

Methinks 'tis the deed of Trogarn, the charmer,
Morbrekin's wizard son,
And not here by arms and armor
May victory be won."

In haste for the priest they sent
And quickly he came,
Though now he was old and bent
He had won martial fame.

The priest had been a leader of warriors,
A man of doughty deeds,
For him religion held no barriers
In doctrines or of creeds.

Yet the old man of priestly craft
Had learned just enough
That he could either work a graft
Or put up a bluff.

Of his priestly power he was proud,
Though his priestly power was slim,
But the dancing of that impish crowd
Never daunted him.

Said he, "Not by art of sorcerer or charmer
Shall prevail beneath the sun,
'Tis with arms and armor
That battles should be won.

I could not exorcise or cause avaunt
These fiends from Satan's den,
By priestly prayer or chaunt,
Unless ye were sinless men.

But I will change them to bone, blood and flesh
That ye may have mortal's chance
Let mounted men that crowd enmesh
And use ye sword and lance.

Go, deal to them deadly blows,
And as your weapons swing,
Ye will find they are but mortal foes
And chattels of a king.

Not by pattering prayer or sprinkling holy water
Can ye this invasion stem,
Today shall rule the powers of slaughter,
Go on, and slay ye them."

Onward, then, the clansmen pressed,
With savage thrust and slash,
Till every naked painted breast
Had received a mortal gash.

Then to a warrior Corlin said, "Stay them yet awhile,
Either by word or thrust of lance,
That on our rank and file
They may not yet advance.

Soon will come the fall of night
And our fires will be lit.
Peradventure they will not attack till morning light
When we shall be well fit."

Out between the armies a warrior rode,
Most brilliantly and wonderfully arrayed,
With jewels flashed the steed he bestrode,
As if on holiday parade.

His apparel gorgeous in colors showed
And was most gaily and daintily bedone,
Horse and rider in splendor glowed
In the light of evening sun.

"What now," Toraglan cried,
"Such splendor dazzles mine eye,
Never thus saw I a warrior ride
Where men strive and bleed and die."

Uffragan spoke, "Tis Brodenbrulf,
At Corlin's court a man of high degree,
'Twas he who slew the Weirden Wolf,
That roamed Carullycree.

The sight of him my arm hath nerved,
He hath done despite to me
We together with Barallan served
In wars of Bannabee.

If for battle he advance
The combat falls to me,
I carry a sharp and grounden lance
To meet with such as he."

"Nay," Toraglan said, "If for battle he hath come,
Then he his choice will name
And here will be a chance that some
May win him death or fame."

"Ho! come forth, Uffragan Bryne,
And break a spear with me,
I have heard than wood that grows on Tarrantryne
None may better be."

"I am here," quoth Uffragan Bryne,
"What would'st thou have of me?
The wood that grows on Tarrantryne
May be too tough for thee."

"Tush, thou vain conceited fool,
What! darest thou try a bout with me?
Thou wert fitter far with villeins tool
Than weapon of chivalry.

That thou art eager for the fray
I cannot well believe,
I have heard thou art often wont to stray
On the battle eve."

"Brodenbrulf, I will thee slay,
For death then get thee ready,
Thy last combat is today,
Then see thy arm be steady."

"What, Uffragan, think'st thy flabby arm can slay?
Thou art but a mass of jelly,
Thou can'st not a weapon sway—
Thy back is but another belly."

Uffragan swore an angry oath,
Red glared his bloodshot eye,
Spectators knew that one or both
Would in the combat die.

With harsh and rasping voice
He spoke in uncouth tongue,
It seemed but a choking noise,
So deep and guttural it rung.

It was a language his nurse had used,
Language inelegant, but strong,
He relapsed to it when his ire was roused
And smarting under wrong.

"Tha slennan slee ug na sleogh,
Dha tean cean cenna ceag,
Dhoilna cruadh eil na cheogh,
Ehrinnen nuadhna tuan feag."

Brodenbrulf replied, "Understand thee I scarcely can,
But I would answer soon
If thou used the tongue of man
Instead of wild baboon."

Uffragan cried, "Thou shalt be slain ill spoken foe,
And thy carcass hung upon a tree,
On thee the carrion crow and daw
Shall have good feasting free."

Then each set his spear for battle test
And each one spurred his steed,
Each aimed at the other's breast,
Together they came with speed.

It was so the battle chanced
That Brodenbrulf spear should miss,
From Uffragan's shield it glanced
With screeching spiteful hiss.

Uffragan's lance pierced his enemy's breast
And reached six hand breadths out behind,
Brodenbrulf hung with drooping crest
His arms about the weapon twined.

Uffragan said, "In Corlin's sight I'll hold thee up,
Perhaps he will give thee help,
Now shalt thou drink the bitter cup
And die, thou Corlin whelp."

While these two in combat met
And Brodenbrulf was slain,
At this time the sun had set
And light begun to wane.

Then Corlin's fires were lit
And the hills were flooded with light,
Here and there dusky forms flit
To feed the fires at night.

For a bowshot wide a space was clear
Along the Corlin line,
Any who dared approach them near
He his life would tine.

For numbers of bowmen lurk
In shadows that lay rocks and trees between,
Who could do their deadly work
And yet remain unseen.

The clansmen thought it not wise to attack them then,
In the treacherous shades of night,
And hosts of hidden ambush men
So unequal would be the fight,

But at the morning light
Early they were astir,
And then in sudden flight
The deadly arrows whirr.

The tumult of battle then began
And closely they engaged
Determined and man to man
Long the conflict waged.

And rough and rude the blasts of stones
Came hurtling down each hill,
And knocked men down with broken bones
And many a man they kill.

The day coming to a close
No advance had yet been made,
The clansmen could not dislodge their foes,
Though hard they assayed.

Still to the hills the enemy clung,
Still they held the river banks,
No matter where the clansmen's force was flung,
They could not pierce those iron ranks.

"Not here," said Borlin's chief,
"Can we any advantage gain,
Here if we persist, we come to grief,
And our force be slain.

His flank we must get around
And on his rear must fall,
We must assail from other ground
If we win at all.

But now the men must rest
For very much they are worn,
But we must be over the mountain's crest
Ere light comes in the morn."

Said Toraglan, "'Tis shorter by the lower way,
And we will make more speed,
To make haste ere break of day,
'Tis level road we need."

Morgant said, "I would not have Corlin see us go,
Or he on our flank will fall,
I know Corlin is a wily foe,
And I would him forestall.

Now, Uffragan, what dost thou opine?
What way shall we take?
Think well, for word of thine
Shall our decision make."

"If Corlin's army should on us fall
And we must make a stand,
I think 'tis well and fair for all
To fight on level land.

And we can see just as well
What he intends to do,
As by creeping by glen and dell
These tumbled mountains through."

Darkness hung over them like a pall
When the clansmen silently began their march,
And drizzling rain began to fall
From Heaven's lowering arch.

There was no wind, the rain dripped softly down,
There was no noise pattering drops, it scarcely
made a sound.
Fog enveloped each like a gown
And blanketed them around.

But through the heavy darkness
There were watchful eyes astrain,
To pierce the misty murkness
Of the shrouding rain.

The plowed lands of the valley were soft with rain
And the fields were deep in mire,
Plodding through fields of sodden grain
They soon began to tire.

And they had made but little way
So heavy was the going,
When the night came near today
And the dawn was showing.

On a hill Corlin took his stand,
And grim was his smile,
Then lifting up his hand
Said to his captains "Wait a while."

Then he watched his foes
With a greedy gloating eye,
Like a cat with mouse beneath its claws,
That is doomed to die.

Waiting until the time should come
To deal his deadly stroke,
And let down the flood of doom
Then would his dam be broke.

Then cried Corlin from his height,
"Now, break the dam and let the water down,
And very soon in sorry plight
Will our foes be plown."

Through the gorge the water gushed
And tumbled out amain,
High the muddy torrent rushed
Far out upon the plain.

Huge and gigantic was the wave
That swept over the clansmen host,
Ah! where was the power to save—
They were surely lost.

Some their armor doffed,
With all the haste they might,
While Corlin troopers jeered and scoffed,
And mocked in huge delight.

Old Morgant on Black Orlon rode
But quickly they went down,
Over them the water flowed
That so muddy was and brown.

They were carried far down the stream,
But Black Orlon he was strong,
Morgan heard many a dying scream
As they were swept along.

At length they reach higher ground,
Morgant was sorely spent,
That he was not drowned
His thanks to heaven he sent.

Then said, "Not here with arms and armor
May there be glory won,
By the deed of Old Trogarn the charmer
We are all undone."

Corlin troopers were riding about
Along the water side,
Slaying those who struggled out
As the waters now subside.

Morgant mounted on Black Orlon
And rode across the land,
With many a curse on Corlin,
Till he reached the ocean sand.

Corlin's men were following fast,
But Black Orlon had great speed,
And Morgant to safety was borne at last
By his gallant steed.

For within a sheltered bay
And very near the beach,
He saw there a vessel lay
And speedily within his reach.

He embarked with Black Orlon
And he sailed away,
Not many escaped the clutch of Corlin
To tell of that day.

Of Bren, of Brud and Borlin,
The dead afar were strown,
And the banners of Corlin
Waved over the hills of Brone.

RONDALIN

When Corlin rested from his wars
And sought the pleasures of peace,
There is one thing his happiness mars
And prevents his joys increase.

In his mind a thought there came
That troublesome oft had been,
He a king of great power and fame
Was a king without a queen.

So to his courtiers he made known
What was in his mind,
Was there among them any one
Who for him a fitting mate could find?

One to sit with him upon his throne
And when to them children came
There should be a son who when to manhood grown
Would perpetuate his name.

Who would succeed to his domain
And keep it all intact,
And maybe other lands and honors gain
And suitable laws enact.

There were mentioned many names
At home and over the seas,
Of highborn and wealthy dames—
But they failed to please.

Corlin said, "I will have none such,
Are there none who better favored be,
For I like not overly much
Such plainness in a wife to see."

"Then sire," Croglinnan said,
"May it be pleasing unto thee,
I know of a well-favored maid
Such as men seldom see.

"She is the Lady Rondalin,
So matchless is she of form and face,
That she Beauty's prize would win
In any crowd or place."

Said Corlin, "This maid I must see
If such beauty she possesses,
Then a fitting mate is she
For our kingly caresses.

Daughter is she of Cumdavock's lord
Who dwells beyond the bounds of our domain,
Make haste to send him word—
We journey thither with all our train.

To see her we will speedily start
On our way to Cumdavock,
Already with my heart
She has made great havoc."

He started for Cumdavock tower
As eager as a boy,
Thinking on arrival at the lady's bower
What words to employ.

But he must journey on through many days
Through lands where reaving clansmen roam,
Through hard and dangerous ways
To reach her father's home.

A messenger had been duly sent
To apprise Cumdavock's lord,
Who straightway to his daughter went
To find if she'd accord.

"My daughter, Corlin is on his way
To woo thee for his queen,
'Twill not be safe to say him nay,
Right dangerous it would be, I ween.

He is a king of great power and strength
And heavy is his hand,
His arm is of great length
And reaches far throughout the land.

Now, daughter, what wilt thou do,
With this suitor who comes to thee?
'Tis seldom kings come to woo
A maid of thy degree."

She answered, "Corlin I will not wed,
He is so steeped in sin,
Though he wears a golden crown on his head,
He is no mate for Rondalin.

I know a brave and noble man
Who hath won the golden spur,
Kin he is of Hurdin clan,
His name is Arlan Dur.

He is a noble and gallant knight,
And feats of arms has done,
Comely he is to my sight
And he renown hath won.

Together we pledged our troth last night—
Not now in fickleness will I begin
On a noble man to put a slight—
He weds with Rondalin."

"But daughter, Corlin is an avengeful king,
If he think that we his offer scorn,
It will much trouble to us bring
With war the country will be torn.

For less he has driven people from their homes
And numbers have been slain,
Now think thee well ere Corlin comes
And answer so that in anger he comes not again."

"I will answer so that in peace he go
Nor will he soon return,
And no unfriendlines will he show
Nor suspect that we his offer spurn.

Leave all to me, my father dear,
It will be better far,
I will answer that when Corlin goes from here
He comes not back in war.

And father, that thou may not spoil my plans
It were better thou be not here.
Go thou, journeying among the clans,
Or else to hunt the deer.

But I think it were better for thee to herd the goats
By the hill of Cumdragon
When Corlin goes 'tis in my thoughts
To meet thee by the wood of Ochnastragan.

Which I will do when he hath gone
And all of danger is past,
Leave this matter to me alone,
If faith in me thou hast."

"Now, daughter, it shall be as thou sayest,
To manage well I think thou art most fit,
And well I hope thou mayest
I trust thy woman's wit."

He to the hill of Cumdragon went,
Though he was puzzled sore,
As to his daughter and her intent,
But for the time all questioning he forebore.

Rondalin for her maidens sent
That to them her plans she might unfold,
She made known to them her intent
And promised them much gold.

"But this I know you will do for love of me,
And the welfare of the clans,
For they will be brought in great jeopardie
Through failure of my plans."

Rondalin, namesake thou of mine
On thee I must rely,
For skill and wit of thine
To tide us safely by.

Corlin thou must receive and entertain
As daughter of Cumdavock's lord,
While he and retinue here remain
With the best we may afford.

And smile on him with thy sweetest smiles,
Warm welcome let his be,
And do thou use thy subtlest wiles
To draw his thoughts to thee.

Do thou seem so very keen
That the less may be his desire,
Corlin seeks not so much for a queen
As means to quench his lustful fire.

I from his sight will keep
And of me ye must not speak,
That we may not have cause to weep
Or feel the raven's beak.

Tell him thy father has gone to hunt the deer,
The fattest that may be found,
That Corlin at our board may have good cheer
And viands shall abound"

When Corlin to Cumdavock came
Such welcome he received
As befitted his royal name
And fame he had achieved.

Rondalin, the maid with kindly smile
Was ready to welcome him,
Offering to him the while
A cup filled to the brim.

"Drink, noble king, to the castle's lord,
Today he hunts the fattest deer
That Corlin may fare well at our board
While he sojourneth here."

Right royally did Corlin dine,
So regal was the board,
So plentiful, so excellent was the wine
As royal house might afford.

Corlin and his knights of chivalry
After the banquet drank fast and deep,
And spent the night in revelry
While the maidens were asleep.

"What thinkest thou of the Lady Rondalin?"
Asked a courtier libertine,
"Will she thy royal favor win,
To perpetuate thy line?"

Corlin replied, "Croglinnan must have been blind
And his judgment all askew,
To send us here a wife to find,
A homelier face I never knew.

He hath sent us on a journey vain,
Yea! on a fruitless chase,
Never saw I a woman half so plain
Ah! I shall dream of that face.

Yet she is of queenly shape
And full of supple grace,
Ah! if her body she'd undrape
And cover up her face.

Then perchance I could take her in my embrace,
For the lady hath a charm,
If I could but forget her face,
To her my blood would warm.

That fool hath sent us hither
From pleasures we could have well enjoyed,
Now may his body wither
That we've been so annoyed.

Tomorrow we will return
Croglinnan shall hear of this,
I'll warrant that his ears will burn
Though not with words of bliss."

When Rondalin heard of their intent
She begged of them to stay,
"What, my lords, can ye not rest content
To bide another day?

My father has not yet come back,
I fear he hath been waylaid,
Are your rules of chivalry so slack
As to leave an unprotected maid?

Forth with you I will ride
If you care to join the chase,
There are steeds and hounds well tried,
Each well suited in its place."

Thought Corlin, "This silly maid is so vain
As to think I will succumb to her charms,
No woman with face so plain
Could I take in my arms.

I know she fain would have us stay
For such is her vanity, I ween,
I know ambition can a woman sway,
She desires to be Corlin's queen."

But he answered, "Sweet lady, seek not our delay,
For events have transpired,
That urge us to be on our way,
At home our presence is required.

As mark of our respect take this gemmed golden chain,
There be no gems so bright as thine own sparkling eyes,
But fair lady seek not us longer to detain
We must haste where our own rallan flies.

To thy father we will convey
Word of our intent,
Not now may we delay
When weighty affairs doth our mind torment."

The Lady Rondalin had planned so well
And thought of each possible event,
But tricks of fate a human can't foretell
Her plans went a little bit asclent.

Of curiosity she had a woman's share,
From turret window she watched with careful eye
The courtyard and crowds gathering there
Where Corlin's pennons fly.

Hither and thither men hurrying go,
Champing and pawing steeds make noisy din,
When Corlin glancing upward saw
The face of the Lady Rondalin.

In haste he went to the turret stair,
His journey all forgot,
The sight of that face so beautiful, so fair,
Sent his heart's blood surging hot.

Soon they stood face to face,
Lady Rondalin was in great confusion,
So surprised to see Corlin in that place,
So unexpected was the intrusion.

"Art thou the Lady Rondalin,
The fair Lady of Cumdavock?
Art thou of the noble kin
And lineage of Cumgavock?"

She looked on him with startled eyes,
Great was her agitation,
What plan could she now devise?
Short was the time for cogitation.

She answered, "My name is Rondalin,
I serve the Lady of Cumdavock,
And I may be of noble kin,
My father is named Cumgavock.

Sometimes he is by Cullincotes,
Sometimes by vale of Travock,
My father herds the goats
For the Lord of Cumdavock."

"What! a goatherd's daughter, thou,
Nay, do not tell me so,
Never had'st thou that face, those eyes, that brow,
From one so mean and low."

"But, Sir Knight, that which is proud and high
In what is humble and lowly may begin,
And the goatherd you pass scornful by,
May be your distant kin."

"Now in truth that is well said
The goatherd's kin I would be proud to own,
Who hath a daughter like thee fair maid,
Thou are worthy to share my crown.

I would give half my land
To take thee in my arms,
And I would tine my right hand
To embrace thy charms.

Yea! I would deck thee braw
In silks and jewels fine,
And I would be thy slave, I trow,
For one sweet kiss of thine."

"Now, fie! Sir Knight, cease thy sport,
And do not jest with me,
But to my mistress pay thy court,
She is of high degree."

"Nay, thy mistress is good of heart,
With many sweet graces she is endowed,
But she'll not make the warm blood leaping start,
Or stir the heart to beating fast and loud.

But thou would'st stir the frozen flood
To its internal deep,
And quicken the sluggard blood
Till it boil and leap.

But make thee ready now in haste
That we may soon be gone,
The precious moments do not waste,
For we must journey on.

Nay, lady fair, deny me not,
My heart thou hast stolen,
Thou hast set my blood seething hot
With fire than can't be tholen."

"Sir Knight, I must say thee nay,
Such act would bring us woe,
I cannot go with thee this day,
And leave my mistress so."

"Nay, but it shall be so,
Or else with fire and sword,
I will speedily work great woe
For Cumdavock's tottering lord."

"But, Sir, there is a very able knight
Who rides on Trinnock side,
If we should happen in his sight
I fear that he would chide."

"I have with me many able knights
Who have striven well in rivalry,
And proved themselves in many fights
Best of my chivalry.

And think'st thou that one lone knight
Our onward way could bar?
He must indeed be man of might
To match a king in war."

"But if thou were challenged by one lone knight
Could'st thou the boon deny?
If thou did'st decline the fight
With whom would honor lie?"

"Nay, it is not for royal hand
To hold lance 'gainst errant knight,
When any lord of my band
Could meet him in the fight.

And before there is a call
To set my lance in rest,
He must overthrow them all
And prove himself the best."

"Now, tell me in very truth,
Art thou indeed a king,
I betook thee for some gay youth
Of vain imagining."

"Fair Lady," said he, "'Tis not my youth
That will bring reproach to me,
Though I would it were forsooth
That such the case might be.

It was the search for a mate
That did me hither bring,
For the welfare of our state
For I am indeed a king.

Of me maybe thou hast heard,
Corlin is my name,
I knew not thou had'st no word
Of me, or why I came."

"What! art thou really Corlin," she said,
"That king of far known fame,
Who for himself a kingdom made,
And gave to it his name?"

"Lady, it was my father's name before 'twas mine,
And a place long the name has borne,
Held by lords of our line
Since first the raven plume was worn.

When it was told at our court
That we desired a queen,
Old Croglinnan, a gossipy sort,
Said, 'Lady Rondalin is the most beautiful ever seen.'

Croglinnan must have been mistaken,
Though how I do not understand,
For if anything his interest doth awaken,
He seeks information on every hand."

"O King, there came here a noble from thy court
When we maids played at make-believe,
Which we sometimes do for fun and sport,
Without thought to deceive.

And our lady being away,
As hostess then I played,
So did the other maidens play
While here this noble stayed."

"Ah! now to me it is plain
How Croglinnan's mistake came about,
When so fair a lady did entertain
That it was the Lady Rondalin he did not doubt.

But make thee ready for the road,
That we may soon be moving,
By nightfall we will be far abroad,
We will spend the night in loving."

"Nay, gracious king, it must not be,
In truth I really dare not,
For there await for thee and me
Perils of which thou 'ware not.

For there is a spectre who rides
All clad in dreely grey,
And he claims among his brides
Those maids who go astray.

There never was man who could fight
And vanquish one so grim,
For he practices some eldritch sleight
On those who strive with him."

"Now, that is but an old wife's tale,
Told to frighten silly maid,
But with a man it is of no avail
Men are not so easily gainsaid."

"I will not go with thee today
And leave my mistress so,
Yet tomorrow I journey may
When there be few that know.

Tomorrow my father herds the goats,
On the hill of Cumdragon,
And I visit him by the upland cotes,
Above the woods of Ochnastragan."

"Then to thy mistress I must tell some tale
As reason for our delay,
At the thought I almost quail
Yet something I must say."

The supposed Lady Rondalin he sought
To tell of his change of plan,
Of a fine excuse he had thought,
He pretended to be a sickened man.

"Ah, Lady Rondalin, apology I make,
We cannot journey as was our intent,
I suffer so much of pain and ache,
My body is in torment."

"Noble king be this as your home,
Have all the comfort that you may,
Not often here a royal guest hath come,
Right welcome are you to stay."

Next morning Corlin's journey began,
He was early on the way,
And was a very impatient man
He started ere break of day.

For him, the Lady Rondalin
In patience did await,
With a knight of noble kin,
A mile outside the gate.

It was the faithful knight who spoke
"Behold, yonder they come,
I will meet thee this day by Turquil's oak
And thence escort thee home.

"But now 'twere better I be not seen,
By any Corlin eye,
So I will hie me where green woods screen
Till they be passed by."

Rondalin had made her plans
And made them with great skill,
That to the kindred clans
There should come no ill.

Corlin was a happy man that day
He was in pleasant mood,
And many a merry roundelay
Went ringing through the wood.

As by Turquil's oak they turned
An uncouth rider came
His glowing eyes they burned
With slumberous sullen flame.

He was very tall and gaunt,
His steed was gaunt and long,
What could such dismal creature want,
That gay cavalcade among?

Sombre hued was his mail
Over him hung a mantle grey,
That seemed to have weathered many a gale,
Its edges were much afray.

At Corlin's right hand he rode,
But never spoke a word,
As his boney steed onward strode,
There clanked a rusty sword.

In silence mile after mile
The grim rider rode,
Every voice was hush'd the while,
None knew what might forbode.

When Corlin could no longer stand the strain
Then the silence broke,
He tightly gripped hs bridle rein
And to that grim rider spoke.

"Who art thou so like a spectre grey,
Who unbidden rides by me,
Thine every motion doth betray
Thou art of Elderie.

That gaunt and lengthy form
Might that of Serpent be,
Thine eyes glow like the glinny worm,
Unfriendly thou art, I see."

Then the Spectre did his visor lift
And his face he bared,
And through the open rift
Two eyeless sockets stared.

Then he raised aloft
An arm long and thin,
And he his helmet doft,
And he showed a skull without a skin.

Then answered, "I am he who rides
After maids who go in sin,
And I shall claim among my brides
The fairest Rondalin.

Tomorrow thou and I will fight
And one shall gory lie,
To be food for crow and kite.
But they will pass me by.

And the prize that I shall win,
The fairest in thine eye,
With the Lady Rondalin
Away then I shall hie."

"I will not fight thee, eldritch knight,
No honor could I gain,
Against thy eldritch sleight
All valor would be vain."

"Corlin, before all thy knights
Thou wilt fight with me,
Thou never can endure such slights
As I shall heap on thee."

Said Corlin, "Take thy fairest Rondalin,
And haste thee to be gone,
If ever she went in sin
To Corlin 'tis unknown."

"Now Corlin, shalt thou freely go,
I will not thee molest,
To thee could come only woe,
From a love unblest.

But if ever again as loveloru wight
Thou should'st hither ride,
Then 'ware thee of an able knight
Who rides on Trinnock side.

If thou would'st prosper well in love
Then hark to my behest,
Never take thou a turtle dove
To warm a raven's nest.

And Corlin, if ever thou answerest battle call,
Beware of Hurlin plain,
There shall a king and kingdom fall,
Nor be set up again.

Then he turned his charger long and thin,
He waved his gloved hand,
And with Lady Rondalin
He left the astonished band.

Then by the brows of Cummerdew
Rode down a woodland glade,
And Corlin never knew
The trick that had been played.

URGAL ROO

Urgal Roo had joined the chase
Along with Elland Droon,
And they had gone to Cammertrace
And woods of Cummerbroon
Well they had done their part with sword and lance,
On fields of Rallandune,
And taught the Corlin clans
To dance to Hurdin's tune.

Corlin had been forced to flight
And he felt much aggrieved,
His army had much despite
From Hurdin's kin received.
Now Corlin was on Hurlin plain
Striving his army to increase,
For he knew that Hurdin kin never again
Would allow him to live in peace.

Urgal Roo and Elland Droon
Were parted in the chase,
The day was past the noon
And night coming on apace.
When Urgal met with Rullin Bran
Who wounded was and sore,
And he was a dying man
And he sad tidings bore.

To bring tidings to Urgal Roo
Quick did Rullin ride,
How Sir Rugul Broo
Had stolen Sir Urgal's bride,
There it was that Rullin died,
A valiant man and true,
He died with his master by his side,
Retainer he was of Urgal Roo

Then Urgal rode all the night,
He rode to Hurlin plain,
Eager he was Sir Rugal in death to dight
And bring his bride again,
Then came Elland Droon
Seeking Urgal Roo,
Just as the light of rising moon
Pierced woodland shadows through.

He found the body of Rullin Bran
And much he was concerned,
That it was Sir Urgal's man
Very soon he learned,
"Why hither hath Rullin come,"
Thus Sir Elland thought,
"It must be that from Urgal's home
He hath ill tidings brought."

"Hence he has gone with speed,
From that I now divine,
That of his presence there was urgent need
And may now be in need of mine."
Straightway he left the spot
On his way to Castle Roo,
Sounding his bugle mot
To call his huntsman, too.

When to Castle Roo he had gone
And had the tidings heard,
"That now to me the truth is known
He hath to Hurlin spurred;
He has gone to Hurlin plain
As any brave knight would do,
To bring back his bride again
And slay Sir Rugal Broo."

"There are ten thousand Corlin knights on
Hurlin plain
And he hath gone alone,
I fear his errand will be vain,
And now what can be done."
To Wandop of Apperlee
The tidings then he bore,
This rash knight is in great jeopardie
And will return no more.

Said Wandop, "Take a thousand men
And hurry to his need,
And I with all the army then
Will come on with speed."

When Elland came to Hurlin plain
Corlin's camp was in great disarray,
Many chiefs of the Corlin train
Were speeding fast away.
Elland accosted a herdsman near,
"Why among Corlin clans this haste?
Why go they hence from here
When by no enemy chased?"

"Hast not heard that Corlin 's dead,
Slain by Urgal Roo,
Hast not heard how that good knight's
sword hath sped
The soul of Rugal Broo?
Sir Rugal he cut twice in twain
Ere he fell to the ground,
Sixteen others too, were slain,
They lay in a ring around.

Sir Urgal was weak and wearing low
And very soon must fail,
When Corlin with a heavy blow
Sought him to assail.
But Urgal leapt upon his ring of dead
And with a sweeping blow,
He struck of Black Corlin's head
And laid the Raven low.

No more on Corlin height
Shall the Raven nest,
Deep in the dust his plume is dight
And Corlin is the Devil's guest.
There Sir Urgal fell among those he had slain,
It was there he breathed his last,
From wounds that gaped amain
His blood was pouring fast."

"Thou sayest sixteen others, too, were slain,
But say escaped not some,
Who will do evil deeds again
Who have yet to meet their doom."
"There were ten knights who did assist
In this deed of shame,
Their names shall be writ in the list
With those of blacken'd fame."

The names of those miscreants I would have
That they may not be forgot,
For me the only boon I crave
Is from knighthood to remove this blot."
Corlin dead, the Corlin realm was rent,
And no shield of Hurdin kin
But had been well besprent
With blood of Corlin kin.

Those ten knights were caught and flayed,
The hide of each was hung upon his gate,
They were thus displayed
To warn others of their fate.

DEATH OF CORLIN

At the time when Rugal Broo
Stole the bride of Urgal Roo
And carried her away;
When the tidings to Urgal came
His heart with anger was aflame
And desire to slay.
Hot and furious was his ire
He vowed vengeance dire
On Sir Rugal's head.
So eager was his haste and hate
That though the day was growing late
He mounted and forth he sped.

It was at close of day
He left Storton Stay
Where Wandop's pennons flew,
And rode through the night
To Hurlin hight
Where Corlin's bugles blew
There on Hurlin plain
Many a knight by him was slain.
To clear his way to Rugal Broo.
He met Corlin knights in shining phalanx,
He bore down knight and charger in their ranks
As he rode through.

When he came to Rugal Broo
Right in his face he threw
His gaunt and gage.
So strong the arm of Urgal throws
The gauntlet broke Rugal's nose
And carried him to the ground.
Sir Rugal rose in frenzied rage
And quick in battle did engage
In combat to the death.
Never was fiercer combat in any field
Sparks flashed in showers from sword and shield,
Others watched with bated breath.

Rugal's heavy sword downward swung
On Urgal's upraised shield it rung
With clamorous clang;
Glancing from Urgal's shield
The shattered blade went far afield,
Hurtling through the air it sang.
Through iron mail the sword of Urgal rips,
Cuts off Sir Rugal by the hips,
Such strength on the blow was thrown,
That blow rung his death knell
But again ere Rugal fell
He was cleft from helm to pelvis bone.

And Rugal fell in pieces four
Mid shattered mail and weltering gore—
A bloody sight.
That was the end of Rugal Broo
By the strong arm of Urgal Roo
His death was dight.

"If there be any here of Rugal's kin
Or any that will condone of Rugal's sin,
Let him stand forth.
Here alone and undismayed
With my body and my blade
I'll prove his worth."

None there were who sought to fight
A man of such valor and might
And knight like Urgal Roo.
Till Corlin cried, "Will you let this braggart bird
Cowe you with vaunting word,
This idle braggadoo!
Will you let this jackdaw stand to mock
And pluck feathers from the raven's flock?
On him, ye Corlin knights!
On him, with bared blades,
Send him to the ghostly shades,
Stand not such slights."

Sir Otran, knight of Darrandar,
Renowned for noble deeds and acts of war
That much honor and fame did bring,
Valiant deeds and feats of arms he ever did admire
But coward acts ever roused his ire,
He scorned an ungenerous thing.
"Nay, sire, not may arms of state or clan
Be employed in cause of dishonored man,
Of Corlin realm this the sacred law.
Sir Urgal is a noble and valiaint knight
And has slain his despoiler in fair and open fight,
It were shame not to let him go."

"On him," Corlin cried, "To him who cuts him down
I will bestow the fairest land that lies beneath my
crown
And the best castled hold."
Many on Sir Urgal rushed,
Hard they upon him crushed,
To bear down that warrior bold,
Many the act did much blame
As a blot on knightly fame
And from the conflict drew aside.
For so it was by hand or blade
They could not give Sir Urgal aid
That was by knightly oath denied.

They were sworn not in feud or fight
To injure or assail any Corlin knight,
And so they took no part.
Urgal was a man of stalwart mould,
On helm and breast his blows were told
And oft did the lifeblood gushing start.
Wounded he was and sore beset,
Bravely he the murderous charges met
Within a ring of dead.
Not long could that battle last
His strength was waning fast
From many wounds he bled.

That he strove to conceal
By adding weight to dulling steel
He knew that he was lost.
He mounted on the ring of dead;
He knew his strength was nearly sped,
So heavy had been the cost.
Then with a sweeping blow did sneck
Corlin's head from Corlin's neck,
And then gave up the ghost.

When through the land there came
Wasting it with pillage and flame
A mighty host.
Not any dwelling high or low
That escaped the invading foe
So were the chronicles of Corlin lost;
But traditions linger yet by hill and dale
Perhaps revived awhile in some old tale
And then again forgot.
Sometimes you will find rich store
Of ancient legendary lore
In some isolated spot.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

Up and away with the light of morn
  And let the time go by,
Nought care we for foolish scorn,
  Naught care my dog and I.

Ho! we sing to the wind of morn,
  We sing to noonday sky,
Ho! to the time when stars are born
  And grey twilights die.

Away, after the bleating band,
  Let the time go by,
Away we go over the sagebrush land
  Together, my dog and I.

Away over the wrinkled hill
  Along the rocky bluff,
Ever our song we trill,
  Be the way smooth or rough.

Oft we look with dreamy gaze
  Over the landscape greeny grey,
Till in the distant bluey haze
  The green fades away.

And we sing to the breeze of morn,
  We sing to the noonday sky;
We welcome the time when stars are born
  And grey twilights die.

RICHARD OF ELDERLEA

No more the big hall door
For him is swinging free
In Inglewood he hunts the stag and boar
To feast his friends and he.

Strong was his arm to draw the bow,
A right good marksman he,
Many a stag was laid low
By Richard of Elderlea.

Where branches swing
He invites his friends to dine,
And fare on choicest venison of the king
And pledges him in wine.

Of what's the king's I'll have my will,
The king shall have what is mine,
Of his best venison have your fill,
And drink his health in wine.

There shall be plenty at my board
Whenever you come to see,
The best the forest can afford
To feast my friends and me.

To furnish us with good cheer
Inglewood shall never fail,
I'll take out many a good fat deer
And bring in many a cask of ale.

Whenever you come this way
My good company you shall be,
The king shall not say "Nay"
To Richard of Elderlea.

He has put a stranger in my father's hall
Even so, let it be,
The luck of the forest shall befall
To Richard of Elderlea.

The warden paced his hall
In a much disturbed mood
Over certain things that did befall
In the forest of Inglewood.

He had heard that gossipy tongues
Were busy with his name
How he permitted sundry wrongs
Unto the good king's game.

What if it to the king's ears should come
When tongues wagged so free
Might he not lose his home
And suffer in his degree.

If he were removed from his post
It would be a blow to his fortunes then
All chance of honor and emolument lost
Through acts of lawless men.

So he resolved in the forest to ride
With following a good strong band
And every effort should be tried
To take these rogues in hand.

He resolved of his arbitrary power
He would give a right stern sample
That would make the villains cower
One good lesson would be ample.

So into the forest he rode
With following a numerous throng
That were well spread abroad
All vigilant and strong.

Not far had the warden gone
Before he saw quite plain
That poaching had been done.
And good fat deer been slain.

For from bough of oak tree hung
As fat a deer as hunter ever slew
It had not been there long
The signs were so new.

Now but this is an unpleasant sight
Who may the reiver be;
I'll warrant 'tis that lawless wight
Richard of Elderlea.

If I but had him here
Right short his shrift would be
I'd teach to kill our good king's deer,
This Richard of Elderlea.

From the wood a hunter came
In pleasant mood seemed he.
He said, "Ah here is royal game,
A good fat carcass seemeth it to me."

"Sir Warden, slaughtered deer
In these woods thou mayest often see,
They serve to furnish good cheer
To Richard of Elderlea.

And if thou had'st him here
Vain would thy teaching be
I know full well to kill the deer,
I am Richard of Elderlea.

Against thee twenty shafts are set
Twenty good strong bows are bent on thee
Thou mayest rue the day thou met
With Richard of Elderlea.

So Sir Warden, turn thee now about
And hasten thou away
Or thy followers' we'll put to route
And many we shall slay."

The warden was discreet and wise
He turned, what better could he do
He said: "For this misprise
Thou shalt dearly rue."

"Sir Warden, haste to get thee gone
And do not make delay
Further parley thou had'st better shun
Or thou will rue this day."

The warden returned to his tower
A wrathy man that day
At such defiance of his power
In such humiliating way.

And he was vexed with many fears,
  And thoughts of how to explain this thing
When it came to the royal ears
  Of his grace, the king.

The warden fuming in his rage
  Resolved his honor to retrieve
And in a big hunt to engage
  To capture the villains who did so boldly
    rieve.

So he rode out like a valiant lord,
  About to work his will
Attended by men armed with ax and sword
  And men with bow and bill.

Lawless men had provoked his ire
  By killing the king's good game
And now terror to inspire
  With armed men he came.

Such severe punishment would the rascals
    dree
  They would not forget forever;
To hang each outlaw on a tree
  Would be his great endeavor.

To him a horseman rode and drew rein;
  He was strong and brown and lean
He glanced at the warden's train
  And guessed what it might mean.

"Ho, Sir Warden, whither art bound
  With such brave array;
I wot 'tis not with horn and hound
  Thou seek'st thy pleasure this day.

I see lusty men clad in mail
  And armed with bow and bill
Methinks thy company tells the tale
  That thou art out to kill.

I think thine errand will be of little avail
  The forest is not safe place for thee
If encumbered with thy mail
  Thou meet Richard of Elderlea."

The Warden cried, "I know thee well,
I will show how I answer such as thou.
Tonight thy soul shall lodge in hell
And thy body dangle from a bough."

"Good Sir Warden, by yonder wall
Fifty good strong bows are bent
Thou knowest what would befall
If the shafts to thee were sent.

And Warden, talk thou not of hell
Until I explain this thing,
It is not for thee to tell
What fruit a bough may swing.

I have that to say which altereth much the case
Betwixt thee and Richard of Elderlea;
I have been appointed warden in thy place
And the king hath sent for thee.

From what I have heard I wot
He thinks not well of thee
Since thy parting shot
With Richard of Elderlea.

So along the Southward road
Do thou go journeying
To find how favors are bestowed
By his Grace the king.

If for proof thou dost seek
Behold this signet ring,
And say, does it not bespeak
The word of our good king."

The warden on journey went
Away to London town
To learn of the king's intent
His spirits much cast down.

When to the king his tale he told
The king laughed aloud.
"Ho! ho, Sir Warden, bold,
With much wisdom thou art endowed.

To me thy tale sounds very queer
I never sent for thee:
Nor did I ever hear
Of Richard of Elderlea.

I trow a right good warden he will make
And he shall have thy place,
A trusty messenger shall journey take
And appoint him warden by Our Grace."

So a messenger rode to Inglewood
To make known the king's good will.
He found Richard in hospitable mood
And of good cheer he had his fill.

Then his errand he made known
And spoke in friendly kind,
His heart was completely won
So well he had dined.

"To thee, Sir Richard, greeting from the king
I bring
To make known his pleasure and intent
Behold this, his signet ring
This message by me he hath sent."

"Do thou take what is thine own
Leave what is mine to me,
Be thou just unto the crown
Sir Richard of Elderlea.

And that which is mine
Thou must defend for me
And in all that which is thine
Thou will protected be.

I trust thine honor as one might
Who hath heard of thee
I know thou art good and able knight,
Sir Richard of Elderlea.

When the messenger returned
He with Richard's answer came
"Good king, thy will I have learned,
I will protect thy game.

What is thine and what is mine
In good care shall be
And thou be pledged often in good wine
By Richard of Elderlea."

Then the king asked, "What manner of man is he
Who was called fierce outlaw?
What like is Richard of Elderlea?
'Tis that I wish to know."

"His arm is strong as oaken bough,
His heart is free as water flowing
Of fine presence near as thou,
A man well worth knowing."

Then said the king, "I gauged him right,
A man who will be true
A man of good faith and honor bright
That will ne'er cause me to rue."

JIM

Some say Jim was born on the range
Or somewhere there about
And that he always acted strange,
Of that there is no doubt.

The powers that presided at his birth
Had never consulted Jim;
There was nothing on the earth
That ever suited him.

He had punched cows and drove stage
And sometimes herded sheep
He sometimes got in a rage
That would make muleskinners weep.

Already, I think I've told
That he was rather queer
Whether the weather was hot or cold
He cussed the atmosphere.

Whether a thing was good or bad
Or just halfway between
Just one standard of comparison he had
As plainly may be seen.

Whether it was case of sadness or mirth
Do I need to tell
That to him everything on earth
Was just the same as 'hell.'

What was right or wrong
Never bothered him a bit
If he wanted anything belonging to weak or strong
He just made use of it.

Said he "Life is but a chanceful thing
If you want anything, just net it.
The only to do that, by jing
Is to get the chance to get it."

Says he, "It is just a matter of biz
If you want a thing just hook it."
So Jim naturally regarded a thing as his
And he simply took it.

Yet Jim was not a thief
He never did any sneaking
Seeing anything he needed, he'd take it just as lief
But never went a-seeking.

His takings he never denied,
The rights of property he never learned
When summoned across the Great Divide
He was quite unconcerned.

Take anything belonging to him
He would not resent it
Everything was right to Jim
Knowing no wrong, he could not repent it.

Outside of Kingdom Come
He was truthful as they make 'em.
And he was a very good chum
His friends he'd never forsake 'em.

GETTING THE HAT

She told him all about the hat
And in what store she saw it,
She told him the price, and that
Was right that he should know it.

He didn't enthuse a little bit,
He wasn't interested
There wasn't a bit of doubt of it
His mind was rather congested.

His thoughts were coming slow
His answers had plainly shown it
When he answered hum, haw or is that so
Any one might have known it.

She talked about that hat some more
Over and over again explained it
Still he answered as before,
Her point, she had not gained it.

That hat is a gem of all creation
Oh! it is so exquisite
But he devoid of all imagination
Simply said, "Is it?"

She wound up with "That's all I ask
I want it quick before somebody gets it"
Said he, "If there's an impossible task
It's surely you that sets it.

A refusal of anything to you, my Dear,
I simply hate to word it,
I hope you will be reasonable; See here
I really can't afford it.

Oh! but I must have that hat,
I just simply need it,
When I make such a slight request as that
Oh! how can you not heed it.

She wanted that hat, God knows,
But she didn't have the money,
So she goes through her hubbie's clo'es
He didn't think it funny.

When he missed his wad
He was in a hurry,
He got so all-fired mad
His mind was in flurry.

Something she said and some he thought
He was violent and gusty
While for the lost wad he sought
His throat was getting dusty.

As the good missus was away
Visiting a neighbor
It didn't matter what he might say
So he continued his labor.

And diligently he made search
Amongst articles so many
He turned over soap, bluing paddles and starch
But didn't find a penny.

He hunted high and hunted low
But failed to discover it
Tired, he sat down, but didn't know
That he was sitting over it.

Feeling that he wanted a drink
And wanted it so badly,
That his tummy began to crink
And he got acting madly.

He got up and kicked the chair
And yelled, "Go to thunder
The hiding place was laid bare
The wad was sticking under.

The imps of chance are everywhere
And show up many a blunder;
When he kicked over the chair
He found the lady's plunder.

He hurried out to get a drink
Before he should get drier
His inwards had begun to shrink
And felt like baling wire.

What crime is meaner or worse
Or lowers a man so soon
As to steal a lady's purse
And go to a saloon.

He had got that money spent
And his inwards were a-soaking
With himself he was well content
And much inclined to joking.

He was jovially inclined
And indulged some in smoking
Also he relieved his mind
By doing a lot of talking.

Feeling very big and fine
Home to his spouse he went,
When he thought it was about time to dine
Yes, indeed, he was well content.

The lady's suspicions jumped awake
When she saw he had been boozing
Of that there could be no mistake
The fumes from him were oozing.

She looked for her hidden store
It wasn't where she bestowed it
Then maybe she was sore
And maybe she showed it.

Of course she was rather floored
When she found she had mislaid it
She thought a big cuss word
But of course she never said it.

She caught up a frying pan
And confronted that poor geezer
He was a much astonished man
When she slammed him on the beezer.

She declared she would have that hat
Or there would be something poppin'
And he'd better take a tumble to that
Or she'd keep him a hoppin.'

Unless the frying pan should bust
She would do him up a proper
Get her that hat, he must
Or he would come a cropper.

Vigorously she used her tongue
Alternating with thumpin'.
She got him to the point 'ere long
Where he agreed to do sumpin'.

She impressed it on him hard and fast
That it must be done immediate
She's use the frying pan long as it would last
His efforts to expediate.

If he didn't do it on the dot
She'd show how she could beft him
And he would have a hard and cruel lot
If she up and left him.

Do I need to tell you that
He got it just to please her,
She had a fine new Easter hat
And he a damaged beezer.

A FISHIN'.

I've worked so goldarned hard
An' kept this hoe a-swishin'
An' now let me tell you pard
I'd like to go a-fishin'.

I tell you that this farmin' stuff
Is a real hard proposishin'
Seems the nations never get enuff
An' I can't go a-fishin'.

With a man's liberties it just plays hob
To live under this condishin
I'll quit an' get another job
Where I can go a-fishin'.

I've worked an' swet to beat all tarnashun
An' I've got a strong suspishun
Things are built on a wrong foundashun
When I can't go a-fishin'.

Sometime I'll take a holiday
An' send the nations to perdishun
'Tain't right for 'em to eat an' gorge away
When I want to go a-fishin'.

This feedin' of the nashuns
An' this talk of high and lofty mishun
But adds to my vexashuns
When I want to go a-fishin'.

An' all of this dodrotted tommyrot
Of providin' the world with provishun
What satisfaction has a fellow got
When he's kept workin' all the time, instead of goin' fishin'.

A fellow must be one doggoned fool
To live this life of inhibishun
An' let a golblamed farmin' tool
Prevent his goin' fishin'.

City folks can go to see the movies
Or anything they're wishin'
An' have a good time with the chickies an' the dovies
While I can't even go a-fishin'.

JULIUS CAESAR

When to Dad Speezer was born a son
He called him Ebenezer
Neighbors said, "Wonder where he got that one,
The old bugbitten geezer."

Of course they referred to the name
And not unto the kid,
In some old book he'd found the same
But none knew where he did.

The old man liked the sound of it
It was somehow a teazer
And it surely seemed to fit
A sweet boy like Ebenezer.

When again to the Speezer home
Amid a lot of fuss
Another son had come
The old man called him Juliuss.

But mother this time rebelled,
There is no such name said she
No such name was ever spelled
And never ought to be.

But the old man was stubborn as a mule
And he would not give in
He had as much brain as a molecule
And considered it a serious sort of sin

To yield to a woman's whim
In any sort of way;
When a woman could dictate to him
It was a nice time o' day.

But the parson reasoned with that old cuss
And with some trouble taught him better
Said the name was Julius, not Juliuss,
So he cut off one letter.

The boys grew up much like other boys
Till in age the eldest was nearing twenty
With occasional squabbles and some noise
But dad furnished them with work a-plenty.

Often he had been heard to say,
The best way to keep young heads from getting dizzy
Was don't let 'em have too much play
And keep them awful busy.

By some the plan may be admired
But sometimes it irked
Whenever the boys got tired
Then they always shirked.

And they contrived in many a way
To keep the old man busy
Watching that they did not play
That his head was getting dizzy.

As they through boyhood grew
The one called Ebenezer
Contracted the habit, harmless it true,
Of swearing by Julius Caesar.

Julius didn't like it, so direct to the point he came
For he found it rather wearing.
He said, "Eben, can't you find some other name
By which to do your swearing.

As Julius is your brother's name
It would be decent of you to stop it
It is a silly habit, just the same
And it would be wise of you to drop it.

There after it became a pleasure much enjoyed
Such was the perversity of Ebenezer
When he found his brother was annoyed
At his swearing by Julius Caesar.

And he did it as often as he could
At any time and in any place
Such as Julius Caesar, that is good,
Julius Caesar, that's bad, Julius Caesar, that's
the case.

Julius learned a lesson from that,
He made no remonstrance any more
He gave it up, he quit it flat
But of course he was sore.

He made up his mind to wait
And even it up some day
So when Ebenezer took a mate
Things began to come his way.

But Julius had to wait a few years
Maybe it was four or five
Before his great chance appears
But the grudge was still alive.

For you see the annoyance had not ceased
It was still a pleasure to Ebenezer
And his brother he often teased
By saying Julius Caesar.

Eben took his none too gentle mate
To live in his parent's home
There developed a rather unhappy state,
Matrimonial troubles settled on Eben's dome.

Mrs. Eben became a husky termagant,
Amazonian she was by nature,
She had courage that Eben couldn't daunt
And she exceeded him in stature.

They had a little family tiff
Where Julius could hear it
He heard many a bang and biff
But he didn't go near it.

Eben was beaten, trembling and cowed
He hollered, help, Julius seize her
He hollered oft, and hollered loud
But there was no help for poor Ebenezer.

When he tried to get away
Then she always balked him
When he strove to stand at bay
Then she grabbed and choked him.

He yelled long and loud for help
And called Oh! Julius seize her
Julius unmoved by every yelp
Gave no aid to poor Ebenezer.

Julius didn't care a rap
How the conflict ended
He didn't join in the scrap
For that he may be commended.

The Missus had Eben down upon his back
And she gave him a clawing
With now and then a hearty smack
Interspersed with jawing.

At disadvantage he was held
All his efforts couldn't feaze her
In his frantic terror he yelled
Oh! Julius, Julius, seize her!

With tooth and nail, she gave him a nailing,
It was tough on poor Ebenezer
Gurgling, choking, sobbing, he was wailing,
Juliooliyoolioolieezer.

On his back that poor wretch was lying
Still trying to escape her
How he did with coat tails flying
Is hard to put on paper.

He had stopped calling on Julius Caeser
And all such Roman gentry
Help only came to Mr. Speezer
When the police made their entry.

The Missus was hard in pursuit
Following with a cleaver
She was eager to end the dispute
He was anxious to leave her.

He stumbled and fell on the floor
He couldn't get any furder
The police broke in the door
While he was yelling murder.

He was picked up and put to bed,
Fixed with bandage and with plaster
On such places of his body and head
That had met disaster.

Ebenezer was groaning in bed,
His face covered with many patches
He had some bald places on his head
And also many scratches.

He was attended by a nurse
And made to take a tonic
Yes, he was feeling rather worse
Of that assault cyclonic.

When asked how he got into such a scrap
With the redoubtable Mrs. Speezer
And got beat in such a shape,
He mumbled, "Julius would'nt seizer."

Now everybody thought he said
Julius wooden Caesar,
But the reply he really made
Was, "Julius wouldn't seize her."

Eben squinted at where Julius stood,
Who didn't seem to worry
Not at all, about his dear bud;
Didn't even seem sorry.

"Why didn't you help me in my need?
Of Julius querulously, he queried,
"A fine brother you are indeed,
You'd like to see me buried."

Julius stood by his brother's bed.
Said he, "Get this good advice I'm giving,
When in a fix, instead of calling on the dead
Call upon the living.

When calling on that old Roman gent,
By name of Julius Caesar,
How should I know that you meant
To call on Julius Speezer.

That was a habit that you had
And it seemed to give you pleasure
If it has let you in some bad,
It is your own fault in a measure."

Julius was smiling in his sleeve,
Perhaps he kept something shady;
He murmured to himself, "I don't believe
In interfering with a lady."

When any unpleasantness ensued
Between any one and Ebenezer
He was always promptly subdued
If they said Julius wooden Caesar.

In all the following years
That came to Ebenezer
It never once appears
That he said, Julius Caesar.

LET THE CHILDREN PLAY

By fields and woods
Let the children play,
The little tender buds
May be flowers some day.

Let the children listen to songs Nature sings
And rejoice with her the liveling day,
The works of Nature are holy things
'Mong works of Nature let the children play.

Their steps by hedge and wall
Nay, do not try to stay,
Nor yet confine to hearth and hall,
In freedom let the children play.

About the old church door
Let the children play;
Upon the old church floor
Let the children play.

Even at the altar by divinest glory crowned
Let the children play,
For where the happy child is found
God is not far away.

It is not the hymns you sing
Or yet the prayers you say,
That greater praise to the throne will bring
Than a little child at play.

A REVERIE

Once I had a hope, a fond, fond hope
Of something that was to come
I had a dream, a fond, fond dream
That I would have a home.

But now the world seems cold and drear
And long delay has made my heart grow chill
Now I have a fear, a gaunt grim fear
That I never will.

There was one in years that are past
Who I dearly wished my hope to crown
But the grave a shadow cast
And my dearest hope went down.

No more in the glint of golden sun
That fond hope will bloom
And the world looks drear and dun
In chill December gloom.

Over my world falls a numbing chilliness
At fading of the light
And on me falls heavy stilliness
Beneath the brooding night.

I live in my lonely bachelor ways
I hear no loving voice that cheers
Yet through gathering gloom of ageing days
Gleams the love of my youthful years.

And the one loved in years by gone
Is still my best beloved today
The only love my heart has known
Is lying in the clay.

THE STREAM

Down the mountain side
  Between fretting boulders twining
Through cool dark nooks to slide
  And flash out where light is shining.

Rushing through rocky cleft a rumbling
  Romping and roaring roisterously
Headlong over ledges tumbling
  Foaming, brawling boisterously.

Bounding from rocks rugged and stern
  The flashing jewels toss
Over the fronds of tufted fern
  And beds of matted moss.

Splashing the flowers that nod
  Over the waters brink
Gliding past the grassy sod
  Where animals come to drink.

Then by some secluded pool
  Sometimes it seems a resting
Then emerging from shadows cool
  It goes on its questing.

Sometimes gliding through open glade
  Sometimes from a gorge it sallies
Making its way in sun and shade
  Threading through the valleys.

Now gleaming, glooming and glancing
  Slipping past bush and tree
Winding, wavering, advancing
  Searching for the sea.

FOR YOU AND ME

Workers of the earth, fliers of the air,
The sailors of the sea
And the toilers everywhere
Have all built for me.

The waving of banners, the glinting of spears,
The striving of the free
In the struggle of the years
Have all been for me.

The tramp of soldiers marching,
The triumphs of the free;
The span of the rainbow's arching
Have all been for me.

The rejoicings and the tears;
Singing of winds, the voicings of the sea
And the motion of the spheres
Have all been for me.

The deeds of all the ages
Great and little as they be
And the world's immortal pages
Are all for you and me.

THE MOORLAND

Coald is the wind that sweeps
Ower the desolate moor
And comfortless the watter dreeps
Doon by the cottage doo-ar.

Low an' heavy hing the cloods
Ower the sodden heath
Black and savage are Winter's moods
When winds bare their teeth.

But ah! when t' heather's in bloom
It is a different seet
When noo an' then shadows swoom
I could watch frae mwurn till neet.

Yes, I could stand an' leuk away
Far off to the fells;
On a sunny August day
Hoo sweet the moorland smells.

EVERYTHING FOR THE OLD MAN

Sonny, you are very young as yet
An' need a guidin' han'
And you'll be guided right you bet
If you listen to your Old Man.

Always think of your parent first
That's law since Life began
An' never let the pangs o' thirst
Torture your Old Man.

Always see his pipe is filled
And also fill his can,
Or else you'll find the beans are spilled
And a very cross Old Man.

And see he has enough to eat
Plenty in can an' pan
An' you'll find life is sweet
When you are good to your Old Man.

An' Sonny, you'll grow good an' wise
That is the truth, I "Swan,"
If you do as I advise
An' be good to your Old Man.

An' Sonny, see you do not drink
That's one thing I must ban,
From labor you mustn't shrink,
Work hard for your Old Man.

Sonny, this is the right path to choose
Always follow this plan
Do not touch the Booze,
Leave it for your Old Man.

An' from duty do not swerve
Through all your alloted span
An' show you've got the nerve
To stick to your Old Man.

An' you'll be rich and great,
An' have honor too, I "Swan"
An' be an ornament to the State
An' a blessin' to the Old Man.

An' be sure there never lacks a drop
O' something in his can
Or you'll knock out the last prop
From under your Old Man.

Now, Sonny, be sure that's what you do
As far as ever you can
An' be help an' comfort to
Your dear lovin' Old Man.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING

May New Years bright and many
Come to thee and thine,
Though of thy friends the humblest of any
'Tis the dearest wish of mine.

May every morn that comes thy day to greet
With health and happiness shine
And bring thee pleasures and memories sweet
And blessings most divine.

Whether on the prairie with the sheep
Or threading the wilding forest maze
Or climbing the rocky steep
Or winding mountain ways.

Old friends, I'll never forget
To them my heart will never grow cold
Until to Nature is paid the debt
That is owed from times of Old.

Closely as the ivy clings
I cling to old friendships still
Among the favors fortune flings;
To thee, be Peace and goodwill.

WHEN WAR WILL HAVE PASSED AWAY

When shall have passed all cause for strife
Handed down from days of yore
When people live a peaceful life
And war shall be no more.

When over a contented world
The dove of peace is brooding
And every battle flag is furled
With no threat of war intruding,

Vain hope, it will not last, for men will beat
The ploughshare back into a sword again;
So will contending armies meet
And cover fields with slain.

When to a lone, lost earth
The moon and stars have bid a last good night
When there is no death and no birth
And none are left to fight.

When, of life, everywhere is dearth
And there is no night or day
And winds blow over a tenantless earth
Then war will have passed away.

THE EMIGRANT TRAIL

It is a relic of other days
When western states were young
When Indians rode the open ways
The grey sagebrush among.

And emigrant trains crawled their way
Through the lonesome lands,
Often held at bay
By roving Indian bands.

Those people to hardships inured
Of heart they were so bold;
How they suffered and endured,
Among them were young and old.

They have passed; they have died
Yet the trail remains
It is graven on the mountain side,
We see it in the plains.

THANKSGIVING

I am thankful this day
For blessings in rich profusion
How thankful I cannot say
In this mild effusion.

Thankful that children come to play
And leave my things in rank confusion
Till belief in elf and fay
Seems no longer a delusion.

When children come as is their wont
To play around my dwelling
I am thankful that they don't
Burst the roof with yelling.

When they indulge in shrill, discordant cries
And other kinds of noise;
Leaving behind a mess of mud-cake and pies
And a jumble of ragged toys

I am thankful they have not been as bad
As might have been expected:
In fact I am almost glad
To remove the rubbish they've collected.

And still to God above
Be my thanks ascending
The God who shows His love
In blessings He is sending.

ON HILLS OF MEDICINE BOW

If you'd see the wooly ones, the wooly ones,
If you'd see the wooly ones as they go
They wait till day dawns, day dawns,
Wait till day dawns on hills of Medicine Bow.

If you'd see landscape lines, land lines,
The land lines undulating high and low
Wait till the sun shines, the sun shines,
The sun shines on hills of Medicine Bow.

If you'd see the silhouette of pines, tall pines,
The tall pines against the western glow
Then wait till day declines, day declines,
Wait till day declines on hills of Medicine Bow.

If you'd see the billowy rolls, billowy rolls,
In lines that seem to flow
Then wait till snow falls, snow falls,
Wait till snow falls on hills of Medicine Bow.

If you'd see color in grand tones, grand tones,
In grand tones on a world of snow
Then wait till day dawns, day dawns,
On hills of Medicine Bow.

RESIGNED

I long to see those lips smile again
And sunshine of happiness warm thy heart
And the dark shadows of pain
From thy eyes depart.

But if nought can thy grief assuage
Or bring thy heart some ease
If sad thoughts that thy mind engage
Will not let thy mourning cease.

Then may the God of Dreams
On thy slumbers smile
And bear thee from Care's turbid streams
By Elysian founts to rest awhile.

And gloomy skies that over thee frowned
With shining stars be strewn
Till the grey world that walls thee 'round
Shall yield a rosy dawn.

And through the mists of all the years
The glorious light will shine
To illumine all thy soul most endears
And the most precious gift be thine.

More cruel remembrance is we find
It the harder to forget
But the heart can be resigned
And still remember yet.

AMONG THE SAGEBRUSH GREY

Where the range against the horizon is spread
Illumined by the sun's levelling ray
I see the lonely herder tread
Among the sagebrush grey.

Around him wind straws nod
And bushes gently sway
As he communes with God
Among the sagebrush grey.

Hush'd are sounds; no jarring of noise
When his souls in silence would pray
And mute is his voice
As he stands among sagebrush grey.

He worships in a temple so vast
Of such grandeur as no art can portray,
The silence has a spell over the soul of him cast
As he worships among sagebrush grey.

Unencumbered by earth things that are
His soul will wander away
Wander perhaps to worlds that are far
While he stands among sagebrush grey.

His soul he recalls: some inward monitor tells
His sheep are beginning to stray
He knows by sound of the bells
Scattering among sagebrush grey.

PASSING OF SUMMER

What has become of the summer sweetness,
The green grass and flowers,
The shadows that passed with fleetness
And the cooling showers.

Through regions vast and airy,
The mournful wind sings on,
Over billowy sweeps of prairie,
'Tis gone, gone, gone.

The summer clouds kept drifting
Till all have drifted past,
The sullen clouds now uplifting
Foretell a wintry blast.

What is this sobbing and sighing?
That seems to come from everywhere,
What mean those white flakes flying?
That seem to fill the air.

It is the sigh of the old year dying,
He must go, go, go;
You see the airy spirits flying
To cover him with snow.

O wind, can you not bring back the mazy dancers
Instead of flakes of snow,
But the mournful wind answers,
No, no, no.

THE TRAITOR

He was a scout and guide
And he was kin to the Indian race,
Of Indian blood just a trace
But it swelled in angry tide.

He thought of the Indian's wrong;
He nursed treachery in his heart,
And he acted the traitor's part
Though he joined the weak against the strong.

Then his career was not long;
He stood in beads and buckskin drest,
The rifles levelled at his breast
And sang the Indian's song.

Even the soldiers held their breath
As a challenge from his lips was flung,
And with defiance on his tongue
He stood to meet a traitor's death.

From the eastern sky he turned his face away
Though the rising flush
On tree and bush
Was the light of a new born day.

He sang the song the Indian sings when his day is done;
When he stands to meet his fate,
And spirit steps await
To lead him to the setting sun.

WYOMING'S HILLS ARE DEAR TO ME

Wyoming's hills are dear to me
I have loved them long,
Long may they be near to me
To fill my heart with song.

To climb her terraced hills
Up to the scented pine
The heart with feeling fills
Feeling of the Divine.

The scattered boulders lying about
In wild confusion hurled
Are fragments without a doubt
Of what God built the world.

To tread the flowery sod
Where soft breezes fan,
There the throne of God
Seems nearer unto man.

I listened when winds were hushed
In sweet and holy calm
And melody of birds outgushed
In God adoring psalm.

Wyoming long as thy sun shall shine
And thy winds the song of freedom sing
May thy children regard each hill of thine
As a sweet and holy thing.

AROUND A SAGEBRUSH FIRE

There may be a time in freezing clime,
When cold means danger dire,
But you can scoff and laugh it off,
If you have a sagebrush fire.

You may be riding range and weather change,
And horse and man may tire,
But you'll find pleasure in good measure,
If you have a sagebrush fire.

It may be your luck to be stuck,
When roads are deep in mire,
But you can bet you will comfort get,
If you have a sagebrush fire.

You may be far from your goal and things may ball,
In a way to rouse your ire,
But it will seem a joke when you enjoy a smoke,
By a sagebrush fire.

You may be old and the night be cold,
And far from your desire,
But many a wight has passed the night,
By a sagebrush fire.

Believe it, you safely can, by many a good God-fearing man,
And many a cheerful liar,
There's many a whopping story told in spite of storm and cold,
Around a sagebrush fire.

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

It is not the noise of the present he hears
He sees not the triumphs of today;
He is absorbed in the tale of the years,
The years that have passed away.

The present has little of interest to him
The future none at all
But from the Past's murky rim
He hears strange voices call.

Fixedly gaznig with reverted eyes
He sees far backward over the years
To his vision buried cities in their ancient glory rise;
He sees gleam of helm and sunsmit spears.

Perhaps he is watching scenes in Babylon
Or sitting with kings of old Chaldee
Looking away back into ages gone
What visions may he see.

Gazing over the road the years have gone
With warring kings astrave
He sees empires marching on
Marching to the grave.

Unmindful of time in his flight
To the present no thought he gives
Away in the archaic night
That is where he lives.

As he contemplates relics of ancient glories
New things are growing old
Even around our most familiar stories
Will the mists of Time enfold.

Into the mists of ages gathering fast
Some old landmark disappears
But yet some message from the past
Comes limping over the years.

Through the gathering mists of time
Some ray of light will shine
Revealing a gem, a thought sublime,
May that gift be thine.

THE LADY OF THE TOWN

When I spoke to her in a country lane
She turned an indignant glance on me
That almost gave me pain;
For she was very proud you see.

She gave her head a toss and a swirl
And haughtily looked down
"I'd have you know, I am no hayseed girl,
For I live in town.

And remember I'm a lady, too,
And I also wish that you should know
It is a very improper thing to do
For a Rube like you to speak to a lady so."

Said I, "Lady that I will glady do
I'll take my memorandum book and mark it down.
And surely I will remember you
As the Lady of the town.

Since then I've make many a hike
On country roads up and down
But never since have met the like
Of that Lady of the town.

TO HEAR THE CUCKOO

I remember glowing in frosty rime
The holly berries red
When at Christmas time
The hall rang with merry tread.

I remember the daffodils
With golden bells a-swing
As winds came roving by the gills
In early days of spring.

I remember them a flinging and swinging
In boyish fancy I could almost hear them ring,
As they were tinkling and twinkling
In the sunshine of the spring.

And often when dreams beguile
My wayward thoughts take wing,
Again I sit upon the stile
And hear the cuckoo sing.

Sometimes the wish is almost pain
The pain almost a sting
To sit upon the stile again
To hear the cuckoo sing.

Maybe I'll go and sit upon the stile
Though it be a foolish thing
To go three thousand miles to sit a while
To hear the cuckoo sing.

WHEN WINTER COMES

We are charmed with beauties beholden
When leaves are red and golden
Though we know they will be brown,
Presaging nights of winter darkling
And time of frosty crystals sparkling
Icy gems of Boreas' crown.

We know that winter is near
When we see the loose leaves sear
Flutter across the lawn.
When mornings are colder
Hearts must be bolder
To go forth at dawn.

There was a time when I found joy in the wind's blowing
Joy in the time of snowing
And the tingling air afreeze.
Joy to be up and doing
Some purpose pursuing
Facing the stinging breeze.

Not now do I care to rove
I'd rather sit by the stove
In warm security
And look through the window pane
At the snow-covered hills across the plain
In their cold purity.

AGE

Time flies on sober wings
And we think much of little things
When we are growing old
We ponder over the book of age
As passing years add page to page
Until the tale is told.

The long tale of years of toil
In our blood has cooled the roil
And we soon get tired
Oft we sit and contemplate
On the fickle ways of Fate
Or dream of what we once admired.

And we find it sweet
To sit in the mellowing heat
Of Autumn afternoons
Even we can find joy at night
In the soft and soothing light
Of placid silver moons.

Even when that shall fail
And we come to the end of the tale
We need not despond
Other portals will open wide
There will be plenty of room inside
Plenty of room in the Great Beyond.

DEAR FRIENDS

Though we are far apart
Severed by plain and mountain range
Be it balm to either heart
Not either heart will change.

Though we be parted long,
Our friendship will grow dearer
Each heart will sing its fondest song
Still hoping to be nearer.

Now I bid 'good bye' Dear Friend
Happy may you be
May all winds that thitherward trend
Waft my thoughts to thee.

And every wind that hitherward trends
For me thy thoughts shall win,
God strengthen ties between dear friends
And souls that are akin.

I LOVE THE SEASONS

Whether it be the time of opening buds
When grass is lush and green
And songsters of the woods
Their sheeny plumage preen,

Or when we long for cooling showers
And seek the leafy shade
When gardens are beautiful with flowers
All splendid displayed,

Or be it when Autumnal colors blaze
Along the mountain side
And the haze of Indian summer days
Brood over horizons wide,

Or when drift swirls past
And wild snow devils ride
And Boreas drives the rushing blast
In his wowndy pride,

Whatever the season chance to be
That comes in their ceaseless roll
It is welcome to me
Because I love them all.

THE CAMPFIRE

Above me I hear the northwind blow
Among the leafless trees;
I see a white robe hanging low
About the mountain's knees.

What is it the northwind says
As it is passing by:
Gone are the delights of Autumn days;
Winter days are nigh.

We will pile the faggots high
And make our campfire blaze,
I hear the northwind's doleful sigh
In depth of the forest maze.

The stars glinting in the sky
Are not the stars of an Autumn night
Whose warm glow charms the eye;
These are hard and cold and white.

I hear a low and moaning wail
Come creeping around the hill
It is the advance of a winter gale
I feel the growing chill.

Pile on logs, give our campfire a warmer glow
The stars are shining with a colder light
I hear the snow wind murmuring low
I am coming, I am coming, I am coming
tonight.

The fire glows with ruddier light
On branches stark and bare
While snowflakes soft and white
Come wavering through the air.

We sit by the campfire's flickering light
Each with rifle near at knee
Wolves are howling in the night
And they are roaming free.

At times we catch a glint of eyes that seem
To look from coverts near
But the fire's ruddy gleam
Keeps our hearts in cheer.

Heap the logs higher yet
As we keep watch and ward
And let us still the merrier get
Though all the night on guard.

We shall beguile the night
With story, jest and song
And in our comforting campfire light
The time will not seem long.

WHO LOVES BEST

His love may be strongest
Who loves with most zest,
But he who will love you longest
Surely loves you best.

More thrilling and romantic
May be the impetuous kind
With protestation and declaration frantic
That so overwhelm the mind.

The torrent rudely sweeping
All resistance from its path
Over all obstacles madly leaping
But in desolation comes the aftermath.

And pools of muddy water
Is all that is left behind,
Search as you will, my daughter,
Not one clear drop you'll find.

The love may seem strongest
That shows most zest
But he who loves longest
Surely loves the best.

THE WARLORD AND SATAN

Before Satan stood a warlord
The proudest of all
To see if Satan would accord
To help him attain his goal.

"Mighty am I as a warlord
It is right that before me all should fall
For I have the power of sword
The greatest power of all.

All those little decaying nations
That are standing in my way
They annoy me with vexations;
They must not be allowed to stay.

Before me they shall tremble
Before me they shall crawl
When my armies assemble
I shall hold the world in thrall."

Said Satan: "I care not, my dear Warlord,
Whether the world is bond or free;
Though you have the power of sword
To your plans others may not agree.

It will not aid in your endeavor
To be known as friend of mine
But it would be rather clever
To claim as partner, One, High and Divine.

Now go about your own affairs
And do not bother me
The matter is yours and theirs
However it chance to be.

What to me are the petty triumphs
Of poor, puny little men,
Of Kaiser or Czar; Sumphs!
Small is the limit of their ken.

What to me is all Earth's domination
Such trivial, petty power
Though brought to consummation
It would crumble in an hour.

What obstacles might be surmounted
By the forces at my call
But there are worlds on worlds uncounted
Where I've no power at all.

Oh! If my forces could be hurled
Into a vast domain
But this puny, little earthworld
Is the limit of my chain.

The Power that chained me
Chains only for a while
Has temporarily restrained me
In my work of guile.

That is why in the world of men I am active
Doing my little part
I make my lures so attractive,
Temptation is quite an art.

When my day of freedom dawns
When I am loosened from this chain
With my army of damned ones
I'll strive for power again.

Oft in dreams, I lead a multitudinous host
Up to the highest heights of heaven
A host of all the damned and lost
Whose sins are unforgiven.

Come on, ye damned and lost
Worship the God of Sin
On, on to the strife, ye mighty host,
We'll win, we'll win, we'll win.

I see the heavenly hosts in panic driven
I see the Highest, before me cower
I seize the goal for which I've striven
The Greatest; the Supremest Power.

On the highest, Holiest height I set my throne
I, the mightiest in might
All power to me is drawn,
I, Lucifer, the Light.

Then all the Heavens quake
With the terrific crash of my tumultuous fall
Around, far and near echoes wake
And in thunderous voices call.

My throne is sent hurling down, fiery torrents
around me hiss,
My ruin still goes thundering on
Till in the deepest, darkest abyss
Are all my labors gone.

Ah me! what I have lost
My light forbade to shine
Ah, woe! the bitter cost
Not even Hell is mine.

All my glory and all my might
All my power supreme
Has vanished like a spark at night
A dream, a dream, a dream.

All your triumphs; all your hopes
Of every cherished scheme
Will go hurling down haltless slopes
Like mine; a dream, a dream, a dream."

THE INDIAN GHOST

Up where the grey mist droops
And the mountain's bosom swells
And trees stand in sombre groups
In secluded mountain dells.

Up where the damp cloud drifts
To nurse the mountain rills
And shrubs that grow in jagged rifts
Of the silent stony hills,

Bushes have long been bent
And lichened rocks long have lain
Over the path where warrior and hunter went
To the lookout over the plain.

There the dusky warrior stood
And the hunter with keen bright eye
One watching for chance of battle and blood,
One to see the grazing herd go by.

After the sun goes down
Over the hills that are far away
And the massive boulders brown
Catch the last beams of day.

Perhaps an Indian spirit will creep
Out of the shadows grey
And through the night will vigil keep
Where only sheepherders stray.

Yes, there may some Indian soul come out
When daytime sounds are still
And through the night may wander about
Over that lonely hill.

One night as I watched the sheep
As they were in restless mood
I did not lie down and did not sleep
But there on the mountain stood.

Out on the mountain's rim
There stood an Indian chief
A form shadowy and dim
Shown against the sky in faint relief;

His flaunting plumes my attention drew
As they fluttered and toss'd;
That shadowy form with stars shining through
I think was an Indian's ghost.

He stood and looked in far-off gaze
The light in his sombre eyes;
That he was a chief of long gone days
I knew by his Indian guise.

Next morning I looked for sign or token
No sign was to be seen
Not a leaf of lichen was bruised or broken
Where the Indian chief had been.

CHANGING

Observe the mountains huge and grand
And the immensity of plain
The leagues and leagues of wave-washed strand
Will they ever thus remain?

No, I think they will not last
For things are changing still
They have been changing through all the past
And for all time they will.

They will keep changing like a dream
Yes, I think they will;
Every little trickling stream
Is wearing down the hill.

There is not a wind that blows
But moves some grain of sand
Yes, the winds, the rains and snows
Are changing all the land.

Observe the winds that blow
The drifting clouds of dust
Ah! things may be changing slow
But change they surely must.

Time may take away the sea
And bring mountains level to the plain
But through all changes that may be
Yet shall God remain.

Some one asked of me:
When man has passed from the sod
And Time has stilled the sea
Will there be need of God?

Yes, for nothing yet has ceased to be
And things will change again
Time will repeople land and sea
And God will remain.

NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT

Out among the sage
With a bunch of shivering sheep
When a night seems an age
A wakeful watch to keep,

How often the watcher with anxious eye
To the East will turn
To catch the first glint in the sky
The harbinger of morn.

How longingly he waits
For the much desired sight
When darkness abates
And he can bid the Night: Goodnight.

When eastward a tinge of light
Appears on distant edge of plain
It is time to bid the Night: Goodnight,
For Day is coming again.

To the watcher a welcome sight
Come, hasten, welcome day
And departing Night, Goodnight,
Each hasten on your way.

As from plain and height
Darkness draws away,
Again to bid the Night, Goodnight,
And turn to greet the day.

The rosy glow on that hill of snow
And miles of marbled plain
To see it grow and to know
That, day has come again.

Can you feel as he has felt
Who stood among the sage
Through a night and saw darkness melt
As though it were the darkness of an age.

WIND AND SUNSHINE

The winds in their fleetness
Bring health to our vale
They bring the sweetness
Gathered from hill and dale;

The tonic of the winds' wild rush
Bearing tang of cedar, fragrance of pine
And aroma of sagebrush
Blent in essence like good wine.

The wind briskly blowing
Gives a man power and vim
And sets his blood aflowing
In a way that's good for him.

The floods of golden sunshine
Poured upon the land
A gift of the power Divine
The work of a master hand.

A blessed land of breezy ways
What pleasure it is to live
In a land of sunny days
A land that has so much to give.

And the sunset in flaming glory
Lighting the western sky
Telling to us the story
That night is drawing nigh.

The day is slowly dying
And we see in the decreasing light
The birds homeward flying
To their refuge for the night.

Then the stars come out in numbers
To watch the city lights
Guarding the city in its slumbers
Through the mysteries of nights.

Land of breeze and sunshine;
Land of starry skies
Long may the beauty that is thine
Bring pleasure to my eyes.

WE WILL PLAY AT BEING YOUNG

Folks say that we are growing old,
That we are aging, you and I,
And that our blood is growing cold,
That we are getting dim of eye.

But when we see the young at play
When they laugh and leap and run
We are delighted as much as they
And we enjoy the fun.

We'll imagine we are just as young as they
And enjoy ourselves, you bet;
That we belong to another day
We will for the time forget.

Up there among the trees
Where the hill overlooks the plain
We'll sit in the summer breeze
And sing our songs again.

We'll sing of the good old days
When our hearts were fresh and young
And we'll sing the good old lays
That we in boyhood sung.

For the time we'll forget our age
And forget that we are tired
We'll turn back each fond remembered page
Of books we once admired.

The heart that still can sing
Can find some joy in living
Some joy to soothe the sting
That age insists on giving.

THE FIREBREATHING DRAGON

There was a firebreathing dragon
Who hadn't a rag on
And drank from a flagon
Of old Rhenish wine.
This firebreathing dragon
Had got quite a jag on
And his tail quite a wag on
Then he wanted to dine.

So he a journey began
To get a suitable man
To put in his pan
To frizzle and fry him in chops.
He found a little nigger
But he wanted one bigger
And of fuller figure
But nothing suited in all the butcher shops.

One butcher had quite a shock
And nearly fell over his block
Declared he hadn't such a thing in stock
And so he couldn't deliver.
But the dragon was very insistent
And rudely persistent
The butcher wished himself far distant
Going fast in a flivver.

Said the dragon, "I'll take off your pants
And make you fill my wants
Answer me not with can'ts
You are my choice of foods
If you don't hand out what I wish
For a savory dish
I'll cook you like a fish
Unless you deliver the goods.

The Butcher had a wife and unwilling to leave her
For it surely would grieve her
So he picked up his cleaver
And hit the dragon on the snout
For being so rude and so rash
He made him into hash
And sold him for cash
That is how he handed him out.

If you ever meet a firebreathing dragon
That hasn't got a rag on
But an awful big jag on
And is wanting to eat up a man
When he makes known his want
Be he ever so gaunt
Don't say you can't
Just hand him the can.

THE OAK TREE

Where a wanton west wind stirs
The green canopy of forest arches
I see the dark hue of Scotch firs
And soft green of the larches.

I wandered the woods fancy free
But I think I loved the oak tree best;
I often climbed an oak tree
To reach a Corby's nest.

In my boyish searches
Throughout the woodland reaches
I would note the shining leaves of birches
And glossy leaves of beeches;

Where golden sunshine splashes
Down through some woodland monarch's crown
Illumining the grey boles of the ashes
And elm trunks of sober brown.

Still in my heart will be
A fondness for all the rest,
Yet it is the oak tree
That I love the best.

THE ANGEL OF THE BIRDS

The day was very cold
And snow was deep upon the ground.
And it scarcely need be told
Birds fluttered comfortless around.

Hunger added to their sorrows
Because the snow was so very deep
And the little city sparrows
Plaintively cried, cheep, cheep, cheep.

Searching in the storm
For a little morsel of food
Something to help warm
Their quickly chilling blood,

Their poor pitiful takings
Barely for a moment stops
The painful hunger achings
Within their little crops.

But there dwells in the city
One whose kindness can scarce be told in words
The Lady with a heart of pity,
The angel of the birds.

Cries of distress; she will heed them,
On errand of mercy she will go
And purposely to feed them
She waded through the snow.

From far places of the city
From distant city wards
To share the bounty of the Lady of pity
Came the city birds.

They came thronging all the bushes
And crowding all the trees
Fluttering about in sudden darts and rushes
At first descending in two's and three's.

Soon glad sounds they are uttering
And alighting by the score
With cheerful chirping and fluttering
Descend by the hundred or maybe more.

In the cheerful sounds they utter
The plaintive notes have ceased
As with joyful flutter
They descend upon the feast.

Thus the birds of the city
Give thanks, though not in words
To the Lady with the heart of pity,
Angel of the Birds.

THE LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE

That light far off in the distance
Twinkling through the gloom
Compels my gaze with strange insistence
As I see it from my room.

Through amongst waving branches
And across miles of rolling plain,
Away across the ranches
I see it from my window pane.

Far off in the distance
I see that winking light
Even when moonlight glistens
On frozen landscape white.

Sometimes I see it gleaming
Like a staring steadfast eye
From a lone world and seeming
A star fallen from the sky.

Is it an angel fallen from heaven
Who offended the Divine
An angel unforgiven
Doomed with earthborn lights to shine?

Is it some soul unshriven
With a sin to atone;
Or maybe a fragment riven
From some world far and lone?

Is it concealing or revealing?
Who can answer how or why.
It is at once compelling and appealing,
That wakeful, watchful eye.

WET AND DRY

Some fellows had found the wet
In a cellar dark and cool
And you can safely bet
They were happy as fishes in a pool.

Into a wood they took their jugs
And you can well believe
They were as happy as June bugs
On a dewy summer eve.

High in the realm of pleasure soared
The soul of each hilarious boy
While from each jug nectar poured
Sweet as summer joy.

A dry officer caught the scent
And he took up the trail
With such zeal as zealots went
In search of the Holy Grail.

He searched through shady nooks
Where fragrant petals fell in showers
And very eagerly he looks
Into whispering woodland bowers.

When he found the wets
He was a happy man
And still happier he gets
When sampling began.

He carefully tested each jug
With thoroughness unsparing
The long sustained glug-glug-glug
Kept the fellows staring.

To the boys he said, "You had the stuff
But it is just as I feared
Though the evidence was plain enough
The proof has disappeared.

So we will let the matter drop
But the next time I'll cinch it,
This kind of thing has got to stop
When I get the chance to pinch it."

They exclaimed "Let it drop, says you,
Why man you let it gush.
Let it drop. Oh! phoo-oo-oo,
You tried to give it a push."

WHEN ONLY DREAMS COME TRUE

There will never be a thought of gloom
And flowers will always bloom
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

All trees will fruit or blossoms bear
And give sweetness to the ambient air
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

We won't be annoyed by silly acts
We won't be worried by stubborn facts;
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

Instead of working, we will play
Whenever we feel that way
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

Only what will give us most delight
Shall ever be in sight;
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

All our dreams we shall choose
What we don't want we will refuse,
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

There will be nothing we shall rue
And plenty of really good homebrew,
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

We'll never have to work or fight,
Everything will be just right,
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

No unpleasant sight will trouble our eyes
And only the idle will be the wise,
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

The wise will do nothing at all
The fools will do it all,
When only dreams come true!
When only dreams come true!

WHAT THE HERDER SEEKS

Wandering among the grasses
Loitering along the creeks
Winding through mountain passes
Climbing mountain peaks;

Through grassy plots and bushy coves
The restless herder strays
Or explores awhile in piney groves
While his woolies graze

Where aspen close embowering
Around cool hidden springs
Where mints and columbine flowering
And sound of running water the herder brings

After him the sheep come browsing
The bells all ting-a-ling,
From some deep reverie rousing
His thoughts outward fling.

And on he goes wandering
In the sweet mountain air
By a limpid stream meandering;
What seeks the herder there?

Oh nothing but just to be moving
Just to be moving on
Each beautiful scene aloving
He just keeps loving on.

He will wander days and weeks
Among tumbled mountain towers
But nothing the herder seeks
Except the passing hours.

Sometimes musing over his hopes
Or he may give a thought to tallies
When hurrying down mountain slopes
Tó winter in the valleys.

And when on the winter range
The herder is still wandering to and fro
As if it were all wonderful and strange
And a place he did not know.

While the cold wind stings his cheeks
And drives flurries of snow
Yet the only thing the herder seeks
Is the hours that go.

THE OLD ALMANAC

I saw it fastened to the wall
  Of a weather-beaten shack;
What memories may it recall
  That old Almanac.

For ten years it has remained
  Held by a single tack,
Dusty, smeared and stained
  Is that old Almanac.

The hands that fixed it there
  Will they ever come back
And with careless motion tear
  Down that old Almanac!

Perhaps they are still busy somewhere
  Toiling along Life's track
And every day is counted there
  On another Almanac.

Time is passing on his way
  With steps that never slack
As his blade lops another day
  From the Almanac.

The pleasures we have tasted
  Can they ever come back
Or the days we have wasted
  Recorded on some old Almanac!

We will leave it there, yes leave it there.
  A relic of useless wrack,
As long as Time shall spare
  That old Almanac.

IN THE DESERT

Tramping through desert sands
  Plodding wearily on
On through sunblistered lands
  Where a trail is scarcely known.

The shimmering heat is blurring
  The Desert far and wide;
Mirages sometimes occurring
  Seem so real their lure cannot be denied.

My course is crooked and twining;
  There are phantoms racing by.
A merciless sun is shining
  Between torrid earth and glowing sky.

Why should I be wandering
  Where often strong men die?
Why the strength of youth squandering?
  I cannot answer why.

Unless it be the lust of going
  Where vagrant fancy leads,
The desire of seeing and knowing
  And the doing of deeds.

I see the dust devils dancing
  All along my way
And lancelike sunbeams glancing
  From rocks as hot as they.

There is the eye of madness staring
  And the red demon Thirst;
The Desert hot and glaring
  In blinding light immerst.

High up is a dark speck appearing
  Circling through the heated air
Soon there are others and ever nearing
  They seem to come from everywhere.

I see them gather and cluster
  Those dark specks in the sky,
I see the greedy buzzards muster
  Waiting for me to die.

They are ever coming closer
Their foulness pollutes the air;
Who will be the loser
In the race with buzzard and Thirst; diabolic pair.

The old buzzard king
Is the most daring of the flock;
He sails by with flapping wing
And alights upon a rock.

I think I hear him speaking
As he comes closer by;
I see his foul breath reeking;
I see his gloating eye.

I know that he is talking;
Asking "Why do you not die?
'Tis no use to keep on walking,
Soon all spent you'll lie.

You cannot live much longer
(Ever comes that croaking cry),
Without water you can't get stronger
And the desert is so dry.

And here we are all waiting,
Waiting for you to die;
Our hunger we would be sating
Ere stars come in the sky.

Our feast you are delaying
We are hungry and ask you why
This stubbornness you are displaying
When you can only die?"

"Vile bird, long may you hunger,
I hope long you will hunger so
To make you suffer longer
I would live through centuries of woe.

But see that black cloud yonder
Know what it holds in store,
Soon there will be peals of thunder,
Soon rain will pour.

Yes, watch that cloud growing
Spreading over the sky
A broad shadow over the desert throwing;
That is why I do not die.

Through that cloud comes jagged lightning ripping
And the rumble of thunder rolling;
These rocks with water will be dripping
And heavy rain drops falling.

The raindrop that splashed beside you
In it your hopes are drowned;
The feast is denied you
That you thought you had found.

See this ground all soaking
And those rocks dripping wet
Your purpose of feasting balking;
You must hunger yet."

The king buzzard flapped his heavy pinions
And bore himself away
Followed by his hungry minions
To fast another day.

SHE DIDN'T RAISE HER SON TO BE A SOLDIER

She did not raise her son to be a soldier
For soldiers went forth to kill and maim
And her tender conscience told her
War is a sinful game.

And her daughter, the light of her eye
She raised to be an invader's sport and game.
While her brother stands tamely by
And sees his sister's shame.

Though homes be wrecked and burning
And hearts be filled with dread
Though thousands be mourning
He wasn't a soldier bred.

Not for him scenes of battle
With toil and danger rife
Not for him the weapon's rattle
In times of bloody strife.

He must have a smoother path
A way of peace and ease.
Not for him to brave an enemy's wrath
In troubled times like these.

Nothing could bring him to it
He wasn't a soldier trained
He would let others do it
So long as others remained.

He had been taught that if untrained
He would never have to fight
In him it was ingrained
That to yield was always right.

This teaching may be a blunder
And maybe cause some grief
As the hopes of easy plunder
Oft bring the robber and the thief.

HILLS OF WYOMING

The cold hurrying rills
Come tumbling white and foaming
Adown the rocky hills,
The hills of Wyoming.

Where mountains uplift
The hunter goes aroaming
After game nimble and swift
Among hills of Wyoming.

I love to see the soft mists drift
Over the butte's rocky coaming,
Steep cliff and ragged rift
And canyons of Wyoming.

How sublime! How grand the sight!
From daybreak to gloaming
I find a sweet delight
Among hills of Wyoming.

But no matter whether it be hill or flat,
When turns my wandering spirit homing
Can you wonder that
I love all Wyoming!

THE BUM

His summer wages had gone glimmering down
the line
With the things that was
Through mazy times of moonshine
And hours of dizzy jazz.
For man was made to drink a lot
Man was made to thirst
The deeper that he drains the pot
He's sure to get the worst.

Every time I saw him come
He always tried to mooch,
He looked like a boozy bum
Smelling strong of hooch.
For man was made to drink a lot
Man was made to thirst
The deeper that he drains the pot
He's sure to get the worst.

Every prospect that he sees
He tries to make a touch
Just a quarter if you please
Of course it isn't much
For man was made to drink a lot
Man was made to thirst
The deeper that he drains the pot
He's sure to get the worst.

Oh! barrels of boozy bootleg
And oceans of homemade hooch
That stuff will lead a man to beg
And leave him an empty pooch.
For man was made to drink a lot
Man was made to thirst
The deeper that he drains the pot
He's sure to get the worst.

Could he be reformed some?
Very likely he would not;
Never mind that boozy bum
Just let him go to pot.
For man was made to drink a lot
Man was made to thirst
Deeper he drains the pot
He's sure to get the worst.

BY THE WOODSIDE

Here in mottled shade
Of alder and of ash
Through drowsy hours I've laid
To hear the water plash.

Drops trickling and drippling
Over the side,
Water plashing and rippling
Where pebbles chide.

Here I come oftly
To see the water glide,
O! stream sing softly
By the woodside.

The foam flecks come trooping
And sometimes they hide
Where fern fronds are drooping
Over the side.

O stream, I love to be near thee
Then plash and babble aloug
And I will bring her to hear thee
Sing thy sweet song.

Under umbrage so coftly
Unseen we'll abide,
O stream, sing softly
By the woodside.

Thy song will endear thee
To our hearts forever;
So onward career thee
Bound for the river.

Past bowlders that fret thee
In thy endeavor;
Shall we forget thee;
Never, no never.

Above thee aloftly
Boughs spreading wide,
O stream sing softly
By the woodside.

THE VALENTINE

There was a little maid
Her name was Emmeline
And she sent to a bashful lad
A little valentine.

But Harry was awkward and shy
And maybe a little afraid
Perhaps that is the reason why
That no reply he made.

Except for bashfulness, not in any way
Did poor Harry shine
And not a word could he say
Though he loved Emmeline.

Then passed days and weeks,
Still he treasured that valentine
Yet of it he never speaks
To sweetest Emmeline.

Time measured off years as he went by
And Harry was to manhood grown
He still was very shy
Though his years numbered twenty-one.

But other failings he had got
That were not very nice
Some said he drank a lot;
That it amounted to a vice.

Soon it seemed his only occupation
Seldom sober was he seen
He sank lower and lower in station:
What might he not have been!

Still lower and lower yet he sinks
Habitually befouled with drink
Of reforming he never thinks
Though he was close to ruin's brink.

Yet one thought that wretch endears
He has not forgot sweet Emmeline
Through all those sordid years
He has kept that valentine.

Then there came the hour
The gasping nation called for aid
As the dread war clouds lower
And posters were everywhere displayed.

Calling anxiously for volunteers
The country was direst need
It was a time of stress and fears
A fateful time indeed.

A beery wretch with bleary eye
He saw those posters, too
As he chanced to be standing by
And read, "Your country needs you."

The crowd guffawed and laughed
"From your duty do not shrink."
Ribald jesters jibed and chaffed,
"They need you to put down the drink"

Some said, "Give Harry a gun
And send him to the front
Where he can harry the Hun
They'll run before Harry the Scrunt."

He was astounded at the thought
That the country needed him.
A secluded corner he sought
In his mind a thought, hazy as yet and dim

Strangely did that thought persist
And for a reason he could not define
He went straightway to enlist
And be a soldier of the Line.

The officer wondered if such a derelict of human race
Who seemed so unfit
Ever a patriot's place could grace
And do a soldier's bit.

Not for him the way of willing men to bar
Not for him to make denial
If this thing, could help to win the war.
He should have fair trial.

In short time few would have recognized The Scrunt,
He grew so soldierly and smart
And soon went to the front:
To do a soldier's part.

And he did it with vigor and vim
In many a battle sharing
And officers commended him
For his skill and daring.

One day he was carried from a spot
Where scraps of shell were flying;
Then on a hospital cot
We find Harry lying.

When a careful nurse had drest
The wounds of this "Soldier of the Line"
She found on his blood stained breast
A faded valentine.

What if in her eyes were tears
That like dewdrops shine;
She knows it after all those years
For she is Emmeline.

In time Harry's wounds got well
But his soldier work was done
For he had been crippled by the shell
But another victory he had won.

For to her the words he had said
He might have said so long ago
By her answer, so happy he was made:
What it was; you know.

He was still pale and wan
When, with her he returned to his native shore
A wreck of war, but more a man
Than he had been before.

HE SANG A SONG OF THE SEA

With wind and sun he was well betanned
As brown as man can be;
He came across the prairie land
With the rolling gait of the sea.

His voice was cheery and loud
And rollicking songs sang he
While the land he plowed
He sang a song of the sea.

A farmer! No! Not if he knows
A farmer! not a bit, not he;
He packs and away he goes
Singing a song of the sea.

Then among woods he stops
A timber jack to be
And ever as limbs he lops
He sings a song of the sea.

Then he would not be a timber jack
No! not a bit, not he!
And as he shoulders his pack
He sings a song of the sea.

Then among mountain peaks
Where mining men may be
While for a job he seeks
He sings a song of the sea.

For a while we saw him stop
As cheery as man can be
And standing on a mountain top
He sang a song of the sea.

THE SAILOR'S STORY

I've a wife or two in Boston town
And three or four in Dover;
You can set it down
I have wives and loves all over.

I have a few at the Golden Gate
At Portsmouth two or three,
And a dandy girl up the state
Is waiting now for me:

I have some in Halifax
And right tight craft they be,
I never pay any bachelor tax
No! not a bit, not me!

Oh, yes, I am a married man,
As all sailor men should be,
But it is a very good plan
To spend a while at sea.

I have wives in every port
Enough to welcome me
And I had lots of sport
Every time I came from sea.

But one time I got a jounce
I never have got over,
Me and my wives all met at once
And we all met in Dover.

They surely made things chime
They keelhauled me all over,
You set it down, I had a time;
I'll never go back to Dover.

There's no refuge now for me at sea,
No place I can discover
But a lot of women will be
Claiming me as husband or lover.

Whenever I come into port
I meet with five or six
Bent on hauling me into court
In this matrimonial mix.

They've hunted me from town to town
They've hunted me all over
They've hunted me up and down
Till I'm a restless rover.

I'll never go back to a seaport town
I'll never go back to Dover
If I do, I'll be done up brown,
I'd rather be a rover.

FEAR NOT AGE

Fear not that the heart will be dour
Or that the milk of life grow sour
When we are old.
If we cherish sunshine in the heart
And cheerfully do our part
There will be no rancidness or mold.

Our years can never be so long
The heart cannot give forth a song
Nor can it be quite lorn and lone,
All sweetness can never depart
From the human heart
Unless it beat for self alone.

Age can meet the future with fearless eye
Watch the years come—and go by
And make them all its own.
A part of the great Plan
Of the partnership, God and Man
And make the years its crown.

SHE COMES TO ME AGAIN

There is a grave, I know where
Beside a carven stone
A few lines are graven there
And a wooly lamb thereon.

They tell me that she died,
That she is buried there
In that grave on the hillside
And her soul is among angels fair.

They say those who have passed beyond
Will never more return
Though hearts be e'er so fond
Or e'er so deeply mourn.

And they assert without a doubt
That it must be so:
They know not what they talk about
They surely do not know.

For often she comes to me
When earth-born cares oppress
Her well beloved form I see
I feel her soft caress.

She bears the balm of healing
My tortured heart to ease
Her presence to me revealing
Love and Life in Death do not cease.

When I feel wild passions urge
In ways delusive and vain;
Or when over me surge
Waves of longing and of pain.

Then I feel her gentle touch
As she hovers by my side
And when feeling such
My soul is glorified.

When my thoughts diverge
From toils and trials of men
From shadows I see her form emerge
And she comes to me then.

When below the horizon, the glowing sun
Has gone down in gorgeous array
Then comes my beloved one
Through shades of twilight grey.

When nights are long and drear
With sleeplessness and pain
Oft I know that she is near
She has come to me again.

And time shall be we will not part
Nor ever be severed again
But soul with soul and heart with heart
For eternity to remain.

ETHALYNNE

Tall and straight the cavalier stood
Before proud Ethalynne;
Long he had sued and wooed
Yet he did not win.

Not for her a poor man's lot to share
And live on modest means
She must wear fabrics rare
And move among the queens.

Now he came to bid a last good-bye
And declare the thoughts in his mind;
To her he made not moan or sigh
For that was not his kind.

"Fair art thou my bonny lass
Thou art fair as lily-blow,
Yet thy glance is hard as glass
Thy bosom cold as snow.

O Fair art thou indeed, alas!
Thy heart with love will never glow,
There is not any of thy class
The raptures of love shall know.

What love can warm that bosom of thine
Or melt the ice within,
What love can make thine eyes to shine,
Coldhearted Ethalynne.

Cold and proud is the winter god
So cold and proud art thou
But heavy thy feet will plod
Over the road thou'lt go.

Thou shalt tread the way alone
Thy life a world of ice and snow
From which love has fled and hope has gone.
Little of affection thou wilt know,

Thou wilt find that power and wealth
Cannot give the heart a home
They smother it with gathering filth
Where happiness cannot come.

Now, Fare thee well, my bonny lass,
From thy sight I go
And heavy, heavy time will pass
With my load of woe.

A last adieu, my lily blow,
Our parting is for aye;
The sun has set, yon western glow
Closes our parting day."

He turned and with hasty stride
He went from her away
His heart asurge with wounded pride
Not longer could he stay.

He sought adventure and strife
He carried spear and shield
And recklessly he risked his life
On many a battlefield.

Still his heart was full of pride
He never sued again
And soon he rode his last ride
Out to the battle plain.

Not love was her desire
But only vain display.
To be clad in fine attire
To mingle with the glad and gay.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE

The moonlight on the mountain
The sunlight on the sea
The splashing of fountain
And humming of the bee:
The music of windwaves
Across forest groves,
The wonder work of vaulted caves
And myriad treasure troves;

The ceaseless voice of waterfalls
The calm of sheltered coves
The massiveness of mountain walls
And the frail nests of the doves;
The strangeness of rock shapes
And Nature's wonderful ways with ice;
The beauties of landscapes
And many things so nice:

The prairie's open space
The straggling patch of bush;
Our Earth is a wonderful place
Colored by the Master Artist's brush.
The purity of snow scenes
Far as vision goes
What beauty the eye gleans
For the soul that knows.

These sights and sounds, I love them,
They all seem good to me;
And the Great God above them
Has given the best to me.

TO THE READER OF THESE POEMS

I am no high browed gink
With commission to preach,
Nor care I to make you think—
No lesson have I to teach.

My grammar may oft be wrong,
Then please just pass it by,
The rules of grammar aren't strong,
'Tis well for you and I.

If my poems no good have won you,
For that you needn't fret,
Very little harm they've done you,
And you may soon forget.

If my pen has not the power
To move to good or ill,
It may help to pass a tedious hour,
Yes, perhaps it will.

If in high and lofty flights
My thoughts have not soared,
If with bright glowing lights
My verses are not stored.

I pray you do not feel aggrieved
That it happens so,
If very little I've achieved
'Tis so little that I know. .

I but sing of common things,
I'm not a scholar'd man,
Just as the wind-blown bough it swings,
Without a studied plan.

The lambkins play, the birds they sing,
Yet they know not why,
Nature must have its fling,
In beast and bird and I.

So far my path has lain
By unfrequented ways,
And I have sung in simple strain
My own simple lays.

Many a poet has lived unknown
And sung to the desert air,
And I have sung my songs alone,
Nor cared how or where.

If in them you find aught to please
You can sing them, too,
And read them at your ease,
My best wishes be with you.

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